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THE YEAR IN MOVIES: THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE YECH!

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:
ROCK 'N' ROLL'S RICH-'N'-ANGRY BILLY JOEL

MAN AND WOMAN:
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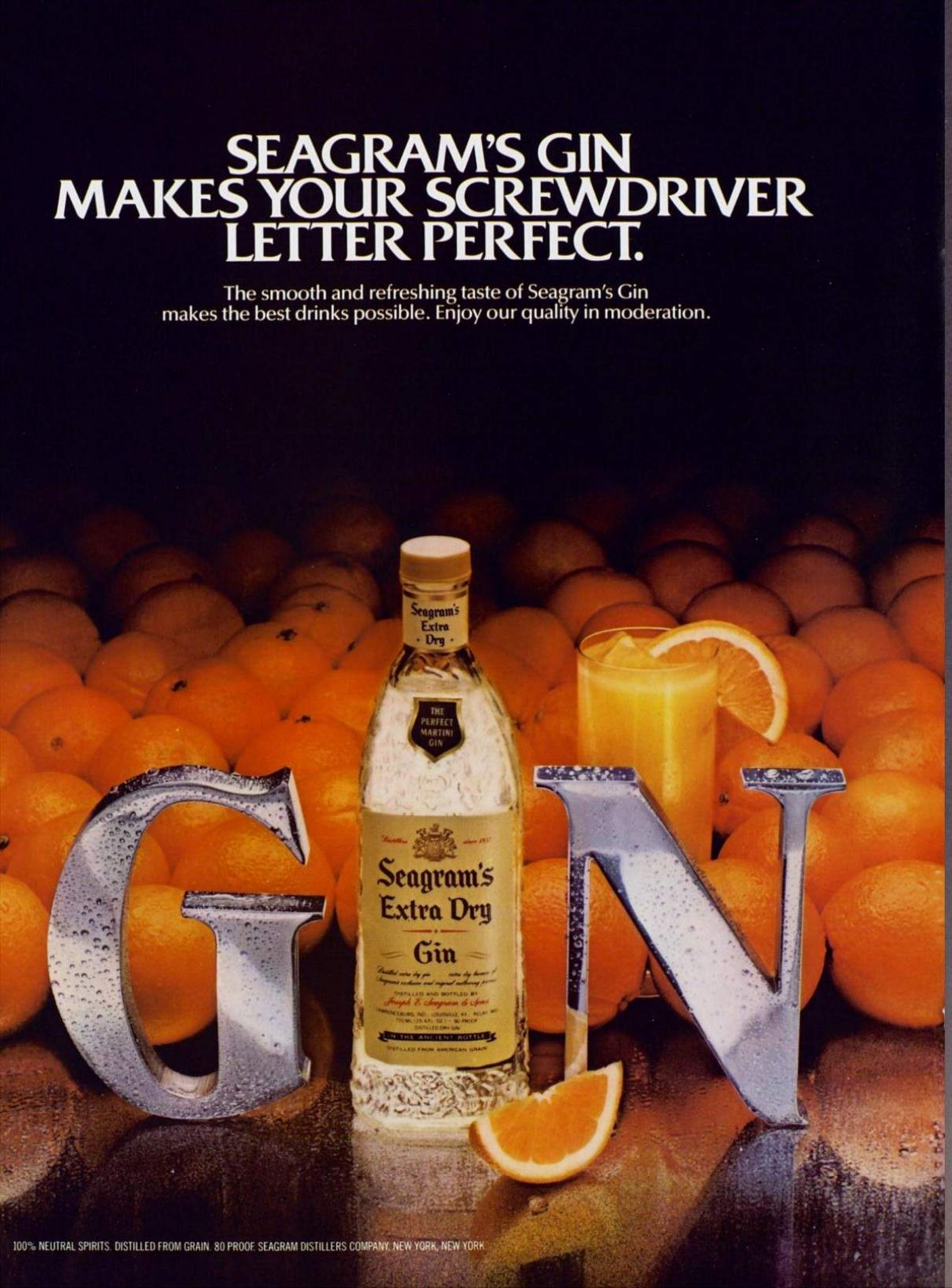

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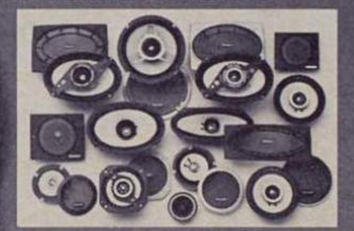

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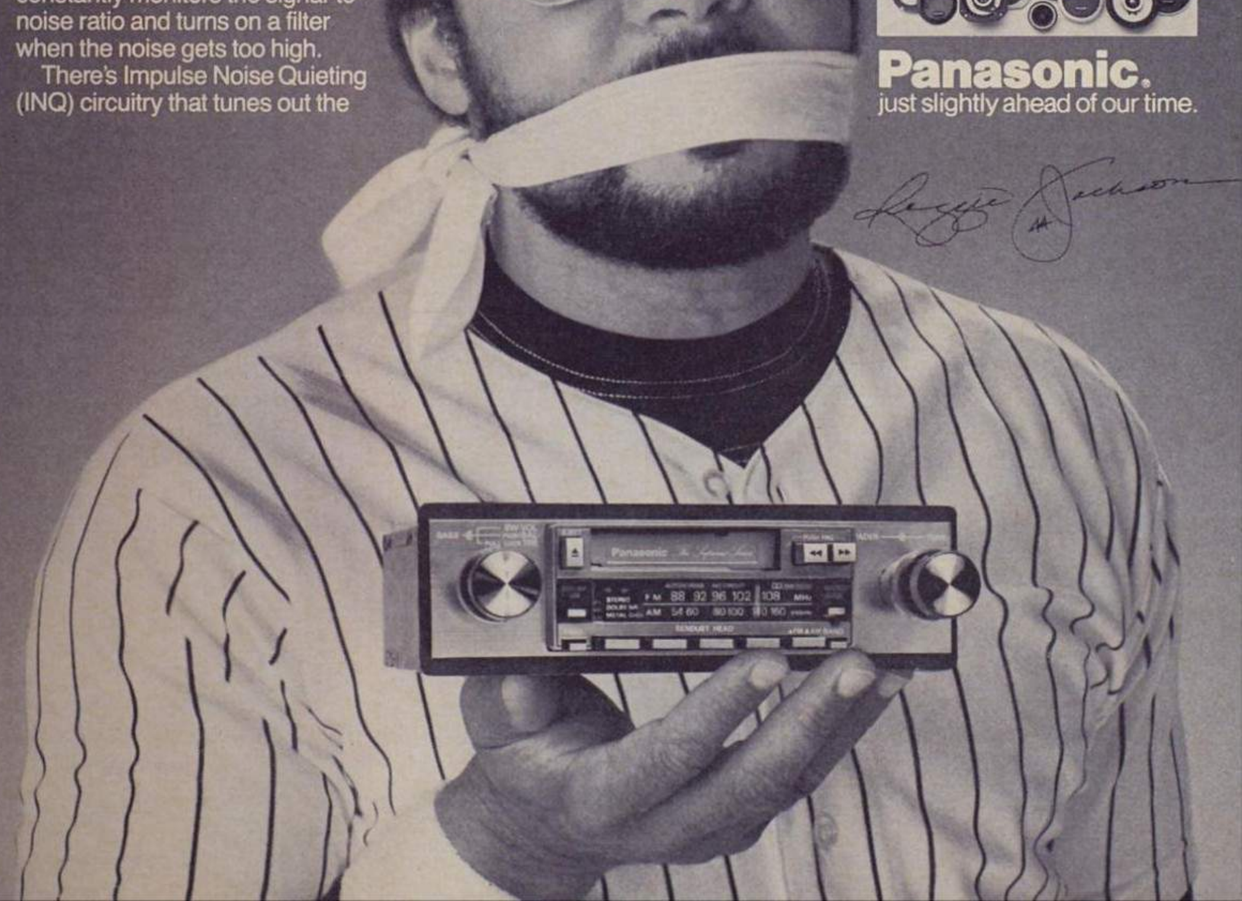

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PLAYBILL

BILLY JOEL gets testy when his work is criticized. His controversial hit single *She's Always a Woman* was misinterpreted by critics, says the pugnacious piano man in this month's *Playboy Interview*: "If you happen to say that a woman is human, that she has moods, then it's a chauvinist song." Even our interviewers, **David** and **Victoria Sheff**, weren't big Joel fans at the time they went to visit him for a few days at his Long Island home. "We approached him skeptically," says David. "We were of the school that automatically puts him down as the brat of the business, whose music is formulaic and contrived. But the Billy Joel we expected didn't exist."

Joel is dead right about one thing: Women have "moods" more than men; that is, if you interpret mood to mean depression. But, as **Jo Durden-Smith** and **Diane deSimone** inform us in part five of our *Man and Woman* series, *The Perils of Paul, the Pangs of Pauline*, men tend to react to stress in much more bizarre and intense ways than depression. Having a male body is perilous, indeed, but it takes more than hair on your chest to be a Real Man, as **Bruce Feirstein**, tongue folded firmly in cheek, explains in his humor piece *Real Men Don't Eat Quiche* (soon to be expanded and published in book form by Pocket Books), with a testicular-fortitudinous (Real Men, by the way, don't use words like that) illustration by **Tom Ingham**. And speaking of Real Men, Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen** takes a look at heavy-duty long-distance motorcycles in *Tour de Force*, then dons his movie-maven hat and teams up with Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**, Assistant Art Director **Theo Kouvatsos** and Assistant Photography Editor **Patty Beaudet** to bring you *The Year in Movies*.

Whether or not the movie version of the Broadway play *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* is a box-office hit in 1982, **Larry L. King** wants you to know he's not responsible. King—who saw *Whorehouse* evolve from a story he wrote for us in April 1974 to a Broadway musical, co-authored with Peter Masterson, to a Universal Pictures production starring Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton—recounts how he (and his screen adaptation) became emulsified in the process: *The Best Little Whorehouse Goes Hollywood* is an excerpt from King's forthcoming book *The Whorehouse Papers*, to be published by Viking. If Tinseltown secrets aren't your main cup of intrigue, perhaps you prefer the Washington, D.C., brand. If so, you should know about the CIA's deputy director, **Bobby Ray Inman**, the man **Robert Sam Anson** calls *The Smartest Spy* in a piece illustrated by **Gary Ruddell**. Anson, who has written several articles on the CIA over the past ten years, says the profile of Inman was his "most difficult" assignment.

Leading off our fiction this month is *Interstellar Pigeon*, **Donald E. Westlake**'s yarn about a spaceship crew stranded on a planet inhabited by compulsive gamblers. **John Clayton** introduces us to *Poppa Superdude*, whose best-laid plans to get laid go awry; the illustration's by **Don Vanderbeek**.

Of course, no issue of PLAYBOY would be complete without a bevy of beauties, and there's no better place to begin than with our centerfold lady, **Kym Malin**, photographed by Staff Photographer **Pompeo Posar**. Posar is also responsible for the camerawork in our *Beauty & the Badge* feature, a close look at Ohio policewoman **Barbara Schantz**. And photographer **Ernst Haas** captured up-and-coming actress **Rae Dawn Chong** (the brightest flame in the movie *Quest for Fire*) in the pictorial essay *Quest for Dawn*; our man Williamson did the text.

To round out the issue, **Robert Crane** took on the difficult (but amusing) chore of interviewing the cast of *SCTV* for *20 Questions* and **Emanuel Greenberg** took on the challenging (but intoxicating) task of mixing (and presumably testing) more kinds of juleps than we'd ever heard of in *A Day at the Derby*. All that ought to get your month off to a good start.

SHEFF, SHEFF

KING

WILLIAMSON

KOUVATSOS, BEAUDET, PETERSEN

FEIRSTEIN

INGHAM

ANSON

RUDDELL

DURDEN-SMITH, DE SIMONE

CRANE

CLAYTON

VANDERBEEK

POSAR

HAAS

WESTLAKE

PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), MAY, 1982, VOL. 29, NO. 5. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHGO., ILL. 60611. 2ND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHGO., ILL., & AT ADDL. MAILING OFFICES. SUBS.: IN THE U.S., $18 FOR 12 ISSUES. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO. 80302.

PLAYBOY

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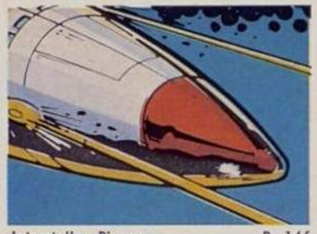
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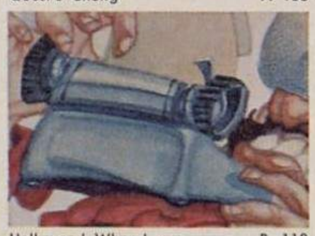
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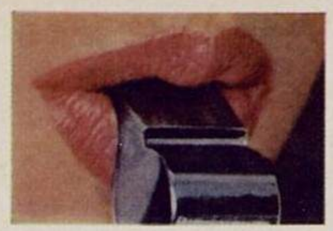

COVER STORY
Model Vickie Reigle, you'll agree, rates a whistle any day. So does Barbara Schantz, who, as a Springfield, Ohio, policewoman, rates a badge as well. You'll see more of Barbara on page 164; as for Vickie, arrestingly photographed for our cover by Executive Art Director Tom Staebler, we have plans for her, too. Stay tuned.

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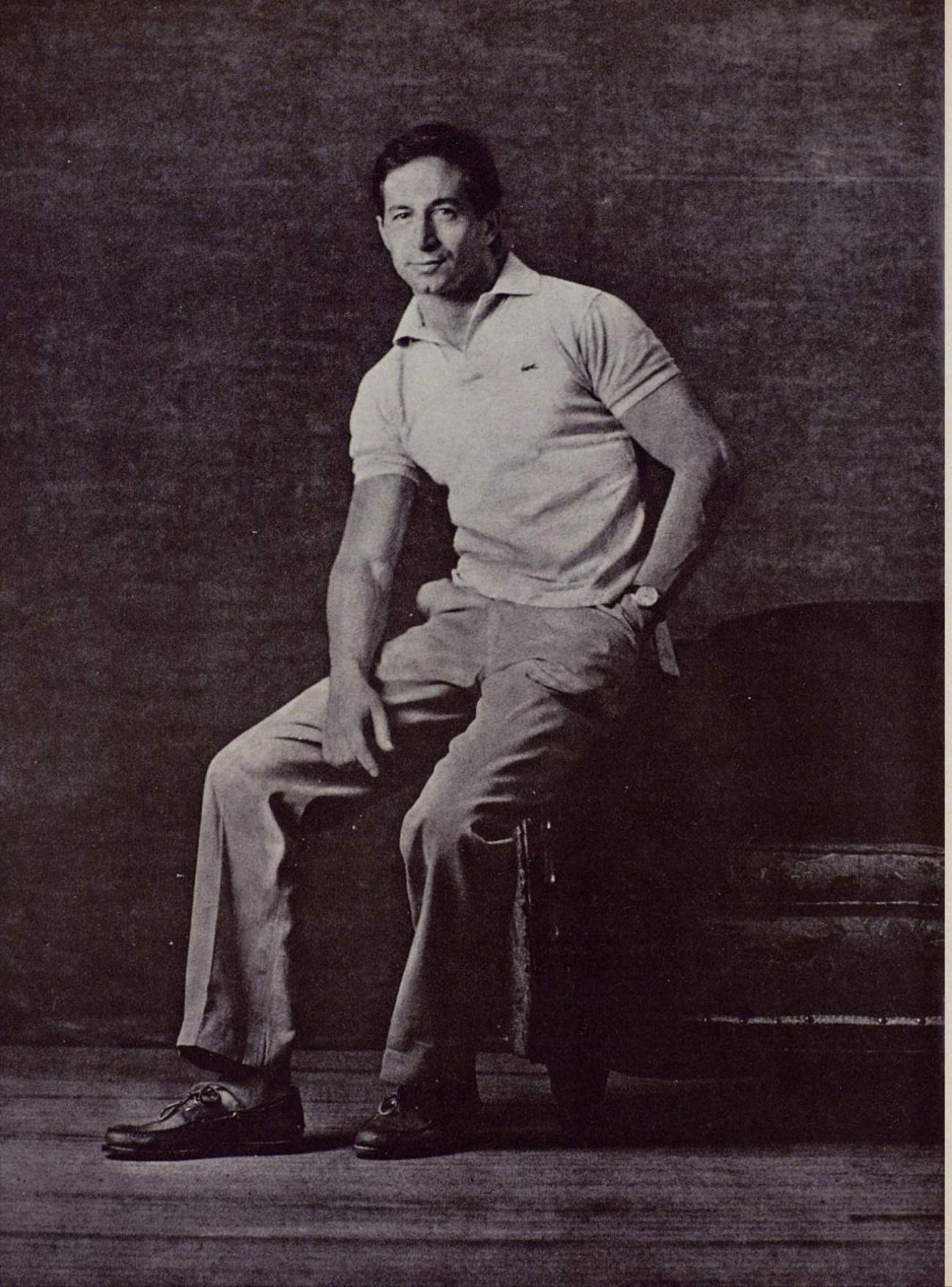

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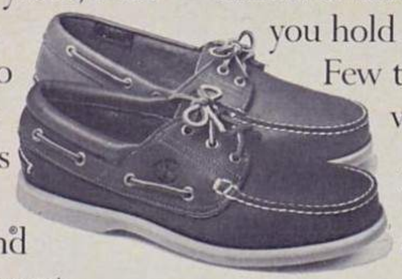

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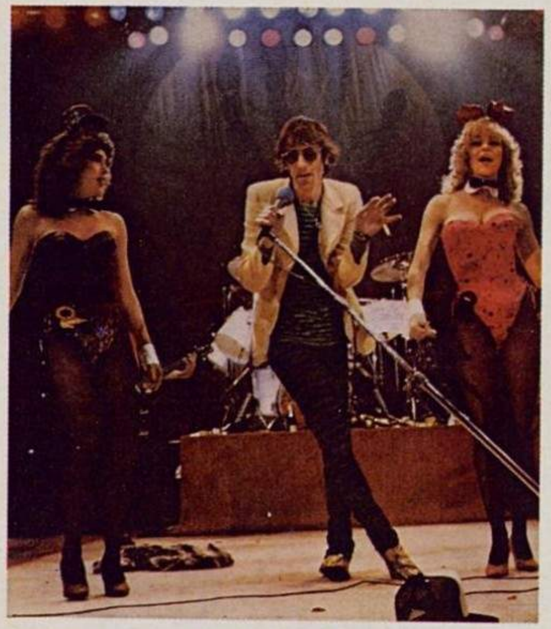
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

Above, Hef asked a few of his best friends over to watch the pay-TV screening of The Rolling Stones' live concert, plus a showing of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Surrounding the host in *Rocky Horror* getups are, from left, Shannon Fitzgerald, Myra Murphy, Shannon Tweed, Vicki McCarty, Cathy St. George, Lisa Welch, Heather Sills and, in front, Cheryl Block. Tim Curry, eat your heart out.

NIGHT MOVES AT MANSION WEST

What if Hef gave a New Year's Eve party and nobody wore pajamas? Below, L.A. Dodger Steve Garvey gets to first base with Laurie Price at Playboy Mansion West during the famed annual gala at which guests show up in their 'jammies for the sheer pleasure of it. At long last, we know why Garvey's always in such good shape.



THE WOLF WHO CRIED BUNNY

This year, the J. Geils Band has repeated our success with the concept by scoring with a hit single, *Centerfold*, from its *Freeze-Frame* LP. Above, good-will-ambassador Bunnies Trisha and Judy join lead singer Pete Wolf onstage at Chicago's Uptown Theater for the band's sizzling encore number, which just happened to be—that's right—*Centerfold*.

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE, A LA NEIMAN

LeRoy Neiman, above, paints WNBC/New York radio's traffic 'copter. The PLAYBOY regular was commissioned to make this whirlybird distinct from all others. Below, Hef communes with artists Andy Warhol and Neiman at a PLAYBOY-sponsored show of their work at the Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE KING FOR A DAY?

The Playmates singing group helped NBC's *Tonight Show* welcome the new year 1982 by singing, dancing and more or less providing an answer to the show's perennial question "How hot *was* it?" Above, here's Johnny Carson among Playmates Michele Drake, Nicki Thomas, Heidi Sorenson and Sondra Theodore. Some guys have all the fun.

PAM BRYANT: SCREEN GEM

On her data sheet, April 1978 Playmate Pam Bryant said she was aiming for an acting career, and now she is well into it. That's Pam twice below, in PLAYBOY and in a supporting role in *Private Lessons*, a film about coming of age sexually, starring Sylvia Kristel.

TINA KEEPS ON BURNING

R&B diva Tina Turner, who, in our humble opinion, has the hottest working legs in show business, shows up at Playboy Mansion West fully attired (aw, shucks) for a *Playboy Guide to Fashion for Men* photo session. Thanks, *Guide* editors, for sharing a national treasure.

JEANA TOMASINO FINDS FUN IN THE SUN—AND GETS PAID FOR IT

Another great tradition returns—the beach-party movie. First, there was the original *Beach Party*, then *Beach Blanket Bingo*. Now our very own November 1980 Playmate, Jeana Tomasino (right), appears in *The Beach Girls*. At left, a scene from the surf-side epic, with Curtis Stuart, Jeana and Jeanette Linné, in bikini.

NEWEST RELEASE!

U.S. GOV'T REPORT

SPECIAL EVENTS FEATURES NEWS

Herald Gazette

WALL STREET FINAL

WEATHER Continued FAIR

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Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.0 5mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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Over the years, Datsun has gotten a lot of mileage out of their advertising. While at Isuzu, we've quietly concentrated on getting a lot of mileage out of our trucks. A concentration, we hasten to add, that has paid off handsomely.

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You see, what it all comes down to is, while Datsun was coming up with an advertising slogan people would remember, the engineers at Isuzu have been building a truck that people would remember.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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MAN OF IRON

It is with great exuberance that I thank you for the enlightening interview with Lech Walesa (PLAYBOY, February). He is to be admired for his own (nonviolent) attempts to work with the Communist Party for a freer society and a better life in Poland. A relatively uneducated man, chosen by the people of a repressed nation, has been able to rise to power and make advances toward the repudiation of social injustice. The people of Poland are still adherent to the Solidarity movement, even though the imposition of martial law and the abduction of Walesa have resulted in ever-greater repression. I hope Walesa's dream of what Poland could be will someday come to pass.

David S. Robertson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

The *Playboy Interview* with Lech Walesa shows two things about Poland: First, Solidarity succeeded in making gains for the people primarily through Walesa's efforts. Second, it failed later because Walesa succumbed to his own ego. I suppose it's hard to remain humble when one has done so much, but the man's apparent lack of humility has been his undoing.

L. E. Baarlaer
Cincinnati, Ohio

Why choose to emphasize Lech Walesa's lack of formal education? Is it to make the point that formally educated experts are better suited to lead nations than are those educated through the struggle for survival, equality and justice? No wonder Walesa's aides laughed at your condescending queries. Here in the world's greatest superpower, our economy, environment and humanity have been violated by graduates of leading universities who use their knowledge to enrich one class and disenfranchise another. Bravo, Solidarity!

Leonard R. Shindel
Baltimore, Maryland

Lech Walesa is a historical personality. The *Playboy Interview* captures his insight and charisma, which led the Solidarity movement to achieve outstanding accomplishments in Poland and in labor movements throughout the world. Well done, Ania and Krysia Bittenek, and congratulations, PLAYBOY.

Bill Sawchen
Vancouver, British Columbia

The goals to which Lech Walesa and his movement aspire already have a meaningful place in history. What might be even more significant, however, is the example that this highly articulate but not highly educated worker sets for the world of the individual potential of the common man. How many Lech Walesas have we managed to ignore, to silence and to discourage? Perhaps the message of PLAYBOY's talk with Walesa is that we all must do more to ensure that every man and woman will have the freedom to reach his or her potential in life, whatever it might be.

Ken J. Denzel
Des Plaines, Illinois

SEAT BELTS

The finest example of sports journalism I've ever read was Mark Kram's coverage in *Sports Illustrated* of the third Ali-Frazier fight. His *Wild in the Seats* in February's PLAYBOY ranks with that piece as a work of lasting importance. Waiting for the violent tragedy that will occur one day in one of our sports arenas is like watching the Zapruder film of J.F.K.'s assassination: We know what happens in the next frame. We cringe, but there's not a damn

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), MAY, 1982, VOLUME 29, NUMBER 5, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, $48 FOR 36 ISSUES, $24 FOR 24 ISSUES, $18 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, $24 FOR 12 ISSUES. ELSEWHERE, $31 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ED CONDON, DIRECTOR / DIRECT MARKETING; MICHAEL J. MURPHY, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING: HENRY W. MARKS, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; HAROLD DUCHIN, NATIONAL SALES MANAGER; MICHAEL DRUCKMAN, NEW YORK SALES MANAGER; MILT KAPLAN, FASHION ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO 60611, RUSS WELLER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE; TROY, MICHIGAN 48084, JESS BALLEW, MANAGER, 3001 W. BIG BEAVER ROAD; LOS ANGELES 90010, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 4311 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO 94104, TOM JONES, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET.

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thing we can do about it—except encourage writers like Kram to speak out with cold rage.

Bob Frost
San Francisco, California

LAST HURRAH

I salute Philip Caputo for giving the trauma of Vietnam a perspective that I hope all your readers will be able to understand (*The Unreturning Army*, PLAYBOY, January). The message that I have given fellow veterans over the years remains the same: Be thankful you came back. No one can take away from us the friendship shared in combat; we fought to keep one another alive. We will always be fighting—no one said it would be easy. Survive!

B. T. Collins
Governor's Executive Secretary
and Chief of Staff
Sacramento, California

FOX HUNT

I've just picked up my February PLAYBOY and can't seem to get past the delightful pictorial on Playmate Anne-Marie Fox. She is absolutely gorgeous—a stunning beauty. My congratulations and thanks to photographers Arny Freytag and Phillip Dixon.

Warren L. Dyer
Pembroke West, Bermuda

I've got to hand it to you. It is truly amazing that the talented photographic fox hunters of PLAYBOY were able to corner such a beauty as Anne-Marie Fox. I'm 19 years old and seem to fit the criteria for her ideal man!

Bobby L. Boykin, Jr.
North Carolina State University
Raleigh, North Carolina

First Jayne Kennedy, now Anne-Marie Fox. PLAYBOY keeps presenting to the world its loveliest women. Will we get more beautiful black women soon?

Kim Mathieu
Edgard, Louisiana

Anne-Marie Fox has to be one of the finest foxes ever shot by expert Arny Freytag. If a strict Catholic background and schooling develop such beauty, then please tell me where they're holding morning Mass.

P. Lawlon
Garlstedt, West Germany

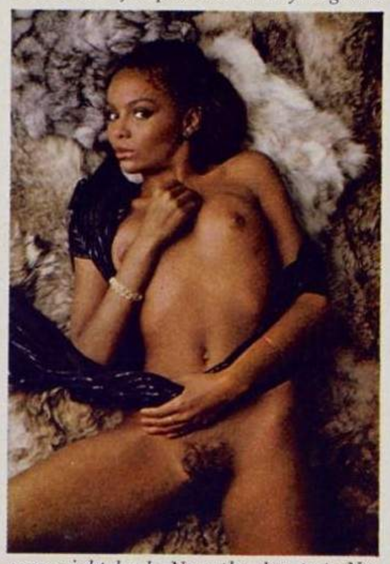
Having the scope and circulation that it does, I feel PLAYBOY has the responsibility to search out, find and present the most beautiful women in the world. That should include ladies of all races, creeds, national origins and cup sizes. For too many months, PLAYBOY has saturated its pages with blondes and brunettes, while virtually ignoring the cream of the ethnic crops. Let's have more non-WASP Playmates such as Anne-Marie Fox.

Stephen Badart
Tucson, Arizona

Please don't allow us to lose sight of Anne-Marie Fox. She is living poetry. Bring her back again and again. . . .

N. R. Hudgins
Port Neches, Texas

We haven't lost sight of Anne-Marie, and neither have you. February's quick brown Fox jumped over a lazy dog and



came right back. Now the dog puts No-Doz in his Alpo, in case she tries it again.

BIG DEAL

Regarding *The Sexual Deal: A Story of Civilization* (*Man and Woman*, PLAYBOY, February): Jo Durden-Smith and Diane deSimone's excellent insights on how and why we evolved might be less perplexing to the nonscientists in your readership had the authors explained the underlying premise of the theory of evolution. Their speculation that "we," in an effort to stay one step ahead of our parasites, evolved from asexual little beasties into sexual little beasties might leave readers wondering how our mindless tiny ancestors managed to implement such a shrewd strategy. The answer, of course, is that shrewdness had nothing to do with it. Through inevitable mutations, some creatures became asexual and some sexual. But the asexual ones died out (probably victims of their parasites), leaving *us* to carry on. Our evolutionary trail is not so much a fabulous success story as a string of tiny victories, all by default.

Michael L. Jann
West Hartford, Connecticut

Just a few remarks on Jo Durden-Smith and Diane deSimone's *Man and Woman* series: As the authors recognized in the beginning of their first installment, during the past few months, magazines and newspapers have been awash in articles about sexuality. This situation, which results in part from genuine concern about sex, is also highly commercial. Many of the articles ask the same questions again and again and seem to me very superficial and slightly boring. PLAYBOY's aim in this new series is much more promising; its approach is more scientific. It is a difficult task to make clear to your readers that which is often not clear even to scientists directly involved in the matter; but I am confident that Durden-Smith and DeSimone will succeed.

Dr. Bernard Dufy
Institut National
de la Santé et de la
Recherche Medicale
Bordeaux, France

In your current series *Man and Woman*, Jo Durden-Smith and Diane deSimone observe that earlier sex theories were limited by the beliefs of the times. I must point out that all research is limited by the beliefs of the times. Your series includes a hodgepodge of dubious data involving jumping frogs and lesbian lizards. All they prove is that the current state of the art is ignorance. The *theory* of evolution by survival of the fittest is riddled with contradictions that have been conveniently ignored by scientists for years.

Charles A. Curry
Dallas, Texas

Your new series *Man and Woman* is by far the best thing to come out since the *Playboy Philosophy*. Please keep up the important work.

John A. Timp
Cincinnati, Ohio

MAN AND WOMAN SERIES, PART 2½

The title of PLAYBOY's February wrestling pictorial is *We Wuz Robbed!*, but readers of the issue are certain to profit just by seeing Susan Smith. She's a delight to the eyes.

Joe McDigger
Hayward, California

That's an intriguing idea: staging a wrestling match between Playmate Susan Smith (the prettiest jock I've ever seen) and comedian Andy Kaufman. And *We Wuz Robbed!* is certainly a gripping pictorial. Unfortunately, the match doesn't prove a thing. The pictures show a flabby Kaufman wrestling in stockinged feet, something no high school wrestler would do, since socks make your legs useless for "bridging" out of a pin. Since Smith says she is agreeable to a rematch, why not set up a bout with an

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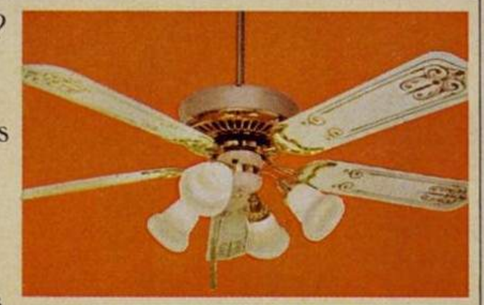

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amateur or collegiate wrestler of equal size—or even one weight division smaller? Twenty bucks says he ties her up like a (still-beautiful) pretzel inside of three minutes!

Randolph S. Selig
New York, New York

I don't have to be wrestled to the ground; I'm already forced to admit that Susan Smith is the most beautiful woman I've found in your pages.

Michael B. Orlando
Fort Lewis, Washington

THE WET HEAD AIN'T DEAD

One of the questions in the November 1981 PLAYBOY *Advisor* asks about the wisdom of using video-cassette-head cleaners. The answer flatly states that head cleaners are abrasive and urges that readers use other methods of cleaning. The information on the abrasive quality of head cleaners is incorrect as it applies to the Allsop 3 Video Cassette Cleaner, which uses an ultrasoft chamois to clean the video head. This chamois is moistened with a Freon/alcohol mixture that is supplied with each cleaner. The Allsop Cleaner is nonabrasive. Mistakes do happen, even in the best magazines. It is a sign of a great magazine, however, to recognize that a mistake has been made and to correct it. Thanks in advance for your help.

Jim Allsop
Bellingham, Washington

The "Advisor" replies:

Our answer was intended to cover the majority of so-called dry head-cleaning cassettes. Allsop's "wet" system is—for the present, at least—a unique one that incorporates elements similar to those the "Advisor" recommended (a Freon-based solution and a synthetic chamois buffer) packaged in a cassette. Tests have shown this system to be very effective in the cleaning of critical areas of the tape's path without the head damage due to abrasion that can result with dry cleaners. The "Advisor" regrets the inclusion of Allsop's product in a blanket condemnation of cassette cleaners.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGHS

Ultimate Skiing appears in February's PLAYBOY and has been read by a great number of the 1000 citizens of Crested Butte, as well as by the town council. Although we appreciate the national publicity you have given us, we take exception to the manner in which Crested Butte is depicted. There is more to do here than smoke marijuana, snort cocaine and ingest mind-altering drugs, despite what James R. Petersen and Tom Passavant describe in their article. Should you have the opportunity to visit us, please take the time to investigate thoroughly what Crested Butte has to offer. I am sure you will be delighted.

Thomas S. Cox, Mayor
Crested Butte, Colorado

Petersen replies:

We admit that some people in Crested Butte may not take mind-altering substances, but when we asked a local for a list of known drug abusers, he gave us the telephone book.

If Passavant considers The Million Dollar Cowboy Bar the best saloon and the Plunge and the Spiral Stairs the toughest runs in America, he should be neither drinking nor skiing.

Paul Hitchcock
Crested Butte, Colorado

Passavant replies:

We're up for anything, friend. Send suggestions.

SPARE CHANGE

Thanks for coming clean with the inside information about Tula Cossey (*Dear Playboy*, February) and for your use of the proper pronouns in reference to her current sexual status. Even though transsexualism is still more a closet topic than an open one, to have such a woman find her way into PLAYBOY and to have her beauty stand up under close scrutiny may be a step toward understanding and acceptance.

Kelly Michaels
(Address withheld by request)

Your comments in *Dear Playboy* about the letter titled "Cool Change" show how little you know about transsexualism. Tula Cossey is mentally, legally and physically a woman. I, for one, think she is truly beautiful and sexy.

David A. Wuori
Ashtabula, Ohio

We learned all there is to know about transsexualism before we ran the letter, and we agree with you. It's amazing what modern science can do with a little baling wire and oregano.

SECRET STORM: STERN REJOINDER FROM THE SCOTTS

The March PLAYBOY *includes Patricia Hearst's account of her experiences with the Symbionese Liberation Army (the "Playboy Interview" and "Every Secret Thing"). In the interest of presenting all sides of a controversial issue, "Dear Playboy" presents the following letter from Kenneth Stern and Dennis Roberts, attorneys for Jack and Micki Scott. It was edited for publication.*

Patricia Hearst's story of her days with the Symbionese Liberation Army should not go unchallenged. Dr. Jack and Micki Scott, who spent a summer with the newspaper heiress, have now spoken for the first time about their involvement with Patty Hearst. According to them, Jack, a journalist, had gone to various New York publishing firms with a proposal to write a book about the S.L.A. He put out word of his idea in the San Francisco area and was ultimately offered an opportunity to meet with people "close to the S.L.A." He was taken, blindfolded, to an apartment in a densely populated area near the Berkeley campus, where, to his surprise, he met face to face with Patty and with William and Emily Harris, all of whom were heavily armed. Six of the S.L.A.'s comrades had been killed in a fiery shoot-out with police a few weeks before, and the group was talking about revenge. Dr. Scott says Patty told of her plan to lure Charles Bates (special agent of the FBI in charge of the S.L.A. investigation) to the Berkeley apartment and then kill him with her submachine gun. According to Dr. Scott, the group was not interested in his journalistic ideas but asked that he agree to help them. He was not allowed to leave the apartment overnight and, fearing a repetition of the Los Angeles shoot-out—this time with innocent people in the Berkeley area caught in the cross fire—he agreed to take the group to the East Coast. His two nonnegotiable conditions, which were reluctantly agreed to, were that they all give up their weapons and that Patty be separated from the Harrises for the trip.

As he and his parents (who became involved because they thought Patty would welcome an opportunity to go home) drove Patty out of Berkeley, Jack's father stopped the car, assured Patty that they were neither S.L.A. members or sympathizers and told her they would take her anywhere she wanted to go. She pulled back into the corner of the car and said, "Take me the fuck where you're supposed to, or you'll be dead." Both Scotts have vehemently denied running any sort of "underground railroad" for fugitives. It is important to note that while the Harrises and Hearst were with the Scotts, they were disarmed and committed no crimes. The harassment of the Scotts because of Patty's portrayal of them as members or supporters of terrorist organizations is an extreme example of W. C. Fields's old maxim that "no good deed goes unpunished."

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Of course. Whether the party is for two or twenty-two, nothing is more proper than Boodles® British Gin to melt the ice. Because Boodles is an exceptionally smooth-tasting gin. Boodles stands on its own, although it also mixes beautifully. For example, Boodles over ice with just a hint of Leroux Creme de Cassis and a twist of lemon. We call it The French Boodle. The proper start to an evening. But then, Boodles is always in perfect taste. After all, it is British.
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

THOU SHALT NOT PEEP

An outspoken advocate of using the Bible as a supplemental classroom text was caught peeking into the girls' locker room at the University of Iowa. Ian Johnson, 26, had received national attention for a referendum he'd started in Iowa to get Bibles used in schoolrooms, a measure that lost by a seven-to-one margin. The second-year law student, who is married, has a son and had planned a political career, figures his bust on peeping charges pretty much ruins any shot at an elected office. Johnson admitted he'd "violated" his Christianity when he got down on his hands and knees and peered under a partition between the men's gym and the women's locker room. But he also felt he hadn't sinned too much, since he could see only as far up as the ladies' thighs.

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An irate woman stormed into a Sears catalog department to return a set of sheets she had purchased there a few weeks earlier, on the grounds that they had neither worn nor washed well; she claimed that she "got screwed on both these sheets."

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When a Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet opened in Zurich, the Swiss paper *Blick* covered the big event. Although the article was written in German, we spotted the English words "It's finger-fuckin' good." Let's see, would that mean the Original Recipe or Extra Crispy?

SOUNDING RUFF

Howard Ruff, America's leading doomsayer economist, is literally singing a new tune these days. The money-minded Ruff has started his own label, Target Records; its first release: *Howard Ruff Sings*. "Every song [on the record]," he states, "expresses a principle that is part of the context out of which I give my financial advice." Among the songs assembled are *I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked, If I Were a Rich Man, Climb Every Mountain, Hymn to America* and *My Way*.

When asked why he recorded the album in the first place, Ruff shrugged and said, "I did it for the shock value." At least he's in tune with the economy.

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Well, if that's what he wants, sure. The LaCrosse, Wisconsin, *Tribune*, reporting on Green Bay Packer Lynn Dickey's complaint about Detroit Lion William Gay's late hit, summed it up this way: "GAY'S PENALTY SHOULD BE STIFF: DICKEY."

NAME DROPPER

Twenty-two-year-old Cambridge University student John Desmond Lewis decided to stand for a seat in Parliament from Liverpool, England, and adopted a regal moniker. He paid a 96-cent legal fee and had his name legally changed to Tarquin Fintimlinbinwhinbinlin Bus Stop-FTang-Ole-Biscuit Barrel.

Mayor William Bullen, who was required to read the names of all the candidates aloud, was not at all amused. "This is ridiculous!" he fumed. "He may think it's a joke, but an election is a very serious matter."

Then why are so many people laughing at Margaret Thatcher?

GUN CONTROL

D. L. Walker, the police chief of Whitewright, Texas (population 2400), concedes that crime is on the upswing. In two recent months, Whitewright had one burglary and one theft.

But even Chief Walker was overwhelmed when Mayor Felix Robinson announced that he had bought the town four nine-millimeter Ingram machine guns with a firing rate of 1600 rounds per minute.

Chief Walker said neither he nor the other policeman would use the weapons. The mayor, however, is undaunted. He says that the $1386-gun stock pile was purchased not for day-to-day use but "in case of riot or nuclear attack."

And, if none of that occurs, there are always quail.

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A reporter at WBBM-TV in Chicago, doing a survey of opinions on the sexiness and pain of high-heeled shoes, concluded his presentation with a bit of historical documentation. High heels, he asserted, were invented in the 16th Century "by an Italian artesian." The same guy who invented garlic beer, no doubt.

•

Dr. Fu Nongyu, a Peking plastic surgeon, is doing a booming business these days. Although his specialty is creating a folded—or double—eyelid, which makes his patients' eyes appear larger and more Western, it also seems that

Chinese women are seeking his services because they want larger breasts, given the fashionable, form-fitting clothes that are now replacing the shapeless Mao suit. Xian Nongzhang, editor of *Health and Beauty* magazine, says, "Only by studying hard and doing suitable exercises can young females be ensured of healthy and beautiful breast development." We will continue to study hard this development ourselves.

HOMOS AREN'T GOOD PROMOS

Or so says the United States Olympic Committee, which demanded that a San Francisco group planning a Gay Olympic Games drop the word Olympic from the competition or be sued. The threat had nothing to do with antigay bias, claimed F. Don Miller, executive director of the U.S.O.C.: "The use of that word helps us raise money. It's our lifeblood. It makes our fund raising extremely difficult when the Olympic marks lose their significance."

Organizers of the gay athletic spectacle didn't care for this particular slap. "There are Special Olympics, Wheelchair Olympics, Armchair Olympics, Explorer-Scout Olympics and even a Crab-Cooking Olympics," said Dr. Tom Waddell, a member of the 1968 U.S. Olympic decathlon team that competed in the Mexico City games and the organizer of the gay event. "I don't see why they're getting at us, much less how any committee can take a word that has been in use for 2500 years and decide nobody else can use it."

Of course, Congress passed the Amateur Sports Act in 1978, and that does, indeed, give the U.S.O.C. exclusive use of a number of Olympic-related phrases. So even though 2400 athletes from 20 nations have expressed an interest in competing in the gay games (one wonders if there will be some form of test for these jocks' homosexuality, such as the gender tests in the regular Olympics), the organizers may have to find an alternative title. Something, perhaps, like the O-Limp-Ics?

•

Well, we'd start off by eating a little dinner first. Our headline of the month comes from the *Arizona Republic*, which ran an article about dining in other countries under the title: "THE TRAUMA OF EATING OUT ABROAD."

•

Martial-law Polish joke: What's the lowest rank in the Polish army? Television news reader.

RETURN OF THE FLY

James Coco was embarrassed recently when he made his entrance on *The Tonight Show* with his zipper all the way down. He not only had to correct his faulty exposure in front of millions of fans but the next night had to endure *Tonight Show* guest Joan Rivers' assessment of the situation. She alluded to his Broadway involvement and insisted that the incident was "a plug for *Little Me*."

CHECKING IN

Twenty-year-old **Elizabeth McGovern** *is very serious about acting. So serious, in fact, that after recently relocating to New York to star in an off-Broadway play, she found herself so preoccupied with the production that she neglected to furnish her apartment. Writer Ed Naha bumped into the young star of "Ragtime" and "Ordinary People" on Manhattan's Upper West Side. In the company of Naha's two star-struck dogs, they had the following chat over coffee.*

PLAYBOY: In *Ordinary People*, you played an understanding ingénue; in *Ragtime*, a calculating chorus girl. Which role is closer to the real you?

MCGOVERN: As far as experience is concerned, Jeannine in *Ordinary People*. I think there are elements of me in both personalities, though.

PLAYBOY: How are you like *Ragtime*'s Evelyn Nesbit?

MCGOVERN: I've been surprised by the way people have summed up Evelyn's character. It interests me that some people consider her dumb. I never intended her to be. To me, Evelyn represents innocence. God forbid I should get intellectual about this, but she represents the same innocence that America had during that time.

It's hard to tie that back into my life right now, because I can't really sum up the way I am. I just know that you can't do a part unless you look within yourself and bring out elements from inside to the role.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult to do a prolonged nude scene in *Ragtime*?

MCGOVERN: No. There were so many other things going on in my mind besides the fact that I didn't have any clothes on that I really didn't worry about it. The thing that's important in that scene is the visual contrast between Evelyn's innocent nudity and the hardness of the world that wanted to exploit her. Evelyn Nesbit was a free spirit; she simply didn't worry about details like clothing. Being sexy or sultry was the furthest thing from my mind when we were filming that.

PLAYBOY: How did your parents react to that scene?

MCGOVERN: My mother said something wonderful after she saw the movie. She called me up and said, "Liz, honey, I read the book *Ragtime* and I was worried about some of your scenes. But I want you to know something, sweetheart. When I saw you up there without any clothes on, I felt so proud of you . . . because that was the *least* erotic nude scene I'd ever seen in my life." I felt really happy about that, because I knew she'd gotten the point.

PLAYBOY: Are you an easy person to get to know?

MCGOVERN: I don't think so. I've been told that I tend to be a little standoffish. I certainly don't mean to be, though.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst come-on line a guy has ever used on you?

MCGOVERN: Gee. I can't think of the all-time *worst*! Whenever someone starts a conversation with "Hey, I'm real good friends with Redford, too," something inside of me kind of goes to sleep, you know what I mean?

PLAYBOY: If you hadn't become an actress, what would you have done with your life?

MCGOVERN: I probably would have become a veterinarian, or I might have lived on a ranch somewhere and raised horses, or I might have become more serious about painting, or I might have worked in a Burger King.

PLAYBOY: *Newsweek* recently included you in a cover article concerning a new breed of actor. Is there?

MCGOVERN: I think so. I was very grateful for that article, because it brought to light a group of us who are serious about our craft in the same way that a writer or a painter is. We *do* exist, and I think it's important that people realize it.

PLAYBOY: With so many fine young actors and actresses around, do you ever find yourself getting jealous?

MCGOVERN: When I witness a really wonderful performance, there's never any question of jealousy in my mind. When a performance is really good, it's a giving thing, not a taking thing.

Occasionally, though, I'll see a performance that's good but you're very aware that someone is really *acting*. I'm envious of what they're doing, although I know it's not really good acting. I guess that's the difference between fine acting and self-indulgence. I have to

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LOGIC WOULD SUGGEST THAT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO DESIGN AN ENGINE THAT IMPROVES PERFORMANCE AND FUEL ECONOMY AT THE SAME TIME.

IT CERTAINLY WASN'T EASY.

Follow this logic for a second:

To improve performance, you build a larger engine.

To improve fuel economy, you build a smaller engine.

The logic of an Einstein.

Of course, it becomes the logic of a Frankenstein when you make the grand public announcement of "The Perfect Compromise." And you begin peddling mediocre performance and mediocre gas mileage.

The real trick is to rise above Einstein's logic and increase performance and fuel economy at the same time.

That act of transcendental engineering is manifested for the first time in the 1982 Saab APC Turbo.

The APC stands for Automatic Performance Control. It improves gas mileage by 11%* over the conventional turbo engine. And, at the same time that it's being wonderfully civic-minded, it chops a g-force-inducing second from 0 to 60 acceleration.

Turbocharging 101.

(You can skip this section of the ad if automotive engineering doesn't interest you.)

Turbochargers were originally designed for airplanes and racing cars. When they finally and logically found their way into passenger cars, a problem arose.

Turbocharging generates additional pressure in an engine. If the pressure gets too great, the engine starts to knock. That's the engine's none too subtle way of telling you that it's headed for self-destruct.

So, most automakers adopted a "better safe than sorry" attitude. They set their maximum turbo boost well below the critical pressure point.

The good news: The Turbo could operate safely under any circumstances. Namely, when the fuel quality is erratic (the octane level is low) or when the climate is too hot or dry.

The bad news: Those circumstances happen only about 5% of the time you drive. So, in protecting the engine against a 5% possibility, turbocharged engines couldn't give you full power and full fuel efficiency the other 95% of the time.

Advanced turbocharging: an engine that thinks.

Saab's new APC system monitors the effects of heat, humidity, and fuel octane. It analyzes the data and decides for itself just how much power can be produced at any given moment.

If the given moment shows normal conditions, the Turbo's maximum boost is determined by fuel quality. Which is to say that it operates more efficiently than any turbocharged engine on the market.

The other 5% of the time, the engine operates at the same efficiency level as all the other turbos on the market.

Final exams.

In 1977, Saab introduced its first turbo.

In 1981, *Road & Track* magazine named the Saab Turbo as "The Best Sports Sedan for the Eighties." By unanimous choice of its usually non-effusive editors.

In 1982, with the introduction of the APC Turbo, Saab demonstrates that while it was busy accepting *Road & Track's* plaudits, it was also busy improving the car.

*1982 SAAB PRICE LIST***

900 3-door	*5-speed*	*$10,650*
	Automatic	*11,000*
900 4-door	*5-speed*	*$10,950*
	Automatic	*11,300*
900S 3-door	*5-speed*	*$12,800*
	Automatic	*13,150*
900S 4-door	*5-speed*	*$13,500*
	Automatic	*13,850*
900 APC Turbo 3-door	*5-speed*	*$16,200*
	Automatic	*16,550*
900 APC Turbo 4-door	*5-speed*	*$16,860*
	Automatic	*17,210*

Turbo models include a Sony XR70, 4-Speaker Stereo Sound System as standard equipment.

Take one for a long test drive. At least to the point where your Saab dealer begins to get a little nervous.

Think about the technological innovations, but reflect more on the "driving experience." An elusive concept that boils down to a few questions.

How does the car feel?

How do you feel driving it?

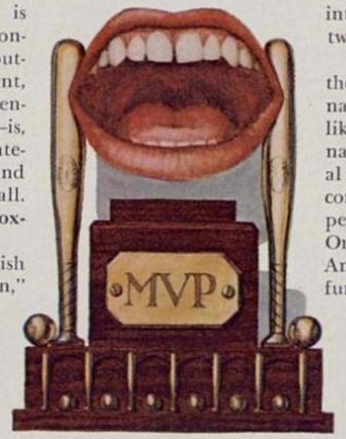
How does the car make you feel?

At that point, you'll be able to appreciate (we presume) the intelligence of Saab engineering on an emotional level as well as an intellectual one.

**Saab 900 5-speed Turbo: (19) EPA estimated mpg, 31 estimated highway mpg. Remember, use these figures for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: (21) EPA estimated mpg, 34 estimated highway mpg. **Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.*

BASEBALL'S UNSUNG M.V.P.

Not all of our national pastime's greatest moments, performances, records, highlights, dramas and triumphs occur on the field, and not all of its Most Valuable Players wear uniforms. Here is one individual honored for his outstanding achievement, which—though generally overlooked—is, in its own way, integral to the success and popularity of baseball. He's the **Most Obnoxious Heckler.**



"He made me wish I'd signed with Japan," scowls Fred Lynn. Amos Otis hears his voice in nightmares.

Ron LeFlore snarls, "If I hadn't already done time, I'd kill the mother – – – – – –."

He's Harvey "Cancer Mouth" Brown of Oakland, California—by near unanimous choice, the most offensive and distracting presence in a ball park since Charlie Finley tormented the A's.

Brown, 25, a 240-pound bus driver, taxidermist and Rhodes scholar, relishes this invective with high glee. "I'll remember LeFlore's words next season," he grins evilly. "He's hated my guts since a game during the stretch drive. He was going back on a long fly and I yelled, 'Pretend it's the Prison League and bend over, Ronnie!' It was beautiful; he blew the catch and the White Sox lost. I like to think I contributed to several A's victories last year. I know of six errors in left center I had a part in."

One of his fondest memories involves Boston. "Sixth inning, tie game, two on. Joe Rudi, in left, turns around to check the bleachers scoreboard. I yell, 'Hey, Rude, is that a Chap Stick in your pocket, or do you just love the game?' He turns the color of a sunset. Then Armas slams a liner his way. He misjudges it by a yard; game-winning R.B.I. I've loved Joe ever since he played here," Brown sighs wistfully, then shrugs, "but a professional has to put sentiment aside."

To what does Brown attribute his superior disruptiveness?

"My material's only fair to good; but I've got Hall of Fame *timing*. Like, one game, I laid off Tom Poquette all day, until Heath sent a shot toward him. Then I hollered, 'What's a Poquette? A French midget hooker!' He booted it into the bull pen for two runs."

Brown specializes in the cheap shot: the nasty, personal slur. "I like to work with names. Mostly the usual stuff, like, 'What comes out of a boat-person's butt? *Rice!*' Or, 'Hey, it's Famous Anus!' Ugly guys are fun, too—'You gotta blindfold your *dog* before he'll *lick* you!' "

Brown leaves his seat in the left-center bleachers only for special-favorite targets. "When the Yanks had Jackson in right, I'd always go over there about the fifth inning and yell, 'They call it a Reggie Bar 'cause it's brown outside, white inside and half nuts!' It got to where by the third inning, he'd start looking around for me! Now, that's *impact*!"

There are only two lines Brown won't cross while heckling. First, he avoids vulgar profanity. "A lot of *ladies* are sitting around you. Also, there's the element of professionalism. Hell, anybody can yell out that Bumbry reminds you of the – – – – – on a leper's – – – –. But where's the challenge, the creativity? Anyway, they hear that stuff from each other."

Brown's other rule is: Don't heckle your own team. He smiles stoically. 'I lost some of my best lines when Billy Martin joined the club. And we got two third basemen, named Klutts and Gross. There're times I have to bite my tongue. But that's the price of being a purist."

He is, appropriately, obnoxiously proud of his Most Obnoxious title, but he sees a tight race this season. "There's a kid in St. Louis who came up in August and just tore the league apart. A barbarian! Even shafts his own guys! He's the one who drove Garry Templeton to grab his own crotch," Brown *tsks* with disdain.

We wish him luck. As we're leaving, he calls out, "Whatta you get when a Walt Disney mouse pees for a week? Mickey Rivers!" he cackles with cruel enthusiasm. —ROBERT S. WIEDER

admit that many times I fall into that self-indulgent category. It's something I'm trying to stay away from, but it's not easy.

PLAYBOY: What's your most irritating habit?

MCGOVERN: I get very irritated when my mind goes blank under pressure—the way it's gone right now. I suppose the habit that annoys me most is my stacking dirty laundry in little piles all around my apartment. That can be pretty irritating for anyone who comes over to visit.

PLAYBOY: What qualities do you find attractive in a man?

MCGOVERN: I'm attracted by an unusual way of thinking, an unusual way of perceiving things, original thought. I like people who have a sense of humor. I tend to gravitate to people who are . . . different, people who struggle a little, who don't have an easy time right off the bat.

PLAYBOY: If a guy had two minutes to impress you, how could he do it?

MCGOVERN: Certainly not by trying to impress me. If someone wants to impress me, he'll be his own, true self. He'll *be* there.

PLAYBOY: Do you develop crushes on fellow performers?

MCGOVERN: Oh, sure. I fall in love all the time. There's a certain part of me that's a real romantic.

PLAYBOY: What kind of movies do you enjoy watching?

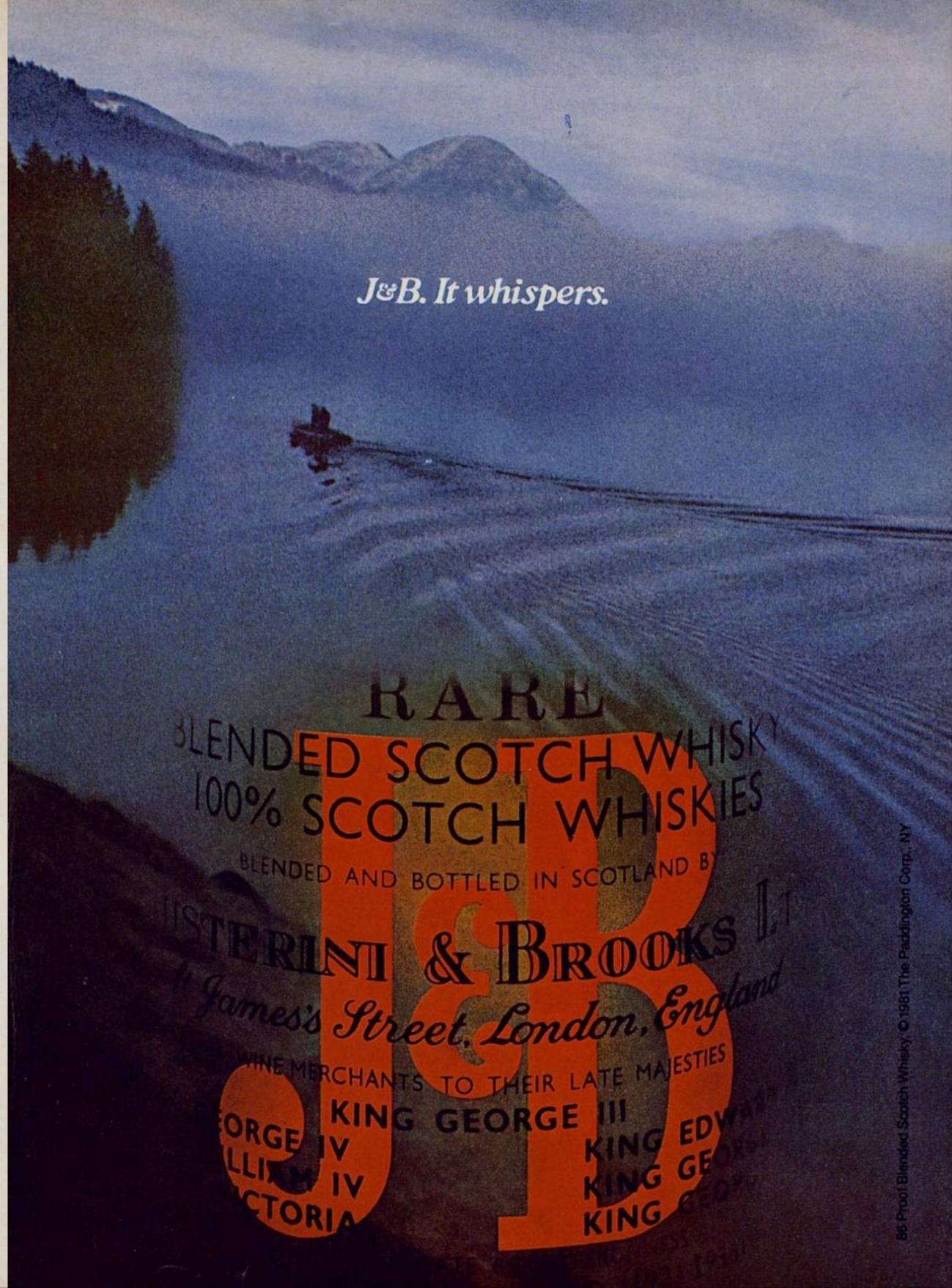
MCGOVERN: Because I love acting, I prefer movies that have interesting characters. I like simple movies. I can't follow films that have complicated plots. I couldn't follow *The Empire Strikes Back*, and that drove me crazy. Visually, it was great; but I couldn't figure it out. James Bond movies do that to me, too. I can't keep track of who's slipping the note to whom.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel funny answering questions about your personal life?

MCGOVERN: Yes. I hate it. There are things that I believe I'm entitled to keep private. I'm interested in other people myself and I'm flattered that people are interested in me. But there are certain experiences that no one has a right to but me. I would never try to extract those private moments from other people, no matter how interested I was in their lives.

PLAYBOY: A year or so ago, you said you were surprised that anyone wanted to interview you, that anyone even wanted to hear what you had to say. Do you still feel that way?

MCGOVERN: No. A year ago, I felt that people expected me to sit down and utter words of great wisdom. That was a big mistake. I mean, I'm still asking *myself* questions. Now I feel a little more relaxed. I don't feel the responsibility to offer an answer to life's questions.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DESTRI RIDES: He hadn't planned on a career in music until a fateful night in 1974, when **Jimmy Destri**'s sister introduced him to her friend Debbie Harry at Manhattan's original modern-rock emporium, C.B.G.B. The blonde Venus of beat sized up the lanky Destri and, as he recalls, "She said something like, 'We need a piano player, and you're about the right height. . . .' "

Destri, who was promptly hired by Blondie, has now recorded a solo LP, *Heart on a Wall* (Chrysalis).

Acclaimed as the man who single-handedly put the Farfisa organ back into rock 'n' roll, Destri is the one who helps lead Blondie through rehearsals and arranging sessions. "Yeah, I guess you could say I'm the one who pushes, and I don't mean drugs. Chris Stein leans toward the more metaphysical aspects of the music, while I'll stress the tangible, like, 'Are the bass and snare drum on the money?' " Destri's solo effort, however, isn't born out of frustration with Blondie: "I've written 20 songs or so for Blondie albums. But until now, nobody knew I could sing—except Debbie Harry and David Bowie, who both encouraged me to do this album. Their inspiration was enough for me."

His own music is in a modern pop-rock style, Bowie-influenced but original. Working with producer Michael Kamen (who arranged Pink Floyd's *The Wall*) and a studio band that includes Carlos Alomar—Bowie's guitarist—and Blondie's Clem Burke on drums, Destri used his own computerized synthesizer to add electronic strings, horns and general spice to the album. One memorable toe tapper is *Little Metal Drummer*, which sounds perhaps like a futuristic spaghetti-Western theme for dancing space cowboys.

Interesting stuff. But if Jimmy Destri is artistically content in Blondie, then why the solo project? "Well," he chuckles, "I suppose I could be like my pal Nigel Harrison, Blondie's bassist, who says, 'Why are you killing yourself working so hard? Why not just sit out in L.A. and collect cars like me?' But I still remember the magic I felt the first time I heard *Strawberry Fields Forever* on the radio, and that's the kind of feeling I want my songs to bring to pop music."

LIFE AFTER *ELVIRA*: Deep within Woodland Sound Studios, in Nashville, the four members of **The Oak Ridge Boys** bounce around the control room, snapping their fingers and dancing and singing to the playback of a cut in progress. The Oaks are still basking in the afterglow of pop superstardom. After 11 number-one country singles and five gold LPs, the group last year stumbled upon an old Dallas Frazier novelty tune called *Elvira*, which topped the *Cashbox* pop chart, catapulted the Oaks' *Fancy Free* LP past the platinum mark and packed their live concerts. So what do they do for an encore?

Now, what the Oaks would like more than anything else is a follow-up single. Booming out through the huge studio speakers is a contender: *Love Insurance*, an R&B–flavored rocker with a wailing sax and a steaming vocal sung by tenor Joe Bonsall, the frizzy-haired, hyperkinetic former Philadelphia street singer who also sang lead on *Elvira*. Bill Golden, the Oaks' six-foot-plus hard-country baritone, towers approvingly over the soundboard. "Ha!" he laughs gleefully. "Philadelphia country!" A new hit?

During a session break, Bonsall jumps into his TR-7 and heads up the street to grab some lunch and explain this singles business. As he pulls into the parking lot of a German restaurant, he confides that the Oaks have begun leaning toward a new up-tempo song called *Bobby Sue* as the probable single.

"It's a 1982 *Elvira*, and it could be a *very* important record for us," he explains, wide-eyed, as he pounds out *Bobby Sue*'s compelling beat on the steering wheel. "Not only that," he adds solemnly, "but *girls* will be able to do *aerobics* to it, too!" All of which makes us wonder which singles business *he's* talking about. [*Bobby Sue* has since been released and is climbing the charts.—*Ed.*]

REVIEWS

Wynton Marsalis is a 20-year-old trumpet player originally from New Orleans. His father, Ellis, is a respected pianist who played with Al Hirt, who, in turn, gave Wynton his first horn at the age of six. Already a veteran of the bands of Herbie Hancock and Art Blakey, as well as of numerous classical orchestras, Marsalis formerly studied at Juilliard. His solo debut, ***Wynton Marsalis*** (Columbia), is proof positive that a major new jazz force has emerged. He stands squarely in the trumpet tradition that includes Clifford Brown, Miles Davis, Lee Morgan and, further back, Louis Armstrong; but, amazingly, for all his prodigious technique, Marsalis already speaks with a highly original voice that's darting, incisive and capable of incredibly subtle shading and inflections. Best of all, he builds on solid mainstream foundations rather than on trendy pop/funk. For instance, on his version of *Who Can I Turn To (When Nobody Needs Me)*—backed by Hancock, Tony Williams and Ron Carter—the trumpeter starts in a beautifully low-keyed, Milesian tribute, then quickly shifts gears into his own delicate pacing and quick-witted lines. This is brilliant work by a young man who is, in bassist Ron Carter's authoritative words, "the most remarkable musician to appear on the scene in quite some time."

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One of the sassiest first albums in recent months is The Waitresses' ***Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful?*** (Polydor/Ze), which

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In Europe people are practically weaned on great beer. So nobody knows beer like a European. And among all those great bottles of beer, the one Europeans choose most often has only recently become known to you: Kronenbourg. Europeans drink and enjoy more Kronenbourg than any other bottle of beer. More than Heineken. More than Beck's.
Perhaps it's Kronenbourg's smooth taste. Or 300 year heritage. But Europe's relationship with Kronenbourg isn't a casual one.
Now in America people are discovering they like Heineken. But Kronenbourg . . . that's love.

EUROPE'S #1 BOTTLE OF BEER.

finds vocalist Patty Donahue somewhere between pre-bland Blondie and Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders in the land of Modern Postadolescent Angst—but showing a pleasingly snotty sense of humor about it all. *No Guilt*, a paean to self-sufficiency after breaking up, goes, in part, "I know someone who really met Belushi / I fixed the toilet so it doesn't always run / I moved a chair over by the window / I feel better if my laundry's done. . . ." And *Go On*, about the tribulations of finding the right guy, offers the Groucholike wisdom "If he wants me, he must not be good enough." It's all rather like hanging out with the girls at Jones Beach—you can practically hear the gum popping.

•

The Call (Mercury/PolyGram) is a great album by a young band from Santa Cruz, California. Put the record on your turntable and out roll wit, passion and energy, all paying abundant heed to such rock forebears as The Who, the Yardbirds, The Doors, Dire Straits and The Cars. Hey, these guys have good taste, but don't they have any of their own tricks? Who cares? Despite the dreary sound of such titles as *War Weary World* and *Waiting for the End*, in some far-off corner of our souls, we find this music, uh, inspiring.

•

The smart money said that since Lou Reed was no longer a tortured bisexual and drug user, his muse had deserted him . . . yawn. But ***The Blue Mask*** (RCA) proves that mellowness, marriage and middle age needn't preclude powerful, poetic rock.

First of all, the band (particularly guitarist Robert Quine) is visceral and sensitive. And just beneath the Dire Straits–like tone of *My House, Women* and *The Day John Kennedy Died* is an undercurrent of dread mitigated by the anthemlike heady metal of the title tune, the humor of *Average Guy* and the doo-wop affection of *Heavenly Arms*. This album represents the mating of Lou Reed's best solo work with vintage Velvet Underground.

SHORT CUTS

Micheal Smotherman (Epic): Just because he can't spell his first name right doesn't mean he hasn't assembled an impressive start-up album.

The Secret Police / The Secret Policeman's Other Ball—The Music (Island): Amnesty International's benefit concert spawns another sonic boon in this second frolic from The Secret Police and friends—Sting's eerily reverent *Roxanne* merits a special green light.

The Best of Dave Edmunds (Swan Song): Edmunds, of the late, lamented Rockpile, is the world's premier rock-a-billy guitarist, and you can't beat this collection with a stick.

FAST TRACKS

THIS ONE GOES OUT TO PRINCESS DI AND ALL THE GIRLS AT THE PALACE: Prince Charles's comedy album, *We Are Not Amused*, has gone gold in England. What can we say? America produced a Duke and a Count; the Brits have always favored their princes. The record is a compilation of his favorite sketches and includes bits from Monty Python and the Goons. Charles has warned his mum that some of the material is too "blue" for her ears. Profits go to charity. Hit it, Chuck!

REELING AND ROCKING: Leon Russell is scoring *The Glory Road*, based on the life of **Marjoe Gortner. Gary Busey** is signed for the lead. . . . **Jim Steinman** (**Meat Loaf**'s lyricist) has finished his s-f musical script, *Neverland*. . . . If the deal goes through, by the time you read this, **Mick** will be making a movie in America called *Sector 13*, about a drug rehab center in 1995. . . . *Clash on Broadway* is **The Clash**'s movie that includes everything from TV footage of its **Tom Snyder** appearance to the fracas between fans and the cops outside one of its New York shows. . . . The company that produced *Quadrophenia* plans to make *Lifehouse*, which will be based on **Pete Townshend**'s music.

NEWSBREAKS: Elton would like to record tennis ace **John McEnroe**'s singing. . . . **The Who** is planning an American tour this summer. . . . **Philip Norman,** who wrote the terrific **Beatles** book *Shout!*, toured with the **Stones** last winter to research his biography of them. . . . **Bob Marley** was honored by Jamaica on a set of postage stamps designed by his widow, **Rita**. . . . *Finally, We Get It Department:* **Sly Stone** explained how he got such a bad reputation for lateness: "I didn't think I was ever late. I just thought that everyone else had come early."... Remember **Dave Clark**? No, not **Dick**'s brother, Dave Clark of the **Dave Clark Five**. He bought himself a present—the legendary British pop TV show *Ready, Steady, Go*, which ran from 1963 to 1966. Clark's original motive was nostalgia, but so many people have tried to buy the rights that he has put together some tape of **Otis Redding** in concert to show on British TV. Maybe we Yanks will get lucky. . . . **Van Morrison**'s music will continue to explore jazz. About pop music, he says, "It's not going anywhere, it has stopped growing.". . . Here's another blast from the past: **Fabian**. He has played some very successful rock-'n'-roll revival gigs and he's working on a cable-TV show featuring music from the Fifties. . . . Look for a new **Roxy Music** album any minute. . . . **Cynthia Lennon** has donated one of her paintings, a scene from the **Beatles'** *Magical Mystery Tour*, to an Atlanta children's hospital. It's valued at $25,000. . . . **Truman Capote** and **Harold Arlen**'s musical *House of Flowers* originally starred **Diahann Carroll. Geoffrey Holder,** who will direct the revival, wants **Diana Ross** and **Aretha Franklin** to star in his production. Holder is a friend of both women—it might happen.

RANDOM RUMORS: Blues singer **Big Mama Thornton** (who did *Hound Dog* before Elvis) says there's one good thing about hard times—people will be writing the blues. That is, she says, "if they aren't writing about a war." . . . Tired of throwing your undies onstage at your favorite concerts? Here's a story from **Ray Thomas** of the **Moody Blues:** Once, in Atlanta, he says, "I saw this large object hurtling toward us. It just missed me." The object? An artificial leg, complete with sock and shoe. Is that called bop till you drop? . . . **Tina Turner** actually played Warsaw before martial law was declared. No, Tina had nothing to do with it, but there was a group of Russian soldiers in attendance. At one point, Turner half-sang questions to the audience. "What do you want?" she sang. "Food," they replied. We've boogied for peace and for fun but, thank God, never for food.

—BARBARA NELLIS

BOOKS

Robert Ludlum rides in the lead of the Four Terse Men of the Apocalypse (the others being Ken Follett, Lawrence Sanders and Trevanian); all four nudge their characters through various varieties of undercover overkill and sell more books than McDonald's sells McBurgers. Ludlum, however, has generally done it better than the rest. In ***The Parsifal Mosaic*** (Random House), he spins spy Michael Havelock—a confused but terribly earnest shock absorber—through a grand orchestration of plot complication that can lead only to a fiery finale. The problem here is that the finale is a dud; all the elegant shards of Ludlum's *Mosaic* add up to an insufficient, unsatisfying whole. It's like fitting together 1000 chips of stained glass to make a Farrah poster.

•

Hold it! Don't buy another penny of insurance until you read ***The Invisible Bankers*** (Linden Press), by Andrew Tobias. A first-rate writer whose work often appears in this magazine, Tobias has the wit, the energy and the facts to keep you reading: Sears earns more from insurance than from retailing; the approximately 200 billion dollars in premiums collected in 1981 by insurance companies comes to $900 for every living American; on the average, auto-insurance companies rake off 35 cents of each deposited dollar; you may not have thought about it, but the insurance companies, unlike the banks or the oil companies, have managed to exempt themselves from Federal regulation. Tobias shows the problems we face when trying to determine what insurance to purchase, and he recommends some common-sense changes that would make it easier for the consumer to make rational business decisions (such as a standardized disclosure statement on the face of each policy that advises us on the odds of our collecting on any claim). Read this book and stay solvent.

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The macabre maestro Gahan Wilson, a frequent PLAYBOY contributor, has orchestrated a new collection of cartoons, ***Is Nothing Sacred?*** (St. Martin's). The answer, fortunately, is no.

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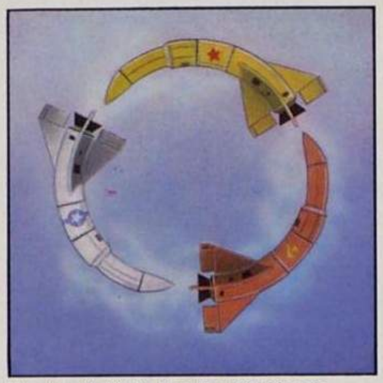
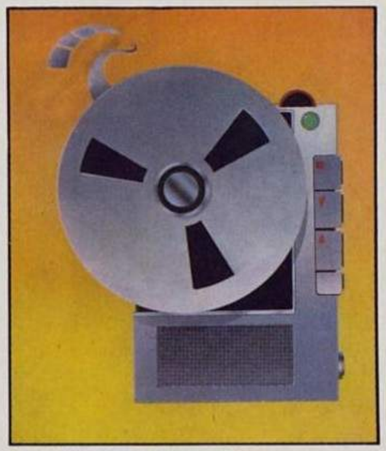
Dick Francis, the English author of more than 20 thrillers, is so good that he has never been called "the new Hammett" or "the new Chandler." Francis, a former jockey, has set most of his novels in horse-racing circles. *Reflex* was an intricate puzzle built around amateur photography. The latest—***Twice Shy*** (Putnam's)—is built around computer technology. Horse racing figures here, too—one of the characters develops a foolproof betting system. What happens to the program when it falls into the wrong hands is the nuts, bolts and silicon chips of the plot. We suspect that Francis could take a handbook on advanced macramé technique and turn it into a thriller.



Nonstop thrills in *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

Chills from Robert Ludlum, spills from Dick Francis.



Twice Shy: Dual reels and deals.

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Nuclear War: What's in It for You (Pocket Books) is a valuable and readable handbook about this atomic age compiled by a group called Ground Zero (an educational project supported by foundations such as the Rockefeller Family Fund). With thorough research and simple language, this book tells you what you need to know to be well informed about the history and current status of and future prospects for nuclear war. It's all here: realistic scenarios about how such a war might begin, a description of our present weapons systems, a discussion of the Russian psyche, details about space technology and nuclear proliferation and the problems and possibilities of peace through negotiation, and some general suggestions about how we might find a way to neutralize the specter that haunts us. Buy it and read it: The life you save may be everybody's!

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In the hard, sleazy, ethnic, prejudiced, profane, working-class world of Frankie Coolin, sometimes you eat the bear and sometimes the bear eats you. ***Time for Frankie Coolin*** (Random House), by Bill Griffith, refers to the Federal indictment and possible prison sentence that are suddenly staring Coolin in the face because of his peripheral involvement in somebody else's scam. Griffith manages to avoid the clichés and stereotypes of the formula suspense novel, tells a powerful story of mounting despair in remarkably low-key dialog and takes the reader on a slow descent that accelerates into a 20-milligram anxiety trip.

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The activities of terrorist organizations are familiar to everyone, yet the strange, violent lives of individual terrorists remain largely a mystery. In his intriguing novel ***Kamal*** (Harper & Row), D. W. Arathorn provides a look at one self-professed revolutionary as he travels from the Palestinian underground in Paris to a volunteer camp in Syria. It's a neat dissection of an obsessive and frightening personality.

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The Dean's December (Harper & Row), by Saul Bellow, is the story of an aging academic named Albert Corde, swollen with smarts and stuck in the tedious world of ideas. He is romantic but imprisoned by emotional restraints. "The three ladies were silent," Bellow writes, "and Corde, in the fedora, had nothing to say. He looked out, noticing. What a man he was for noticing!" It's Bellow's special, disarming touch that gets us to care about this coiled man, cut off from the very passions he tries to study.

•

Hunger of Memory (Godine) has a subtitle: "The Education of Richard Rodriguez." It is a graceful, modest, unique autobiography. Rodriguez, the son of working-class Mexican-immigrant parents, traces the conflicting forces that made him a writer: a sense of two languages (Spanish and English), schooling on scholarship, cultural confusion, struggles with growth and change. Through it all, shining like silver from Taxco, you find a tremendous self-honesty as Rodriguez describes his gradual assimilation into American culture.

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Francis Ford Coppola's ***One from the Heart*** (Columbia/Zoetrope) may become a landmark movie in ways the film maker himself never foresaw. As an exercise in empty technology, it tops a trend started by a generation of precocious film school grads. Too often, the fun they have making movies seems more important than the fun they provide for the people seeing them.

These devout film makers are big kids with multimillion-dollar toys and tons of economic clout; occasionally, as in George Lucas' *Star Wars* or Steven Spielberg's *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, their pleasure turns out to be ours as well. But that's where Coppola comes a cropper in the purposely banal, old-fashioned *One from the Heart*, an alleged exercise in nostalgia requiring projection on a screen that's nearly square. Why? Don't ask. Francis just felt like it. On the vast sound stages of his Zoetrope studios, he also built a replica of Las Vegas—a town that hardly needed duplication.

The sets are the entire show, because there's little of human interest going on in front of the gaudily lit backdrops or under the painted moon. Coppola unfolds a dreary little romance between a bored live-in couple (Frederic Forrest and Teri Garr) and two strangers they meet one Fourth of July night—Raul Julia (playing a waiter) and lovely Nastassia Kinski (playing a tightrope walker). All they do as a foursome is make out and meander. Coppola puts some fireworks, pinwheels madly spinning, in the background, but there's no flesh and blood except for a rowdy performance by Lainie Kazan as Garr's chum. The musical sound track, sung by Tom Waits and Crystal Gayle, is pleasant and stands out in the glittering void.

When Coppola previewed *Heart*, with lots of hoopla on both coasts, in front of thousands of eager customers, he told a New York press conference how he had directed much of the movie from inside a van full of video-tape monitors and other marvelous gadgetry. The so-called electronic editing allowed him to leave the actors on their own, improvising—floundering might be a better word for it—as much as eight minutes at a stretch. Frankly, when Francis talks electronics, I'm not sure what he's talking about. I only know what I see and hear. On the way to the press melee in Radio City Music Hall, a handsome young assistant something or other said brightly: "How much did you love it? We're going to make the Industrial Revolution look like kid stuff." Arrogance is bliss.

Coppola devotees at the preview applauded every set from a junk yard to a rain-swept street scene. Such wonders were taken for granted three decades ago,

Kinski, Forrest in heartless *Heart*.

Coppola delivers more style than substance; fun with Julie and Bob.

Preston, Andrews in *Victor, Victoria*.

when audiences at *Singin' in the Rain*, for example, accepted the splendid street scene and the rain effects as everyday movie miracles, saving their ovation for Gene Kelly's unforgettable choreography of the title tune.

Cinema is not the only art to be blighted by empty technological grandstanding. Broadway's current smash-hit musical *Dreamgirls*, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett (of *A Chorus Line*), is another stunning example of glitz gone wrong. With top tickets going for $40 apiece, this witless pseudobio of a group somewhat like The Supremes has an indifferent book and lyrics, worse music and no single performer worth standing in line for. What it has are stairways that light up, scenery that achieves magical transformations at the touch of a button and enough froufrou and sequins to keep all the Rockettes in orbit for a season or two. Bennett's stagecraft is superb, all façade to disguise the lack of a real show.

The triumph of high-tech art over humanity has a counterpart in television, too, where pundits predict a crisis as new cable-TV channels become available month by month—with a limited supply of programing to fill all that air time. Maybe the subscribers who get bored watching the same movies popping up on channels A to Z will have to settle for a new kind of junk art—TV mobiles created with colored lights, electronic beeps and what have you. The children of Zoetrope, along with hordes of film school progeny, should be more than ready to fill this cultural gap with art by computer or some cinematic equivalent of Tinkertoys. Eventually, we may live to see computer games nominated for Oscars and Emmys. Meanwhile, the gifted Coppola, though aesthetically hellbent and going nowhere with his $25,000,000 home movie, doesn't seem to be going alone. ¥¥

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Since the phenomenal success of *La Cage aux Folles*, transvestism may become trendy. Sexual switch-hitters are all over the place in ***Victor, Victoria*** (MGM/UA), an opulent period comedy by writer-producer-director Blake Edwards. The movie is incredibly handsome, and so is Edwards' wife, Julie Andrews, as a waif who goes to Paris in 1934 and conquers the cabaret crowd as a female impersonator. Of course, she's impersonating a male only to make her reputation as a singing drag queen, coached by Robert Preston, who's supposed to be a bona fide female impersonator, who lets his hair down—and brings the house down—when he replaces Julie in a torrid flamenco number. They also team up for a showstopping duet in white tie and tails. But *Victor, Victoria* has a company of assured scene stealers committing grand larceny back to back, notably James Garner as a Chicago night-club impresario; then, Lesley Ann Warren in a hilarious stint as Garner's blonde, gumchewing doxy. Daring as it may sound, the whole show is finally pure fun. Sometimes I felt the gags might have been sharper, yet it's easy to admire the blithe spirit of a comedy in which former pro-football hunk Alex Karras plays a gay bodyguard. ¥¥¥½

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With a few successes behind them, authors of screenplays often maneuver themselves into position to direct their own movies. Not many succeed so smashingly as Robert Towne (who won an Oscar for his *Chinatown* screenplay and who co-authored *Shampoo*), making his directorial debut with ***Personal Best***

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(Warner). This incisive, bold and timely movie about women athletes (our April cover story provided an eye-opening preview of *Best*'s Mariel Hemingway) spans four grueling years in the lives of two hopefuls (Hemingway and former Olympic hurdler Patrice Donnelly) who have a lesbian love affair while they train for the Olympic pentathlon tryouts. In its own way, Towne's mini-epic is as pure and earnest a movie about running as *Chariots of Fire*. We're in today's world, of course, where the girls getting fit for the games call time for sex, casually puff on a joint and occasionally curse like drunken sailors. Some spokesmen from the jock world have already objected to *Personal Best*, and there may be other prudes offended by the lesbian angle. I doubt that moviegoers will ignore this movie, however, because the love scenes are as sensitive as anything of the kind ever filmed, while the humorous, compassionate inside view of the sports world is sharp-edged and fascinating throughout. The actors could hardly be better, and that's a major directorial coup, since the only professionals in top roles are Hemingway and Scott Glenn, the latter as a tough-minded coach with a short fuse for women's problems off the track. Donnelly is crisply attractive and much better than just convincing. The same compliments might apply to Kenny Moore, marathon runner and sportswriter, in a telling role as a non-*macho* water-polo player. There's a rather tidy heterosexual (well, bisexual) solution that might be interpreted as a cop-out, but *Personal Best* takes so many chances that I feel Towne handily earns a convincing win without penalties. ¥¥¥

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Homosexuality pops up again as a viable film subject in ***Making Love*** (Fox), all about a young doctor who discovers, after eight years of marriage, that he is less interested in his wife than in a handsome male patient, a writer with a penchant for cruising gay bars. Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson and Harry Hamlin play, respectively, the doctor, the wife and the other man, and they are all OK, though I believe Hamlin—as the stud who tries to protect himself from any serious involvement—has the toughest role and does subtle, sympathetic things with it. Oddly framed as a series of flashbacks cued by direct on-camera testimony from the wife and the lover, who may or may not be talking to their shrinks, Barry Sandler's screenplay handles a delicate subject with intelligence and compassion. Here, gay is good or, at least, is offered without apology as an alternative lifestyle, and *Making Love*'s most difficult scenes—Ontkean's tentative forays into the homo nether world, the two men making it for the first time—are the best. Director Arthur Hiller seems a bit gingerly in his approach; John Schlesinger's *Sunday Bloody Sunday* explored similar material with far greater depth and sophistication a decade ago. *Making Love*, however, won't make so many people nervous. ¥¥¥

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As a visual and visceral drama about the dawn of civilization, ***Quest for Fire*** (Fox) is an uneven epic, at times imaginative and enthralling, at other times just a bit silly. Novelist Anthony Burgess and zoologist Desmond Morris contributed to the authentic-seeming language and gestures used by three prehistoric males (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman and Nameer El-Kadi) on a mission to win back the precious fire stolen from their tribe. They have not yet learned about rubbing two sticks together. The moment they do, *Quest for Fire* starts to smolder with some of the excitement of discovery. There is also charm and innocence added by the appearance of Rae Dawn Chong (see *Quest for Dawn*, page 103) as a naked sprite from a tribe of mud people. Although *Quest* at its best is earnest and beautiful to behold, French director Jean-Jacques Annaud (a 1976 Oscar winner for *Black and White in Color*) has some trouble sustaining the integrity of the tale. Doing a serious cave-man saga is no snap, but Annaud's occasional lapses into vaudeville comedy merely reminded me that Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* got there first with the most. ¥¥½

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Adapter-director David S. Ward has turned ***Cannery Row*** (MGM), John Steinbeck's picaresque tale of misfits, whores and waterfront drifters, into a dead-end disaster. *Row*'s comic rhythm and dialog are so forced that Nick Nolte, as Doc, cannot make an inch of headway in his slow march toward stardom, while poor Debra Winger—whom so proudly we hailed in *Urban Cowboy* not long ago—looks all but lost as the wistful harlot Suzy. This is the part they took away from Raquel Welch, who sued. Debra has a stronger case. ¥

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On Broadway, Ira Levin's *Deathtrap* has been humming along for several seasons. In the movie ***Deathtrap*** (Warner), the plot has been tinkered with but not improved under Sidney Lumet's direction. Michael Caine plays the writer of mysteries, with Dyan Cannon overplaying as his wife and Christopher Reeve as his gay disciple. It's all too tricky, unless you're intrigued by the novelty of seeing Superman swish. ¥¥

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Jack Nicholson in ***The Border*** (Universal/RKO) is a patrol officer pursuing wetbacks in a fairly muddled melodrama. As his wife, a nonstop American consumer, Valerie Perrine contributes welcome comic relief, though she seems to have popped in from another movie. ¥¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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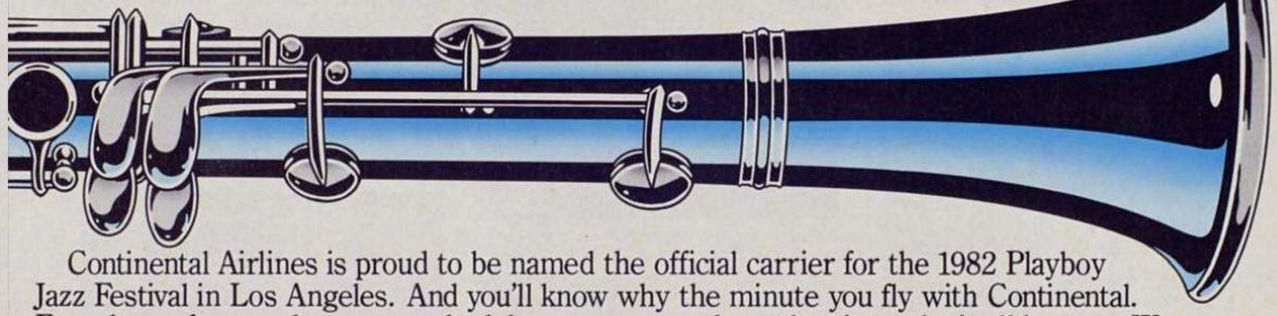

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The Border (Reviewed this month) Nicholson, Perrine and wetbacks. ¥¥

Cannery Row (Reviewed this month) Steinbeck's classic spoiled. ¥

Das Boot A trip on a Nazi sub during World War Two. ¥¥¥

Deathtrap (Reviewed this month) It worked better on Broadway. ¥¥

Diva A small, flashy French thriller that mixes music with the mean streets of Paris and hits some highs. ¥¥¥

Evil Under the Sun Another all-star tribute to Agatha Christie. ¥¥½

The Long Good Friday London's underworld, with lots of energy. ¥¥¥

Love and Money Bad scenes—in fact, the worst—in Central America, with Ray Sharkey and Ornella Muti. ¥

Making Love (Reviewed this month) Former Angel's boy meets boy. ¥¥¥

Missing Sissy Spacek and Jack Lemmon in a politically hot Chile, directed by Costa-Gavras. Potent stuff (and upgraded on second viewing). ¥¥¥¥

My Dinner with Andre Dining in style. ¥¥¥¥

One from the Heart (Reviewed this month) Coppola, out of his head? ¥¥

Pennies from Heaven Swingin' through the Great Depression with Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters. ¥¥¥

Personal Best (Reviewed this month) Olympic girls on the go. ¥¥¥

Porky's Way down South among the teen rednecks discovering sex. ¥¥

Quest for Fire (Reviewed this month) Three cave men and a girl. ¥¥½

Reds Maybe wearing one hat too many, Warren Beatty tackles the Russian Revolution as co-author, producer, director and co-star. With Diane Keaton. ¥¥¥

Road Games This time, the maniac pursuing Jamie Lee Curtis has wheels. ¥¥

The Seduction Judging by this pallid thriller with TV's Morgan Fairchild, the Barbie doll may be an endangered species. ¥

Sharky's Machine Director-star Burt Reynolds doin' fine in a tough-minded cops-and-killers yarn. ¥¥¥

Shoot the Moon Marriage on the rocks, with Diane Keaton and Albert Finney as the walking wounded. ¥¥¥

Ticket to Heaven Nick Mancuso stars as a Moonie type being recycled. ¥¥¥

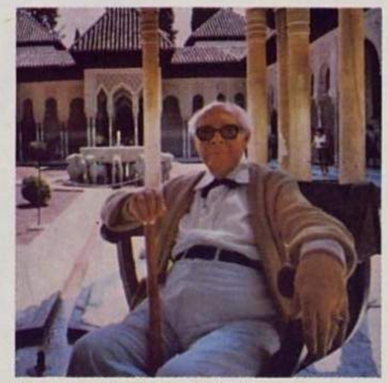
Venom Nicol Williamson, Sarah Miles, Klaus Kinski and illustrious company *vs.* a deadly, bad black mamba. ¥¥

Victor, Victoria (Reviewed this month) New sex games for our Julie. ¥¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

RADIO

Before network television, there was network radio. On any given Sunday evening, millions of Zeniths and Atwater Kents across the country would be tuned in to the same programs: Fred Allen, Jack Benny, even Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. The folks at National Public Radio are trying to snare some of that audience back with a five-hour weekly program, ***The Sunday Show,*** to be transmitted live from noon to five P.M., Eastern time, each Sunday beginning April fourth. "Art attack," as one resident N.P.R. wit has dubbed it, will run the gamut from punk rock to the Berlin Philharmonic, from Andy Warhol to Andrés Segovia. One previewed episode of *Andrés Segovia: Lessons from My Life* has the 88-year-old master guitarist telling how, at the age of 19, he was importuned by a professor of violin in Madrid to change instruments and become his protégé at the university. But, recalls Segovia, "I could not be unfaithful to my guitar." Also slated for *The Sunday Show*: coverage of the Festival of New American Plays in Louisville; all 32 Beethoven piano sonatas, in concert performances by such artists as Rudolf Firkusny and Emanuel Ax; "3-D radio," aural experiences to be heard through earphones; and *Soundscapes* of American cities, with listeners invited to write in and identify the mystery metropolis. Executive producer for the show is David Ossman of the late, lamented Firesign Theatre.



Segovia remembers for N.P.R.

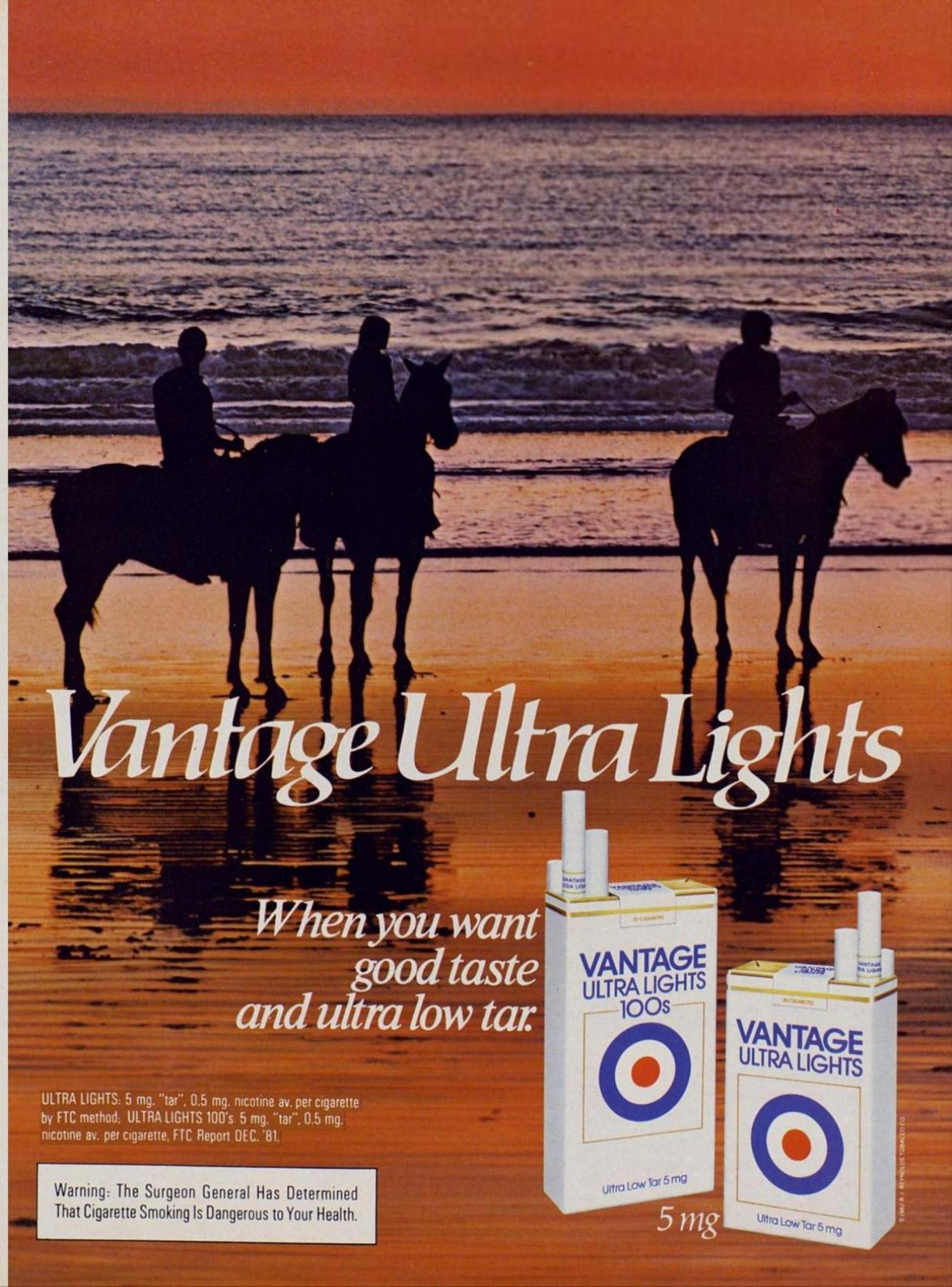
•

Meanwhile, over on another wave length, an iconoclastic Chicago radio outlet has quietly become America's first "superstation." **WFMT**—which airs mostly classical music but bills itself as a "fine-arts station" because its output also includes drama, interviews, critiques and an irreverent weekly three-hour hodgepodge (heavy on the folk) called *The Midnight Special*, which years ago gave Bob Dylan and the Beatles their first American radio airings—is carried on the Satcom III-R satellite and beamed around the nation. It has thus become the first radio station to be available by cable. At last count, WFMT had more than 1,000,000 cable subscribers in 34 states; its signal is piggybacked on the same channel that carries Chicago's TV superstation, WGN, by a Tulsa outfit called United Video. Any cable-TV system can, presumably, offer WFMT to its subscribers (who must have a cable link hooked up to their FM receiver). One Montana community made the availability of WFMT a condition of its cable-TV franchise.

Besides its satellite broadcasts, which are transmitted live (thereby giving listeners in Fort Myers, Florida, a few vicarious chills via Chicago's 26-below winter-weather reports), WFMT operates an extensive syndication service. Nearly 400 stations subscribe to its taped broadcasts of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra; 301 U. S. outlets and most affiliates and stations of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation offer its airings of Chicago's Lyric Opera. With the April addition of the San Francisco Symphony, WFMT now carries nine major U. S. orchestras. Also popular in syndication are interviews and commentaries by the irrepressible Studs Terkel (current offerings: taped talks with people from his latest book, *American Dreams: Lost and Found*).

WFMT's Terkel with Judy Collins.

WFMT recently celebrated its 30th birthday by commissioning 12 original works of music and building a $2,000,000 live-performance facility. Obviously, it's in good health despite its maverick policy of no jingles, random-length newscasts delivered by announcers who must be able at least to *pronounce* as many as eight languages, and an average of only four or five commercials per hour. All of which led Byron Belt of the *Long Island Press* to dub WFMT "Chicago's giant . . . probably the best all-around radio station America has ever had."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A news release we saw lately referred to the juggling of five situation comedies from one night to another in ABC-TV's time schedule as "the first phase of a multistage programing plan." Now, *that's* creativity. For most of us, after *Hill Street Blues* and *60 Minutes*, what is there? Or, for PBS-bred Anglophiles, is there life after *Brideshead Revisited*? The answer is yes, some.

ABC, to give it its due, is laboring mightily to bring forth some worthwhile specials. ***My Body, My Child,*** a two-hour drama set for prime time April 12, stars Vanessa Redgrave as a woman pregnant with a possibly deformed child in a right-to-live *vs.* right-to-choose soap opera made poignant by Redgrave's powerful performance. In May, the net will bring us five hours of ***Inside the Third Reich,*** with handsome Rutger (*Nighthawks*) Hauer as Nazi Albert Speer, Derek (*I, Claudius*) Jacobi as Hitler and a supporting cast including Sir John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, Ian Holm, Mort Sahl and Blythe Danner. Stay alert, too, for ABC's ***Goldie and Kids Listen to Us*** special, also due in May, and plan to be backpacking or otherwise miles from a TV set. It's terminally coy, with Goldie Hawn telling some cute little tykes about her divorce.

•

Those who are tired of the same old faces and the same old sound stages in weekly fare should sample NBC's new 90-minute ***Chicago Story.*** Shot entirely on location in the Windy City, the 13-week (so far) series features eight principal characters (doctors, lawyers, cops) backed up by nearly 300 of the local actors who are among Chicago's best hidden civic resources. Maud (*Tattoo*) Adams, as an M.D., was a standout in the series opener, *Hostage Taker*, a complex yarn about the take-over of Cook County Hospital's emergency room by a shotgun-wielding punk—and the ensuing rescue plans that, as in life, go awry.

•

Operation Prime Time, the syndication outfit that brought us *Testimony of Two Men* and *The Bastard*, has booked Paramount Television's ***A Woman Called Golda*** into more than 100 TV stations the week of April 24. We've seen part of it and predict that once you get past the dime-store black wig and bushy eyebrows someone has inflicted on Ingrid Bergman for her role as Golda Meir and get used to Leonard Nimoy sans pointy Spock ears as her husband, Morris Myerson, you'll find this an absorbing four hours. The tale follows Meir from her early days in Milwaukee to her triumphant meeting, as prime minister of Israel, with Egypt's Anwar Sadat. It's worth watching if only to admire the work of Bergman, in what may be, it's rumored, her final performance.

E.R.A.: North Carolina's story.

Redgrave, Bergman and the Windy City shine on the commercial nets; on PBS, it's E.R.A., media and the Bard.

Susan (*All My Children*) Lucci *Probed.*

•

Golda Meir did a man's job in a man's world, an idea that seems unthinkable to some of the citizens who populate ***Who Will Protect the Family?,*** a documentary about the so-far-unsuccessful attempts to pass the Equal Rights Amendment in North Carolina. Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist Frances FitzGerald narrates the chronicle, which focuses on the activities of two wives of similar backgrounds—one an E.R.A. activist, the other a dedicated foe. We came away from a preview with the feeling that the equal-rights proponents had somehow ceded the Almighty to their opponents, among them former Senator Sam Ervin, who proclaims that "the good Lord created the earth without benefit of Bella Abzug." Victoria Costello produced the program (with financial aid from several groups, including the Playboy Foundation); it's scheduled for April 16 on PBS.

•

Also due on PBS, starting April 21, is an offbeat eight-week series called ***Media Probes.*** Each half-hour segment examines a different medium. Model Cheryl Tiegs hosts the one on photography, which brings us such lensmen as former White House photographer David Hume Kennerly, revealing how he once used a coaster from Jerusalem's Goliath Bar to feign Israeli press credentials and got in on the historic visit of Anwar Sadat. *Soap Operas* takes us behind the scenes of *All My Children* and on location in Memphis, where *General Hospital*'s Doug Sheehan plays out a love scene with a fan chosen from the audience ("It'll take me six years to wipe the smile off my face," she burbles). *Soundaround* explores what we hear, from Muzak (did you know that its tempi are speeded up in 15-minute segments to make workers work faster?) to radio programing; a highlight is composer-engineer Fred Weinberg's building of a 24-track disco hit around the ancient, squeaky voice of Thomas Alva Edison reciting *Mary Had a Little Lamb.*

•

In recent years, since Hal Holbrook first impersonated Mark Twain—followed by James Whitmore as Will Rogers and Henry Fonda as Clarence Darrow—the one-man show has become increasingly popular. (The best we've seen onstage: Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens.) Now Ian McKellen does a virtuoso turn in ***Acting Shakespeare,*** to be telecast April 26 on PBS. It takes the form of a chat between the actor and his audience, during which McKellen summons up the spirits of Shakespeare's "kings and drunkards, princes, lovers, murderers and magicians." McKellen plays many of the Bard's greatest characters, including Falstaff, Hamlet and Macbeth, and does wicked imitations of Gielgud and of the legendary 18th Century actor David Garrick, wildly chewing the scenery. There's also an account of the time McKellen, as Henry V, was handed a blank scroll instead of the list of noble Frenchmen who perished at Agincourt and had to improvise with "Pouilly-Fuissé, Nuits-Saint-Georges, Moët and Chandon, Châteauneuf-du-Pape. . . ." Well, it may not actually have happened, but it makes brushing up your Shakespeare great fun.

—GRETCHEN MC NEESE

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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: Word has it that **Frankie Avalon** and **Annette Funicello** are putting together a new beach-blanket film. Now in the first-draft stage, *The Last Beach Party* will top-line Avalon and Funicello, reunite as much of the old cast as possible and feature a new crew of teens. If all goes well—i.e., if a major studio goes for the idea—Avalon and Funicello hope to begin shooting this summer and finish in time for a Christmas '82 release date. . . . **Dudley Moore** and **Mary Steenburgen** will co-star in the film adaptation of **Bernard Slade**'s Broadway hit *Romantic Comedy*. Production is set to begin this June. . . . Twentieth Century-Fox plans to remake **Ernst Lubitsch**'s classic 1942 comedy *To Be or Not to Be*, the story of a Shakespearean actor's attempt to outsmart the Gestapo by posing as one of

Funicello

Avalon

its officers in Poland during World War Two. **Jack Benny** and **Carole Lombard** starred in the original; Fox plans to feature **Mel Brooks** and **Anne Bancroft** in the remake. . . . **Herb Ross,** who is set to direct the film version of *Gorky Park*, would like **Dustin Hoffman** to play the role of Arkady. At presstime, nothing definite was decided, but the role seems ideal for Hoffman. . . . **Sissy Spacek,** her husband, **Jack Fisk,** and screenwriter-producer **William Wittliff,** all of whom participated in the making of *Raggedy Man*, will reunite in *Deep Ellum*, a story about the murder of a Texas singer just after World War Two. Shooting was originally set to begin in February, but, due to Spacek's pregnancy, the start date has been moved up to this summer.

•

VOTE FOR DUDLEY: One of the more intriguing casting combinations to come along in quite some time is the teaming of **Dudley Moore** and **Mary Tyler Moore** in Universal's *Six Weeks*. Mary plays the cool, sophisticated head of a cosmetics empire, 12-year-old newcomer **Katherine Healey** is her somewhat precocious daughter and Dudley is a laid-back, wisecracking candidate for Congress. The title refers to the period prior to the election, during which both Mary and her daughter fall in love with Dudley. I hear that Dudley has been keeping most of the cast and crew in stitches with, as one source put it, "his clowning, berserk piano playing and zany characterizations." How does Dudley feel about

Moore

Moore

having become a leading American sex symbol? Says he: "Americans have *such* good taste."

•

PACINO! PACINO! **Al Pacino** makes his comedic film debut in 20th Century-Fox's *Author! Author!*, a pseudo-autobiographical film written by New York playwright **Israel Horovitz.** (If you consider . . . *And Justice for All* a comedy, then scratch the debut part.) Pacino plays Ivan Travalian, a New York playwright with a lot of problems—his first Broadway play is in rehearsal, he has to rewrite a lousy second act, his wife is leaving him for another man, he's got five kids to raise by himself and he's having an affair with his leading lady. Needless to say, the subject of the film is priorities, or, to put it in Hollywoodese, it's *"Kramer vs. Kramer* with humor." Directed by veteran **Arthur Hiller,** *Author! Author!* co-stars **Tuesday**

Pacino

Weld

Weld as Mrs. Travalian and **Dyan Cannon** as Alice Detroit, the leading lady.

•

THE SPOCK CONTROVERSY: Last summer, when Paramount supposedly "leaked" the news that producers of *Star Trek II* were toying with the idea of killing off Mr. Spock at the end of the film, the story caused a minor sensation. Irate Trekkies threatened to boycott the film and even the staid *Wall Street Journal* ran an article on it. Whether or not the leak was intentional, the folks at Paramount were quick to capitalize on it. "Mr. Spock's health is of great concern to all of us here," said Paramount's publicity chief. "We have nothing official to say about Spock," claimed the unit publicist. The way it stands now, Paramount plans to go to absurd lengths to maintain secrecy up to the last moment—several endings might be filmed, the flick might not be screened for the press and exhibitors in anti-blind-bid states might see everything but the last reel. Although **Leonard Nimoy** and **William Shatner** have been asked not to give interviews prior to release, Nimoy recently told *Variety* columnist **Army Archerd,** "I'm looking forward to talking about doing *Star Trek III*," which would *lead* one to believe that Spock will end up alive and well, but they could have been trying to

Shatner

Nimoy

throw us off. My own theory is they'll kill him off in *Trek II* and somehow resurrect him in *Trek III*. Or some variation thereof. The film, which co-stars **Ricardo Montalban** as Khan, an old adversary of Kirk's who returns to get revenge, is set for a June release.

•

BOO! Whenever **Steven Spielberg** gets involved with a film, chances are it will be shrouded in secrecy up to the moment of release. This tactic builds up expectations, gives the film an aura of specialness and causes columnists like me to grovel for details. Trying for leaks is usually futile: Spielberg has his troops trained better than the National Security Council. In any case, for some reason, I have been handed an "exclusive" on Steve's latest venture, *Poltergeist*, and here it is, verbatim: "*Poltergeist* is a suburban nightmare, dealing with the reality of ghosts. It's the story of a typical American family that makes contact with the other side." With a title like *Poltergeist*, who would have guessed it's about ghosts? Anyway, the film, set for a June release, is directed by **Tobe** (*The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*) **Hooper,** produced by Spielberg and **Frank Marshall** (their last co-venture was *Raiders*) and stars **Craig T. Nelson** as the father, **Jobeth Williams** as the mother and **Beatrice Straight** as a parapsychologist. Special effects are courtesy of **George Lucas'** Industrial Light & Magic, Inc. See you at the box office.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've been happily married for two years. My husband and I have always had an open sex life, and until lately, he has had no desire for any other woman. Recently, however, while we were visiting my girlfriend, I went to the store for beer and was gone for about ten minutes and left them alone. I knew my husband wanted to have sex with her, but he had told me he wanted me there to have a threesome. I really didn't want to share him with anyone else, but I figured that would get it out of his system. I got back from the store to find them in bed together. They said they were sorry and I said it was all right. In the meantime, her brother came over, and we were all kind of excited by then, so clothes started flying and we all jumped into bed together. I wanted to enjoy myself but was kind of jealous. I spent most of the evening watching my husband. They were really enjoying themselves, but I could tell it was only lust; there was no feeling involved. When it was all over, my husband and I went home; we talked, cried and made love. Since then, we've been closer than ever. Our sex life is better, too. He's the best man I've ever had in bed—my friend thought so, too. I know he's always been straight with me, so I'm happy. I think he's got it out of his system. What do you think?—Mrs. J. W., Richmond, Virginia.

If you were completely happy, you wouldn't be writing to us. On one hand, you were a willing accomplice to the encounter. Your trip to the store gave your husband the "permission" he needed to fool around. On the other hand, you were upset; you feel cheated, because you did not enjoy yourself as much as the other participants. We suggest that you rethink some of your basic attitudes toward sex. You are not your husband's keeper (the mother-may-I? approach to sex can be a drag for both partners). And sex is not a scarce commodity or a limited natural resource to be hoarded and conserved. You may be right to separate lust from feeling, but not at the expense of either. (What's so bad about lust?) We think that your marriage can survive this. Don't dwell on it.

Not long ago, I read an article that promised "instant, total release" from herpes. A doctor used laser surgery to remove herpes lesions. Apparently, the results were 65 percent successful (i.e., there were no recurrences within a year). What can you tell me about the treatment?—D. D., Boston, Massachusetts.

You mean to tell us that when Goldfinger had James Bond strapped to that table beneath the laser beam, he was treating 007 for herpes? Oh, well. We turned to our friends at The Herpes Resource Center for information. A recent issue of the H.R.C. newsletter, The Helper, *included the following assessment of laser therapy as performed by Dr. Michael Truppin at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York: "What we learned from Dr. Truppin is that laser therapy, as a treatment for genital herpes, is an offshoot of its use in the management of dysplasia (cell regression), cervical cancer and venereal warts. Over the past 14 months, Truppin has administered laser therapy to some 115 women experiencing either primary or recurrent genital infections, noting that when lesions continued to appear after two weeks of treatment, the therapy was discontinued. Treatment was considered a success when there were no recurrences for a 12-month period. Truppin further stated that better results were obtained when the treatment was administered within 48 hours after lesions appeared in the primary episode and that recurrent infections were less responsive to this technique. Truppin cautions that more time is needed for adequate follow-up before any definitive conclusions can be drawn regarding this therapy. He also notes that in his own practice, this treatment is limited to those with severe disease symptoms.*

"It must be emphasized that laser therapy has no effect on the latent virus. It is advisable that patients not seek out this method of treatment until formal long-term trials are concluded to assess its value and effectiveness." We agree.

I'd like to get into home computing without the expense of all the peripherals. I've been told that one way you can save is by hooking up your computer to your TV, rather than buying a separate monitor. Is there any real need to have a separate C.R.T.?—A. T., Raleigh, North Carolina.

Lately, the old boob tube has been getting quite a workout, what with video recorders, video games and cable. If only for reasons of overloading and time management, you should invest in a dedicated computer monitor. There will simply be times when you want to leave something on the screen for a while, rather than disconnect and have to reload. The monitor you choose will have to depend on your computer's capabilities (does it have color, graphics, etc.?), as well as on how you plan to use it. Color monitors, for instance, don't usually work too well if you are using an 80-column screen. An accountant will feel restricted using a 40-column screen for his ledgers. And someone who is into graphics will find his work much improved on a high-resolution screen (one with more "dots"), rather than on the angular product of a low-resolution screen. In fact, the one that is sold with your machine may not be the right one for your purpose, even though the computer is. It will pay to choose your screen very carefully, since you'll be staring at it for some time to come.

When I was growing up, it was a common saying that if you put a penny in a jar every time you made love to your wife during the first year of your marriage and then, starting the second year of the marriage, withdrew a penny each time you made love, you would not empty the jar during the rest of your life. Does this still hold true today?—D. S., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Is this a lesson in supply-side economics? Our experience has taught us that if you believe in an old wives' tale, it will come true. Studies have shown that there is a honeymoon effect—that the frequency of intercourse between husband and wife drops after a year—but other studies have shown that the better the sex, the more often you do it. If you get it down right in the first year, chances are you'll be broke by the second.

My poker buddies and I meet at our lodge weekly for a game. We used to leave our wives at home, then somebody

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hit upon the idea of taking them and a movie cassette along (we all collect them), so the wives could watch a movie on our lodge's big-screen TV while we played poker. It seemed like a good idea until one of the guys mentioned that it might be illegal. We don't charge for the movies and it's just our friends, so what's the big deal?—D. B., Kansas City, Missouri.

Assuming that you haven't neglected to mention any obscure local laws against poker, you could solve your problem simply by moving the game to one of the players' houses. Moviemakers have been getting justifiably upset lately over unauthorized public showings of their product, whether for profit or not. The copyright laws that cover the movies also extend to their being shown in "semipublic" places. Your lodge comes under the category of semipublic, as do clubs, factories, schools and camps. Just because you have a copy of a movie doesn't mean you can use it any way you want to. The moviemakers retain control of the copyright.

I'm 26 years old; my boyfriend is 30. We've been together for two years and have been living together for one. We've got so much in common, we never fight. He's absolutely fantastic in bed. I thought we had the perfect relationship. He was Mr. Right. We both wanted the same things—the house with the white picket fence, the two-car garage and two children. I thought that finally, having been divorced for five years, I was going to get married again. A couple of months ago, he told me he wasn't ready and wanted to break up. I agreed, only because that was what he wanted. I'm still living with him, until I can get a place of my own. We still enjoy each other's company. We date each other quite often and still enjoy making love. My boyfriend is a serious person. He doesn't like one-night stands and won't spend the rest of his life chasing women. I just recently started dating again. I've been going out with three perfect gentlemen, and they adore me. What I don't understand is why my boyfriend doesn't mind that I'm seeing other men. In fact, he encourages me to do so. I'm not sure what has happened to our relationship. What should I do?—Miss R. R., San Diego, California.

If a man says he's not ready to get married, don't fool yourself into thinking that someday soon he will be. Find yourself another apartment now. Your soon-to-be-ex-boyfriend is not the person to go to for permission to date other men. He is putting himself out of the picture. On the other hand, you say you're going along with the breakup because he wants it. What do you want? You may owe this relationship another heart-to-heart talk.

I remember reading some time back that to make a stereo purchase, you should take along the kind of music you normally play, to see how it reproduces on the set you want to buy. I enjoy listening to both rock and classical music. What should I use for comparison?—L. T., Denver, Colorado.

There was a time when we would have said, "Take the rock records, because their sound spectrum is broader." But nowadays, that doesn't make much sense. The reason is the great amount of synthesized music being used. The more electronic sounds, the harder it is to tell how the record is supposed to sound. With classical music, at least you can identify the instruments and have some idea of their range. It's also a lot easier to isolate various instruments in a piece to tell if you're getting all the highs of a flute or the lows of a cello. Likewise, it's easier to find extraneous noise. So even if you listen primarily to rock, we'd suggest you take along a classical disc. If it sounds good, the rock will, too.

This letter is serious, if awkwardly phrased. I've never written about such personal matters before. I, like Miss K.A. from Detroit (*The Playboy Advisor*, January), read the *Advisor* letter in your March 1981 issue about oral sex (a subject I've never discussed with my friends). I know that PLAYBOY minimizes the fact that the penis sizes of different males are themselves different. By and large (no pun intended), I agree. It's the lovemaking, mood and technique that count, to say nothing of the timing and the pace, the gentleness, the love words, etc. So why am I writing? Well, maybe size doesn't matter terribly in intercourse or in general bedroom fun, but it does in oral sex. Am I being too naïve? If the penis is small, it's possible to bring the man to pleasure and without having your jaw ache simply from keeping your mouth open for such a long period of time. But if the man is well endowed, how can you stay with him, until he's comfortable? I've tried it—'t aint possible! My jaw aches; I'm afraid my teeth will scrape and hurt him; I need to stop periodically just to close my mouth. That interrupts his rhythm. How do other women handle this?—Miss S. P., Detroit, Michigan.

Well, in our experience, we men simply handle it. Ahem. Ahem. In other words, in oral sex, it's your rhythm, not his. Use your hands on the shaft (a lubricant helps) or move your lips along the underside (closing your jaw now and then for a rest). Don't get caught in the trap of believing that there is just one

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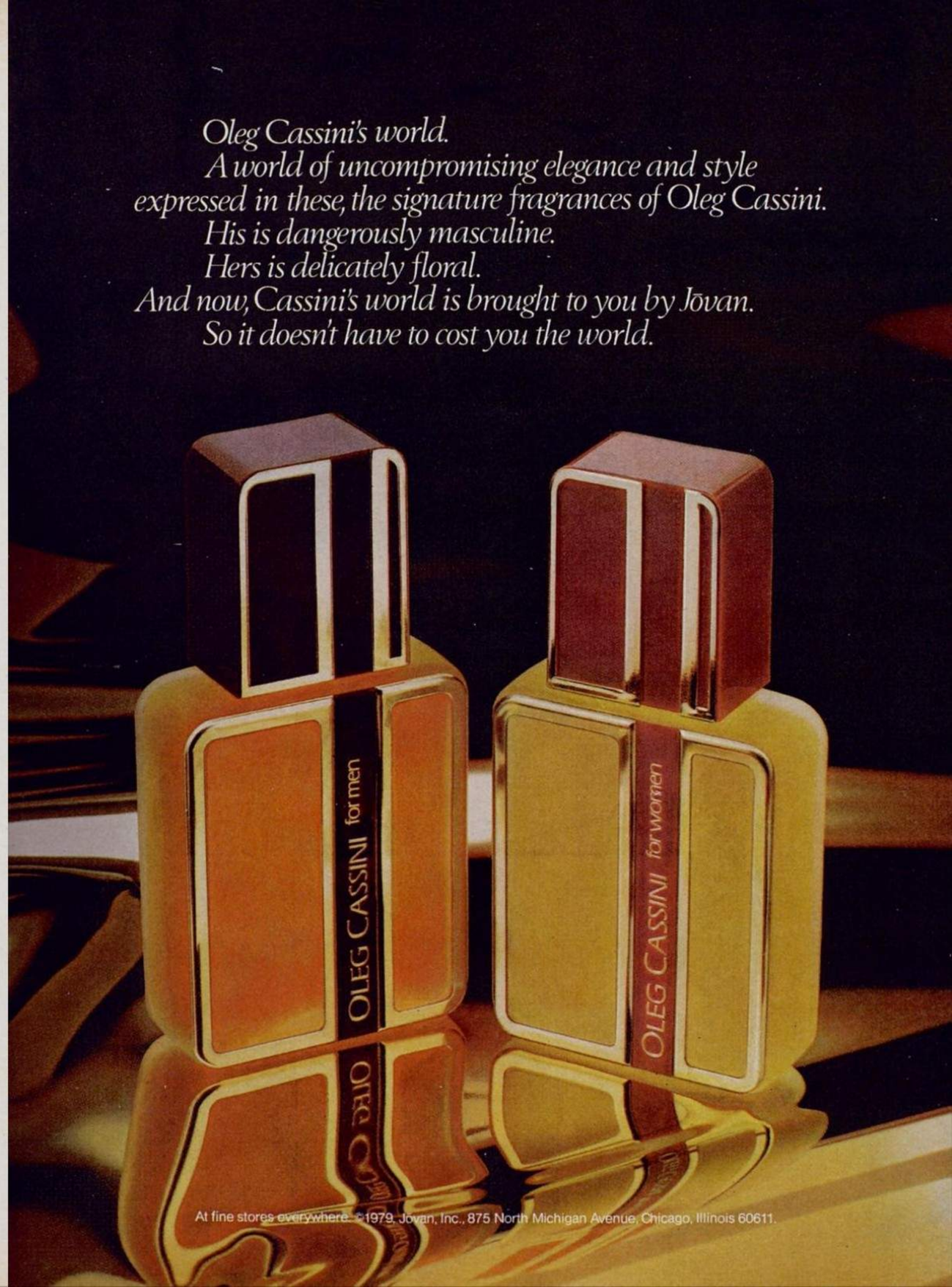
way to perform oral sex. Take your break when you need to and continue to tease him with your hands.

My husband and I used to have a very good sex life. About six months ago, I started having problems with lubrication. I thought it was only temporary. I've gotten to the point where I'm totally uninterested in sex. I don't think there is anything physically wrong with me. I'm taking birth-control pills, and I wonder if that is the problem. I started taking them after our daughter was born, about a year ago. I'm only 20 years old, and this is terribly frustrating for me. Every time my husband touches me, I'm afraid he's going to want to make love—and he usually does. I don't know what to do. Any advice you might give me would truly be appreciated.—Mrs. A. C., Kansas City, Kansas.

Lubrication is the female equivalent of the male erection. When something goes wrong with anyone's sexual responsiveness, the result is frustration and an avoidance of sex. It's a vicious circle that has to be broken, but the more pressure you feel, the harder it will be to break. One thought to bear in mind is that although there may not be anything physically wrong with you, there may be physical reasons for your lack of response. The pill has been cited by some doctors for reducing lubrication and sex drive—most likely because it affects your body's delicate hormonal balance. Also, scientists are learning new facts about how childbearing and child rearing affect the body's sex chemicals. New mothers display anxieties and fears that are traceable to hormone changes. That may help explain why many marriages undergo enormous stress during the first two years after the birth of the first child and a significant number of divorces occur then. You may be experiencing stresses that are normal for this period in your marriage, and nothing ruins sex as much as anxiety. Your lack of sexual interest is probably temporary and reversible; you'd be in worse shape if you were interested in sex but not in your husband. Talk with a gynecologist about the physical basis of your problem. After that, a little patience while your body returns to its normal biochemical state ought to make you as horny as ever.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.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DEAR PLAYMATES

Last month, we asked the Playmates if they had ever been attracted to a stranger (and, if so, what they'd done about it). We decided to follow up with a query about the importance of physical appearance in a first encounter. The question for the month:

What do you look at first in a man and have you ever been attracted by looks alone?

The very first thing I look at are eyes, because, to me, eyes are honest and they don't tell lies. I would also look at physique and the way a man dresses, because I think both tell a kind of story about what a man thinks of himself. For the most part, I think men have a harder time figuring out how to deal superficially with an attractive woman they don't know. Women seem to look beyond appearance as soon as possible.

Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

If he's foxy, boy, he's got my attention! Personality is important, too. Is he stuck on himself? You know how it goes; you see a guy who is really, really cute and you look at him. He notices you looking and finally he comes over to talk. Then you find out he's not at all what you thought he'd be. It's important to talk, because I'm always attracted to the mind and I'm a good judge of character. It doesn't take me very long to decide if he's the kind of man I want to know.

Patricia Farinelli

PATRICIA FARINELLI
DECEMBER 1981

The first thing I see is a smile. A friendly, warm smile does more for my soul than anything else. I think that men are more often the ones who are struck immediately by appearances. Women seem to need a little more information. At least I do. I want some hints about intelligence and personality. But I will say that recently I felt an immediate attraction to a man who reminded me of my first love. Usually looks alone don't have anything to do with what makes a man attractive.

Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

The first thing I notice is his over-all appearance. I don't take whether or not I'd like to meet him into consideration, because first looks are so superficial. But the first thing that attracts me to a man is that he looks a certain way—such as dark hair, blue eyes, a toned body, neat and clean. Do I sound terrible? But I also notice if he looks alert and energetic. I don't like aggressive behavior, but I do notice a man who seems interested.

Anne-Marie Fox

ANNE-MARIE FOX
FEBRUARY 1982

I look at eyes first. I rule out prying eyes, but questioning, sexy eyes usually get to me. For the past five years or so, I've liked dark, tall, lean, not especially muscular looks. I'm into body tone in my own looks and I like a man who appreciates his own body. Not the kind of man who gets caught up in his body but the kind who takes care of it. Of course, I can think of a pretty smart man who I really like and he's a little overweight. So it's not absolute. But if I have the choice, I go for long, lean and dark men.

Michele Drake

MICHELE DRAKE
MAY 1979

Since the only thing you have to go on initially is looks, the first thing I see is physical presence. If I'm close enough for conversation, that can make an attractive first impression. But let's face it, usually it's appearance. I have a certain type I'm attracted to. I'm blonde and fair and usually interested in a man who's dark and furry. A man with a hairy chest and someone who is health-conscious. He's also got to be successful. I know I'm dealing with a small market.

Victoria Cooke

VICTORIA COOKE
AUGUST 1980

I do appreciate good-looking guys when they walk by me on the street. Sure, I *notice* them. But the majority of my boyfriends haven't been that good-looking, because I go for personality. I have to find a man attractive in my terms. Does he take care of himself? Do *I* find him sexy? I got involved with a guy who had been a friend. I never was especially attracted to him. But we had so much in common that we got together.

Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 1981

If you have a question, send it to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll do our best.

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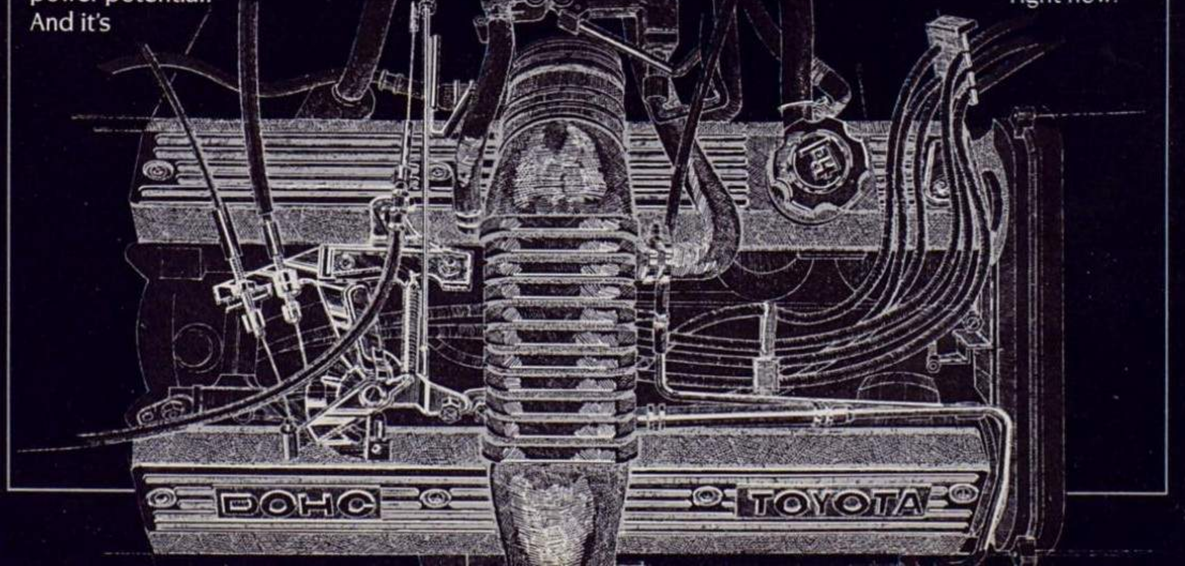


THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

STRAIGHT TALK ON TAXES

Your readers who live in less enlightened states may be amused at the Massachusetts Resident Income Tax Instructions we received, explaining that the state tax law has certain definitions of income that differ from the Federal law's. The fourth paragraph begins NOTICE—UNDERGROUND ECONOMY INCOME and proceeds:

> You must include all income you receive in the form of money, property and services if it is not specifically exempt. Report property (goods) and services income at their fair market values. Examples include income from bartering or swapping transactions, side commissions, kickbacks, rent paid in services, illegal activities (such as stealing, drugs, etc.), cash skimming by proprietors and tradesmen, "moonlighting" services, gambling, prizes and awards. Not reporting such income can lead to prosecution for perjury and fraud.

Now, that's telling it like it is!

(Name withheld by request)
Beverly, Massachusetts

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

It has been brought to my attention by several of our secretaries that "pharmacologists at the University of Texas may have resolved the contradiction between scientific findings that marijuana decreases the sex drive and the experience of users that it often works as a sexual stimulant." That is a quote from the *Forum Newsfront* section of your December issue.

As a member of the Division of Pharmacology and Toxicology at the University of Texas at Austin, I was most surprised to read that, because none of the members of our division are currently doing or have in the past done any research even remotely resembling this. Since there are no other pharmacologists here, it has been difficult convincing our secretaries that our research is not related to sex. (Of course, if funding were available, we would consider any new project.)

James P. Kehrer, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of
Pharmacology/Toxicology
University of Texas at Austin
Austin, Texas

Your colleagues at the University of Texas at San Antonio should have received the credit. But if it pleases your secretaries, you might make a special point of nervously denying the unfounded rumor that any members of your department are engaged in secret drug-and-sex research. As someone once said, the most convincing lie is the truth told unconvincingly.

SEX AND SPORT

In the January *Forum Newsfront*, I read the interesting item about a 23-year-old woman who was suspended from her French fencing club for posing topless for a newspaper photo and telling a reporter that she found it relaxing to have sex before a duel. I can believe that. I spend most of my summers and most of my money maintaining a Formula Ford that I race at a number of courses throughout the state, and I've discovered that I seem to do my best if I've started the day out with a bang, so to speak. At some of the courses, my wife and I camp out in our towing van, and before we get up to ready the race car, she and I go through what we call driver prep. This, I've found, reduces any prerace anxiety without lowering the prerace adrenaline, or however researchers would put it. I feel twice as calm but twice as alert, with a greater ability to concentrate and ignore distractions without being annoyed by them. Seems to make the track a little straighter, so I do better laps.

"Before we get up to ready the race car, she and I go through what we call driver prep."

That's one of the great things about sex: It may be one of the few pleasures in life that isn't hazardous to your health. I highly recommend it to anyone in competitive sports.

(Name withheld by request)
Indianapolis, Indiana

PRISON POPULATION

As a matter of elucidation, let me respond to Jim Haber's letter and your quote of an Illinois circuit judge who warned a defendant, "The facts of life are you're a slight white male. And the prisons are full of big black people" (*The Playboy Forum*, February). According to surveys conducted by the National Prison Statistics Branch, U. S. Bureau of the Census (1974 and 1978), jails and prisons are not predominated by blacks. This minority remains a minority in both institutions. Jails: 57 percent white, 41 percent black and two percent nonwhite. Prisons: approximately 50 percent white, 47 percent black and three percent nonwhite.

As a drug educator in county correctional facilities for nearly two years, I had many of my misconceptions regarding the inmate population dispelled. Yet one fact remains clear: The occupants of correctional institutions are the most socially disadvantaged people, regardless of age, sex, race or any other demographic variable.

Richard E. Miller, Ed.D.
Department of Health and Safety Education
Kent State University
Kent, Ohio

MEDICINAL HEROIN

In your January issue, in their response to a reader's letter, Drs. Robert A. Milch and Lawrence M. Sherman dismiss heroin—and those cancer victims who will die in great pain without it—because they feel that a majority of patients can be helped by morphine.

Research and clinical experience with heroin for terminal-cancer pain have consistently shown heroin to be superior to morphine for some dying cancer

patients. In 80 years of medical use, British physicians have found heroin essential in ten to 20 percent of such cases. Based on this estimate, the number of cases disregarded by Drs. Milch and Sherman would be about 73,000 each year in America.

The British have found that heroin acts more rapidly than morphine, causes less nausea and vomiting and produces a greater feeling of well-being, which is terribly important to one facing death.

American research comparing heroin to morphine for terminal-cancer pain has been completed by Georgetown University's Vincent T. Lombardi Cancer Research Center. It found that heroin is more potent, requiring fewer injections for comparable control.

Heroin's superiority, though proven, is not the real issue. U. S. law requires only that it be found *effective*. Studies in America all find heroin *effective*—thus satisfying the only legal requirement in this country for placing it on Schedule II of the Controlled Substances Act and allowing its medical use.

Bills have been introduced in Congress to allow the prescribing of heroin—under strict control, in hospitals—for terminal-cancer pain. We urge sensitive and fair-minded Americans to write to their Senators and Representatives, asking them to support this legislation. This country stands for human dignity and individual freedom. When it counts—for terminal-cancer patients who need heroin to control their unbearable suffering—we should mean it.

Judith H. Quattlebaum
President and Executive Director
National Committee on the
Treatment of Intractable Pain
Box 9553, Friendship Station
Washington, D.C. 20016

GOOD GUYS FINISH LAST?

There seems to be a great discrepancy between what is said or written about long-term male/female relationships and what is really going on in them.

I'm a 33-year-old, twice-married, emotional and romantic man who loves and admires women. Although I'm generally monogamous, I've had a few dozen lovers, with most describing me as very sensitive. As for being accused of viewing women as sex objects, I would have to laugh, since the reverse has often been the case. In short, I am not, I don't think, what would commonly be called a male-chauvinist pig. But here's the discrepancy: It has been my experience that women truly prefer the hard-nosed *macho* asshole to your basic nice-guy type. The shittier women are treated, the longer they stay. The relationship may not be all fun and games, but they stay. They seek out men like me for affairs, but a full commitment? No way!

In Mario Puzo's book *Fools Die*, one

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

HORSEFLESH

SHADYSIDE, OHIO—*Sheriff's police arrested a 33-year-old man, charging him with having sexual intercourse with a horse. The owner of the horse, who said she thought that something of the sort had been going on for some time, called the cops when she observed the suspect in action. The prosecutor's*

office found that the state sodomy law, except for a section pertaining to sheep, had been repealed in 1974 and it charged the man only with trespassing and public indecency. He pleaded guilty on both counts and received a $100 fine, plus two ten-day sentences to run concurrently.

SURVIVOR BENEFITS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Social Security Administration has decided that children who kill their parents cannot collect survivors' benefits. After two such cases made news, Secretary Richard Schweiker of the Department of Health and Human Services ordered Social Security officials to comb their files for any other claims "from survivors who may have been involved in an intentional act which resulted in the death of a parent."*

PARENTAL CONSENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Federal Government may soon require that parents be notified when their children under 18 get prescriptions for contraceptives or venereal-disease drugs from Federally assisted family-planning clinics. The proposed rule would affect 5000 clinics and some 675,000 teenagers who annually seek confidential birth-control information. Family-planning officials expressed fear that a loss of confidentiality could cut in half the number of young people seeking birth-control information or prescriptions, provide a bonanza for abortion clinics and ultimately increase the welfare rolls.*

PAPAL PRONOUNCEMENTS

VATICAN CITY—*In an apparent rebuff to the large numbers of American Roman Catholics who practice birth control, Pope John Paul II strongly defended the Church's ban on contraception by declaring that "the truth is not always the same as majority opinion." The Pope also reaffirmed the Church's ban on divorce, abortion and "trial marriages" and added that divorced Catholics who remarry may receive communion only if they separate or refrain from sexual relations with their new spouses. Earlier, the Pope offered a personal theological interpretation of Bible scripture, suggesting that men and women retain sexual differences in heaven but that there is no marriage or sex in the earthly sense.*

QUESTION OF COLOR

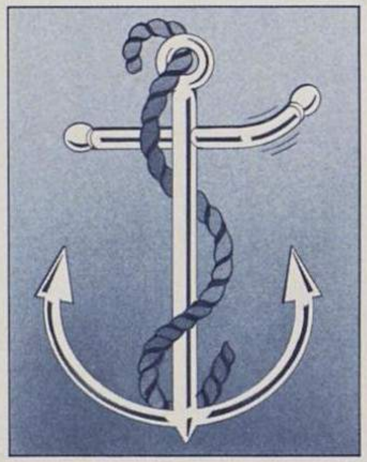
MILLEN, GEORGIA—*A state superior-court judge has declared a white woman to be an unfit parent of her white child because she later bore a black man's baby. In granting custody of the white baby boy to his grandmother and denying the mother visitation rights, the judge said, "You've got a community here that isn't, shall we say, ready for that sort of integration. . . . How would you like to have one little black one and one little white one?" In response to the question of why he didn't also rule the woman unfit to raise her black baby daughter, the judge said, "Because nobody asked me to. And why should I? [The mother] wanted her, and there was nobody else opposing it." The woman, who plans an appeal, divorced her husband in 1979 and began dating a local black policeman.*

NAYS OF TEXAS

AUSTIN—*Voters in the Texas capital defeated by nearly two to one a proposed city ordinance that would have created the country's first municipal law expressly authorizing housing discrimination against homosexuals. Austin Citizens for Decency, an anti-homosexual group, had promoted the election as a referendum on whether or not to give "special privileges to sodomites." The ordinance read simply, "It shall not be unlawful to deny housing on the basis of sexual orientation." Opponents of the measure noted that nearly everybody has some sexual orientation and that under such a law, a gay landlord could lawfully discriminate against straights or a white landlord could refuse to rent to black heterosexuals. The doctor leading the antigay drive said his concern was for the welfare of local children: that because homosexuals cannot reproduce, they can increase their numbers only by recruitment.*

SHIPBOARD ROMANCE

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA—*The captain of a noncombat U. S. naval vessel reports that nearly a quarter of his 100 women crew members became pregnant in 1980, despite strict rules against public or private displays of affection with the ship's 900 male sailors. The officer described the situation as a problem for him and for the Navy in general. Under naval policy, a woman is transferred to shore duty as soon as she is*



found to be pregnant, and the captain noted that that has resulted in an excessive turnover of trained personnel.

Meanwhile, in San Antonio, the Army has charged a 21-year-old former enlisted woman with fraudulently submitting a pregnant girlfriend's urine sample in order to obtain an early release from the Service.

HOOKED IN THE WOMB

Heroin-addicted women bear some 10,000 babies a year in the U. S., and most of their infants suffer a wide range of medical problems, according to a team of U.C.L.A. researchers. Writing in The Western Journal of Medicine, *the doctors report that at least 75 percent of the babies require treatment for withdrawal symptoms and often suffer such long-range effects of addiction as behavioral abnormalities and delayed development of the nervous and muscular systems. The studies also found that most of the mothers have other addiction-related problems such as malnutrition, hepatitis and venereal disease and that few receive adequate prenatal care.*

TAX INEQUITY UPHELD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Present tax laws may penalize married couples compared with single couples or individuals, but those laws are not unconstitutional, the U. S. Tax Court has ruled. In hearing a suit brought by a New York man and his wife, the court held that the law was not discriminatory because it affected both men and women equally. The court added: "We think it sufficient for us to state that the differences in exposure to tax liability between married and single persons do not rise to the level of an impermissible interference with the enjoyment of the fundamental right to marry or remain married."*

POLICE PUZZLE

LOS ANGELES—*Police are still trying to sort out what happened when a woman and her brother were held up late one night at a bank's automatic teller. According to the original victims, before their robber could flee, a young man in his 20s appeared with a gun, shot him to death and fled. Then, another gunman, or possibly two, robbed the mortally wounded robber of his gun as well as the stolen money and also fled. "We have two theories," a police officer said about the man who did the shooting. "One, he was a citizen who observed this thing and came up to aid the people. Or, two, he saw the robbery taking place and he figured he'd go up and rob the robber." The extra robber or robbers are also being sought.*

SPLITSVILLE

NEW YORK CITY—*A 91-year-old Queens woman is suing her 79-year-old husband for divorce, claiming that he finally confessed to having carried on an affair with another woman for the past 40 years. The split occurred when the husband brought his girlfriend home and allegedly attacked his wife with a cane when she refused to move out of the house.*

HUMOR FAILS

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON—*The local chapter of the National Organization for Women called for the resignation of the head of the Spokane police rape squad after he allowed himself to be photographed wearing a T-shirt with the slogan* LAY BACK AND ENJOY IT. *The officer apparently was given the shirt while submitting to a carnival-style dunk tank at a Police Guild anniversary party. When the officer and the department chief apologized for the lapse in judgment, the women's group said that in view of the department's otherwise supportive attitude toward rape victims, a 30-day unpaid suspension might be punishment enough.*

MIRROR, MIRROR IN THE STALL

PHOENIX—*Three apartment residents were awarded $87,000 for invasion of privacy after one of them discovered that the mirror in their shower stall was a one-way viewing device. Behind the*

mirror was an opening into the apartment of a neighbor, whom all three tenants sued. The plaintiffs testified that they had occasionally heard laughter from behind the mirror, and the secret was revealed one night when a shower taker turned off the bathroom light but the mirror stayed on.

DAMAGED DORK

VENTURA, CALIFORNIA—*A local man underwent surgery for a damaged penis after the woman he invited home for the night allegedly picked up his organ while he slept on the floor and poked it into the suction end of an electric-broom-style vacuum cleaner. The victim refused to allow the injury to be photographed or to answer further questions of the police, who seized the vacuum cleaner as evidence.*

John Brodie, NBC Sportscaster.

"Jaymar slacks. If you're looking for variety, stop looking."

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ARIZONA
All Stores—Broadway
All Stores—Desmonds
All Stores—Diamond's
Green Valley — The Man's Room
Mesa — Barclay's Men's
Mesa — Camelot Sport Shop
Mesa — Hanny's
Mesa — Jalen's
Nogales — Bracker's
Phoenix — Abbott's
Phoenix — Hanny's
Phoenix — Jalen's
Scottsdale — Hanny's
Scottsdale — K-G Men's
Scottsdale — Lavin's
Sun City — Abbott's
Sun City — Pomeroy's
Men's Store
Sun City — Quinn & Loe Clothiers
Tempe — Goldwaters
Tucson — Dave Bloom & Sons
Tucson — Elliott's Big & Tall
Tucson — Levy's

ARKANSAS
All Stores—Dillard's
Bentonville — The Gentleman's Shop
Conway — Ed Camp's
Fayetteville — Boston Store
Fayetteville — Paul Bunyan
Fayetteville — The Man Size Shop
Fayetteville — Trumbo's
Forrest City — Taylor-Casbeer
Fort Smith — Boston Store
Fort Smith — The Man Size Shop
Fort Smith — S & Q Sparkman's Quality
Fort Smith — Suit Shop of America
Harrison — Harrison House
Hot Springs — Schrader's
Jonesboro — Grishams
Little Rock — Paul Bunyan
Little Rock — Captains Quarters
Little Rock — Kempners
Little Rock — Phillip's Men's Store
Little Rock — Rhynecliffe's
Magnolia — Lewis & Kelley
Magnolia — Suit Shop
Magnolia — Talbots
Pine Bluff — Billy Bells
Rogers — Dean's Men's Wear
Russellville — Cowan-Goodwin
Springdale — Camp's Men's Store
West Memphis — S. Saig & Son

CALIFORNIA
All Stores—Big Fella Men's Wear
All Stores—Buffum's
All Stores—Harry Coffee
All Stores—Desmonds
All Stores—Elms
All Stores—Grodin's
All Stores—Harris & Frank
All Stores—Hastings
All Stores—The Highlander
All Stores—Lion's Den Big & Tall
All Stores—J. M. McDonald
All Stores—Roos Bros.
Alameda — Alburts Men's Wear
Arcadia — Bruno's
Bakersfield — Brocks
Bakersfield — Casper's
Bakersfield — Seiler's
Bakersfield — Herb Walkers
Bakersfield — Walker-Abbott
Buena Park — Bob's Men's Shop
Buena Park — Slomann's Ltd.
Calexico — Casa Montano
Calexico — Garlan's
Capitola — First Impression
Cerritos — La Crosse Ltd.
Citrus Heights — Mr. Big & Tall
Cupertino — Roy Moses
Downey — Miller's
El Centro — George R. Harris
El Centro — Samaha's
El Monte — Richards
Escondido — Ken Roberts Men's Wear
Fresno — Ralph Cross
Fresno — G & L Enterprises
Fresno — Gottschalks
Garden Grove — B & C Tailors
Glendale — Bruno's
Hemet — Dattilo from Italy
Indio — Bob Williams
Laguna Hills — Kings for Men
La Jolla — Town & Country Menswear
Lodi — The Toggery
Long Beach — Dunns Men's Shop
Long Beach — Little Barney's
Los Angeles — Big Man's Shop
Manteca — Mendosas
Marysville — Schneider's
Merced — Steven's Men's Wear
Monterey — Charmak & Chandler
Mountain View — Palm Plaza Yorkshire
Napa — Wigger Bros.
Palm Desert — Hales
Palm Desert — Jack Petri
Palm Desert — Desert Golf Wear
Palm Desert — Al Stutz Men's Wear
Palm Springs — Joe Dante
Palm Springs — Gerry Maloof's
Palm Springs — Robert Ltd.
Palo Alto — Wideman Clo. Co.
Rancho Mirage — Don Sherwoods
Roseville — Richardson-Wagner Corp
Sacramento — Bonney & Gordon
Sacramento — Mr. Big & Tall
San Bernardino — Big Guys
San Bernardino — Black's for Men
San Diego — I. A. Goodman
San Diego — Lion Clo.
San Francisco — Rochester Big & Tall Clo.
San Jose — Biagio Passaro
San Jose — Dahles Big & Tall
San Jose — Eli Thomas
San Ramon — Tognotti's
San Ysidro — Casa Montano
Santa Monica — Campbell's
Santa Rosa — Rosenberg's
Sherman Oaks — Mr. Big
Solana Beach — Lenard's
South Lake Tahoe — The Outdoorsman
Vallejo — Tony Puleo's
Westminister — The Stag Shop
Woodland — Charlies—The Men's Store
Yuba City — Schneider's

COLORADO
All Stores—Desmond's
Arvada — Duane's Men's Store
Aurora — Joslins
Colorado Springs — Gentlemen's Quarter
Colorado Springs — The Regiment
Denver — Cottrell's
Denver — Kaufman's
Denver — Jerry Leonard
Greeley — Hibbs
Greeley — Otis Bros.
Lakewood — Joslins
Pueblo — Bergerman's
Pueblo — Rosenblums

HAWAII
Honolulu — Liberty House
Honolulu — McInery
Honolulu — Ross Sutherland Ltd.

IDAHO
Boise — M. Alexander
Boise — Roper Clothing Co.
Rexburg — Verns and Ferrels

LOUISIANA
Alexandria — Caplans
Alexandria — Weiss & Goldring
Arabi — Roger's
Bastrop — Larry's
Baton Rouge — Arthur's
Baton Rouge — Cohn-Turner & Co.
Baton Rouge — Four Corners Men's Wear
Baton Rouge — Todd Garland
Baton Rouge — Goudchauxs
Baton Rouge — D. H. Holmes
Baton Rouge — The Varsity Shop
Bogalusa — Berensons
Bossier City — Pope's
Covington — The Toggery Shop
Gretna — Jason's
Hammond — The Toggery Shop
Houma — Gentlemen's Corner Inc.
Houma — Godchaux's
Houma — Saadi's Houma Haberdashery
Houma — Earl Williams
Jennings — Ivans
Lafayette — Abdalla's
Lafayette — C. J.'s
Lafayette — Gaidrys
Lafayette — D. H. Holmes
Lafayette — Partner's Ltd.
Lafayette — Selber Bros.
Lake Charles — Gaidrys
Lake Charles — Love's
Monroe — Haddad's
Monroe — Haneline's
Monroe — Jetson, Inc.
Monroe — Krauss & Cahn
Monroe — Selber Bros.
Morgan City — Du Ral's Inc.
New Iberia — Abdalla's
New Iberia — Broussards
New Iberia — Monsieur's Inc.
New Orleans — D'Avanti
New Orleans — Gemelli's
New Orleans — Godchaux's
New Orleans — D. H. Holmes
New Orleans — Krauss Co. Ltd.
New Orleans — Maison Blanche
New Orleans — M. Ponce Inc.
New Orleans — Zoller's
Oakdale — Abrusley's
Opelousas — Abdalla's
Rayville — Albert's
Shreveport — Davis Men's Wear
Shreveport — Jordan & Booth
Shreveport — Lodestro's
Shreveport — The Male Shop
Shreveport — Palais Royal
Slidell — W. F. Beall Co.
Thibodaux — Johnny's
Vidalia — N & S Inc.

MONTANA
Billings — Hart & Albin
Billings — Shadoans
Butte — Thomas
Butte — Wein's
Great Falls — Kaufman's
Havre — Russell Evans
Helena — By George
Kalispell — Haarr Bros.
Missoula — Kaufman's

NEBRASKA
All Stores—Magee's
Grand Island — Greenberger's
Grand Island — Miller & Paine
Kearney — Ayer's Clo.
Lexington — Ayer's Clo.
Lincoln — Landon's
Lincoln — Miller & Paine
Lincoln — Ben Simons
McCook — Vogue Clo.
Norfolk — Berlie's Men's Shop
Ogallala — The Mr. Shop
Omaha — Bel Air Fashions for Men
Omaha — Landon's
Omaha — Jerry Leonard
Omaha — Ben Simon's
Omaha — Stuarts
Omaha — Tully's for Men
Scottsbluff — Greenlee's
York — Tom's Clothing

NEVADA
Carson City — Murdock's
Lake Tahoe — Vincent's Men's Room
Las Vegas — Broadway
Las Vegas — Jon Dante
Las Vegas — Diamond's
Las Vegas — Grodin's
Palm Springs — Jon Dante
Reno — Grodin's

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque — Dillard's
Albuquerque — Henry's
Albuquerque — Jalen's
Albuquerque — Kistler-Collister
Albuquerque — Stromberg's
Almagordo — Bealls
Artesia — Collin Gerrell's
Carlsbad — Bealls
Carlsbad — Collin Gerrell's
Clovis — Town & Country
Farmington — Nygren's Men's Wear
Gallup — Bealls
Hobbs — B & J Clothiers
Las Cruces — Bealls
Las Cruces — McMillin's Place
Las Cruces — Dillard's
Roswell — Ball & Ray

NORTH DAKOTA
All Stores—Straus Co.
Bismarck — Exclusively Patricks
Bismarck — American Man
Dickinson — The Fad
Fargo — American Man
Fargo — Jerry Leonards
Grand Forks — Silverman's
Minot — American Man
Minot — Schneider's Men's Store
Williston — Model Clo.

OKLAHOMA
Ada — Black's Men's & Boys' Wear
Altus — Austin's Men's Store
Altus — Surrey Shop
Ardmore — Bealls
Ardmore — Classic Men's Wear
Ardmore — Decks Menswear
Blackwell — Gary Hulse Men's Wear
Claremore — The Men's Shop
Duncan — Ben & Ray
Durant — E & M Clothiers
Enid — Austin's Men's Store
Erick — Dixie Store
Frederick — Johnny's Men's Wear
Lawton — Bealls
Lawton — R. L. Meadors & Son
Lawton — Surrey Shop
McAlester — Hunt's
Muskogee — Bealls
Muskogee — Teel's Men's Wear
Norman — H. J. Hoelscher
Oklahoma City — John A. Brown
Oklahoma City — Cutchall's
Oklahoma City — Rothschilds
Okmulgee — Chris Toppers
Okmulgee — L. O. Hammons
Ponca City — Castillo's Men's Wear
Shawnee — Shephards
Stillwater — Bates Bros.
Stillwater — Gary Hulse Men's Wear
Tulsa — Ed Beshara
Tulsa — Clarke's Good Clothes
Tulsa — Harrington's
Tulsa — Reads
Tulsa — Vandever's
Wewoka — Normans Inc.

OREGON
Bend — Roberts on Wall
Eugene — High & Mighty
Eugene — Baxter & Henning Inc.
Portland — Grodin's
Portland — High & Mighty
Salem — Shyrocks

TEXAS
All Stores—Bealls
All Stores—Dillard's
All Stores—Frank's King Size
All Stores—Joskes
Abilene — Allan's
Abilene — F & S Clothiers
Alvin — Stickler's
Arlington — Watson's
Arlington — Eddie William's
Austin — Cliff's
Austin — Slax
Austin — The Toggery
Baytown — Mister B's
Beaumont — Hoffer's
Beaumont — Butch Hoffer's
Beaumont — The White House
Beaumont — George Wilson
Beeville — Halls, Inc.
Bellaire — Bellaire Men's Wear
Bellaire — Benjamin's
Belton — Cochran, Blain and Potts
Borger — Hub Clothiers
Brownsville — Aziz Bros.
Brownsville — Europa Men's Fashion
Brownsville — J & O Mens
Brownsville — Le Baron
Brownsville — Mr. John's
Brownsville — Perl Bros.
Brownsville — The Sportsman
Brownsville — Sports International
Brownsville — Topsi's
Brownwood — Ernest Morris Men's Wear
Bryan — Palumbo's Men's Wear
Carthage — M & M Toggery
Clute — Milo's
College Station — Conway's
Conroe — Macks Men's Wear
Corpus Christi — Bob's King Size
Corpus Christi — Harris & Frank
Corpus Christi — S & Q Suburban
Corpus Christi — Sarman's Men's Wear
Corpus Christi — Sportsman Center
Corpus Christi — Winsteads Man Shop
Dalhart — Choice's Men's Wear
Dallas — Marvins
Dallas — Murray's Men's Wear
Eagle Pass — Lancers
Eagle Pass — Riskind's
Edinburg — Brumley's
El Paso — Big & Tall Mens
El Paso — Union Fashion Clo.
Ft. Worth — John L. Ashe
Ft. Worth — Jack Howard
Fulton — Jack's Landing
Galveston — Schwartz's
Georgetown — Gold's
Grand Prairie — Watson's
Grand Saline — Jarvis & Co.
Groves — Dryden's
Harlingen — The Man's Shop
Harlingen — The Sportsman
Henderson — Earl's Men's Shop
Hillsboro — Herring's Men's Wear
Houston — Bilaos
Houston — Buck's Men's Wear
Houston — Craig's Shop For Men
Houston — Dudley's Men's Wear
Houston — Floyd's
Houston — Fowler & Wells
Houston — Fulmer Fritsche
Houston — Grahams Men's & Boys'
Houston — Harold's
Houston — Kaplan's
Houston — Mr. Z
Houston — Walter Pye's
Houston — Rodney's
Houston — Rountree-Williams
Houston — Zindler's
Humble — Priddy's Men's Wear
Huntsville — Canon & Henry
Hurst — Watson's
Jacksonville — Ron Moore's Men's Store
Lamesa — Collins
Laredo — I. Alexander
Laredo — Joe Brand
Liberty — The Grand Leader
Littlefield — Wares Inc.
Longview — Selber Bros.
Lufkin — Blackstock's
Lufkin — Clark's Dept. Store
Lufkin — Jim Williams
Mabank — Jarvis & Co.
Marshall — Bradbury's
McAllen — Louis Albert
McAllen — Albert Man's Fashions
McAllen — Baum's Men's Wear
McAllen — Joe Brand
McAllen — Cedar House Men's Wear
McAllen — Christopher's
McAllen — Ken's Shop For Men
McAllen — Le Baron
McAllen — The Man's Shop
McAllen — Mike's Man's Shop
McAllen — The Squire Shop
McAllen — Topsi's
McAllen — Valley Mercantile
McAllen — Vic's
Midland — Gene Bartus Fine Menswear
Midland — Cal's Mens Shop
Midland — Bernie Franks
Midland — Grammer-Murphey
Midland — S & Q Clothiers
Mineral Well — George's Man's Shop
Monahans — Benham's
Nacogdoches — Mize Dept. Store
Odessa — Dunlap's
Odessa — Jim's Tall and Big Mans Shop
Odessa — Melvin's Clothiers
Odessa — The Model Shop
Odessa — D. R. Nichol's
Orange — Griffin's
Palestine — Pryor's
Pasadena — Nolan's
Pharr — Louis Albert
Port Isabel — Hazel's Fashions
Refurio — Economy Store
Rio Grande City — Le Baron
Robstown — Liebermans
San Angelo — Crowder's
San Angelo — Gabriels
San Angelo — Hemphill-Wells
San Angelo — Mr. Sam's
San Angelo — Tindalls
San Antonio — Paul Bruners
San Antonio — Duffy T's
San Antonio — Joseph's
San Antonio — Pate's Men's Wear
San Antonio — Penner's
San Antonio — Pincus Co.
San Antonio — Sid Robbins
San Antonio — Satel's
San Antonio — Todd's
San Marcos — Serur's
Sequin — Reichman's
Temple — Daniel's Men's Wear
Texarkana — Belk Jones
Texarkana — Collins & Williams
Texas City — Phelps Men's Shop
Tyler — Massad's
Tyler — Selber Bros.
Vernon — Clayton's
Victoria — Melvin's
Weslaco — Levines
Weslaco — Michael Martar's Man's Shop
Woodlands — The Man's Shop

UTAH
Logan — Levens
Murray — Roper Clo. Co.
Salt Lake City — Little America
Salt Lake City — Utah Woolen Mills

WASHINGTON
Burien — Continental Tailoring
Chehalis — Bartel's
Kennewick — Lantor's
Kennewick — S. L. Sterling
Moses Lake — S. L. Sterling
Port Angeles — Widsteen's
Seattle — High & Mighty/Pragers
Seattle — Le Roux
Seattle — Pacific Big & Tall
Spokane — The Big & Tall Shop
Spokane — Brook's Clothiers
Spokane — Hamers
Spokane — Pacific Big & Tall
Tacoma — Baker Bros.
Vancouver — Melvin's
Walla Walla — Sporleder's
Yakima — The Big & Tall Shop
Yakima — Lee Semon's

WYOMING
Casper — Rich's
Casper — Ruckman's
Casper — Woods For Men
Cheyenne — Fowlers
Gillette — The Stag Shop
Rawlins — Karls Men's Store

JAYMAR®

SLACKS

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of his characters observes that women stick with drunks, gamblers, whoremasters and even beater-uppers. They can't stand a sweet, good guy, because he's basically boring. The truth of this is sadly becoming more apparent the older I get.

To those women who write articles in women's magazines claiming that the modern-day woman is seeking the sensitive, loving man who supports the individuality and growth of his mate, I say bullshit. And to those men who are afraid they may be too insensitive and chauvinistic, I say, don't change now!

(Name withheld by request)
Haleiwa, Hawaii

Maybe you attract the wrong women.

editorial

THE END OF THE EIGHTH AMENDMENT?

With the righteousness of an Iranian tribunal, the U.S. Supreme Court has upheld a 40-year prison sentence in a case involving nine ounces of marijuana, declaring that the penalty for felony crimes is "purely a matter of legislative prerogative."

The Court rejected, without briefs or arguments, an idea central to the American justice system: that punishment should in some way fit the crime.

It reversed and even reprimanded a Federal appeals court that had found that such a sentence violated the Eighth Amendment's prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment.

It based its decision on an equally disturbing 1980 ruling that upheld a life sentence for a Texas man, William Rummel, convicted of three minor frauds totaling $230. At that time, the Court declared that legal challenges to harsh prison sentences should be "exceedingly rare" and gave, as an example, a life sentence for "overtime parking."

No one took the Court literally at the time. But if $230 is worse than a parking ticket and good for life imprisonment, the "possession for sale" of nine ounces of marijuana would certainly be worth 40 years by similar legislative reasoning. Such a ruling effectively repeals the Eighth Amendment, which would now appear to bar nothing short of physical torture, dismemberment or branding without benefit of local anesthetic.

The victim of this remarkable stroke of justice is a black man named Roger Davis, now 35, whose real crime may have had little to do with marijuana. When arrested in 1973, he was considered a dope-pushing civil rights activist in a rural Virginia community, who consorted with "hippies" and who married a white woman. A local judge gave him the longest sentence then permitted under the state drug law—one, incidentally, that has since been revised to provide ten years' maximum imprisonment in like cases.

Associate Justices William J. Brennan, Jr., Thurgood Marshall and John Paul Stevens filed a strongly worded dissent, calling the decision a "serious and improper expansion of *Rummel*," which dealt mainly with the issue of habitual criminals.

The majority issued its ruling summarily and unsigned, as though embarrassed, and then, almost defensively, chastised the appellate judges who had not heeded its Texas decision: "Unless we wish anarchy to prevail within the Federal judicial system, a precedent of this Court must be followed by the lower Federal courts, no matter how misguided the judges of those courts think it to be."

Whenever the cry of anarchy is heard, watch out; it is the favorite bogeyman of those who distrust freedom.

When our highest Court feels it must remind appellate judges of legal protocol, watch out. It means its logic is too weak to persuade other reasonable men.

When the Court can sustain one bad ruling only on its own bad precedent, watch out. Ralph Waldo Emerson put it well when he said, "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines."

The British, with whom we share a common legal heritage, have always smiled at our insistence that we are a "country of laws, not of men." When our own highest Court surrenders a basic concept of justice to the absurd notion that our lawmakers always act in wisdom, it is not upholding the principle of separation of powers but abandoning its responsibility to protect citizens from legislative stupidity.

CREATIONISM

The Arkansas trial over the teaching of biological evolution represented a much broader threat to democratic society than that posed by a foolish law.

A highly vociferous minority of our population considers itself advanced in knowledge and spirituality because its members believe in ghosts, ESP and miracles. These people consider themselves holy warriors against unimaginative scientists, humanists and logical thinkers.

It is the duty of all affirmative persons to denounce the hocus-pocus of intellectually lazy persons who embrace ignorance and superstition. These misologists, haters of learning and discussion, are neither progressive nor visionary. Rather, they are retrograde persons who want to negate thousands of years of human progress, to return to the fears and delusions of our apelike ancestors. This irrationalism is the stuff of which totalitarian regimes are born again.

André Bacard
Stanford, California

TV CENSORSHIP

I find it interesting that all of the right-wing groups seem convinced that someday they will be able to change network television to promote their own values, ideas and religion. If they succeed, people such as I will be forced to do something that they seem unable to do for themselves—turn off the set.

Meanwhile, we can only hope that the fact that they are so embarrassed by sex and offended by the human body will cause them to stop reproducing. Then, maybe, people in the future will not have to live with this form of oppression and censorship.

Bob Andelt
Lincoln, Nebraska

PORN-AGAIN POTTERY

I would like to express my gratitude to the Reverend Jerry Falwell for being such an inspiration to me.

For many weeks I had tried to come up with a suitable name for my latest enterprise, an erotic-pottery business. Then one night, after I had read the latest *Playboy Forum*, it came to me! Now every clay "creamer," "dickie dipper" and other piece of erotica bears the inscription PORN-AGAIN POTTERY BY THE ORAL MAJORITY.

(Name withheld by request)
Ringwood, New Jersey

AGENT ORANGE

The U.S. Supreme Court, in an ill-considered seven-to-two decision, has denied Vietnam veterans with Agent Orange claims access to Federal courts, declaring that there is no Federal common-law basis for jurisdiction.

It defies reason that the Court could

"It looks like a Tia Maria night."
Tia Maria, the delicious imported liqueur that has the golden color of a sunset.
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Tia Maria
THE FAMOUS LIQUEUR

PLAYBOY

IF YOUR VIDEO IMAGE IS NEITHER HERE NOR THERE,

your videotape isn't getting along with your videodeck. Don't be too quick to blame your deck, either. The picture you get depends on how tape passes over the video heads.

After several plays, some cassette mechanisms can falter. The result is bad tape-to-head contact. Your picture bends to one side. Even worse, a misaligned mechanism can jam itself out of existence. Hardly the performance you paid for.

THE SOLUTION IS SUPER AVILYN.

With TDK Super Avilyn, tape and heads remain on the best of terms. TDK's super precision mechanism and cassette shell are designed so tape meets the heads at just the right angle and tension. Skew and jamming are out of the picture.

Inside that shell is TDK's Super Avilyn videotape. Its particles are densely packed on the surface, which is polished mirror-smooth. Oxide particles don't shed so the picture stays true to the original.

There's more to TDK than tape. We've been in home video since its earliest stages. Today TDK supplies video heads and other parts to major videodeck makers. Super Avilyn is therefore very compatible with most decks.

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SUPER AVILYN

find no Federal interest in the veterans' suit. These men and women were part of the U. S. military, fighting in a war because of a Federal Government decision. Agent Orange was produced because the U. S. Government contracted for it. Our veterans were exposed to the herbicide by their own Government.

As a result of that narrow and procedural determination, veterans now must return to state law to seek relief. In 17 states, the statute of limitations has expired, leaving veterans no remedy. A similar fate could have befallen New York veterans if the state legislature had not addressed this issue.

Last summer, a bill sponsored by me extended the statute of limitations for Agent Orange–related injuries. My own Vietnam injuries (loss of both legs) were highly visible and I received the attention and care necessary for my rehabilitation and recovery. The many veterans exposed to Agent Orange have suffered afflictions that are less tangible yet are equally serious. While the Federal Government has neglected its responsibility to them, at least New York will afford its veterans their day in court.

John L. Behan
Member of Assembly
Albany, New York

COCAINE BY A NOSE

It's finally official. Our friends at the Drug Enforcement Administration have confirmed that cocaine has passed marijuana as the nation's number-one source of illicit cash.

The dramatic rise in cocaine use has been attributed to a number of things: the lack of social stigma attached to its use, the rewarding rush that is an innate part of a cocaine high and, of course, the lack of morning-after hangovers and that classic marijuana "dopey day after."

These reasons make sense in theory, but realistically, cocaine's success can most likely be attributed to good press.

Marijuana has had to contend with paraquat, poor growing years and a scientific backlash. Cocaine, on the other hand, is a supply-sider's dream. The only thing that "trickles down" is a bit of nasal drip. Add Reaganomics, a *Time* cover story and Studio 54 and it's a marketer's dream.

Howard Bragman
Chicago, Illinois

KILLER WEED

Dr. William Pollin, head of the National Institute of Drug Abuse, has released a study resurrecting the old "steppingstone" hypothesis that marijuana leads to harder drugs. According to Dr. Pollin, 73 percent of those in his study who smoked dope at least 1000 times also tried cocaine, and 33 percent went on to heroin abuse.

Pollin's findings shouldn't surprise us a bit. As long as drugs are illegal, kids will have to obtain them from a criminal source. And any dope salesman who's into maximizing profits always handles a wide variety of illicit goodies. The harder the drugs, the higher the markup.

It's hard to take such drug research seriously. Almost certainly, the kinds of users who come to the attention of a Government-funded drug-abuse study are those who have already managed to get themselves into some kind of medical or legal trouble.

J. Petrie
Chicago, Illinois

The problem we have with such studies is that they fail to recognize the obvious—that every drug user starts somewhere, and the cheapest and most widely available drug is ordinary marijuana. And if a person is inclined to use hard drugs, he almost invariably uses the minor drugs also. No doubt it could be proved statistically that at least 99 percent of heroin addicts started out on nicotine and caffeine, if that suited the purpose of the researchers. All such studies tell us is that by continuing to treat marijuana use as a criminal matter, the Government is only guaranteeing that young people who insist on smoking grass will likely also have access to every type of truly dangerous drug.

WINDIEST CITY

A few weeks ago, the Honorable Orrin Hatch, our exalted Senator from Utah, began hearings on his constitutional amendment that would permit the banning of abortions, and so another milestone has been paved in the hallowed halls of Washington, D.C., our nation's windiest city.

I am amazed at the copious stream of anti-abortion rhetoric emanating from Capitol Hill these days. I find it thoroughly repugnant that our libidinous, larcenous, lobotomized lawmakers have the distorted notion that they hold the right to decide whether or not the women of this country should be forced to bear unwanted children. How incongruous that this truly immoral minority is trying to make all abortions, and maybe even birth-control methods, illegal.

The abortion question should be an intensely private matter and not subject to public scrutiny by a group of people who feign piety in order to impose their views on others.

Berinthia Pierce
Alexandria, Virginia

PERSONALIZED PLATES

So Gary Griffiths had trouble with the California authorities just because he tried to adorn his classic 1969 Porsche

with the personalized license plate MINT 69S (*The Playboy Forum*, January). While I was stationed in West Germany, my own Porsche 911S was issued a truly fine plate, photo enclosed. Actually, FU are the first two letters of the city of issuance, Fürth. Gary, eat your heart out.

Robert Miller
Dublin, California

Like Griffiths, I've also had a little problem with a personalized license plate. A couple of years ago, I applied for and received one that read SMEGMA, a word that the people I know toss around casually when referring to a large collection of different things. Well, eventually, the Massachusetts Department of Motor Vehicles decided the plate was unfit for public viewing, having received a number of complaints from citizens and even from some state officials. I was ordered to return it immediately to avoid a hearing and was promised a four-digit plate at no cost. Wanting no trouble, I accepted the deal but never did learn the definition of the word that upsets everybody. Can you enlighten me?

Chris Karis
Hyannisport, Massachusetts

Ah, well, its most polite dictionary definition is the "matter secreted by any of the sebaceous glands" of the male or female sexual organs, in case you really didn't know.

GUN CONTROL

The laws promoted by Handgun Control, Inc., and similar groups are based on the principle of prior restraint. They seek to prevent criminal use of an object by a very, very small minority by depriving and restraining the vast majority of responsible citizens, who will never commit a criminal or harmful act with a gun. That is like controlling or banning printing presses before they can be used criminally, simply because the potential exists. I think PLAYBOY would be a little miffed if an organized group tried to control or shut down its presses with the excuse that there is too much pornography being printed and too much counterfeiting going on.

You know what the anti-abortionists are like. If they can't ban abortions, they ban abortions for the poor. They will try to take from us as much as they think they can get away with. That is what your "sensible reform group" is like. Those people will tell you any lie they think you are stupid enough to believe; they will act only as "sensibly" as they must to get your uninformed support.

(Name withheld by request)
Grants Pass, Oregon

Guns are designed to kill. That is their purpose. In many cases, crimes are acts of momentary irrationality by people who will never commit another serious crime. In mass urban society,

guns are not beautiful providers and protectors. They are death. They are ugly killers. They add immeasurably to the climate of violence in America. Viewed as a source of power, guns can mean only violent crime.

The average armed citizen, such as a housewife, bus driver or liquor-store clerk, acting in self-defense is a greater danger to himself and to innocent people in the vicinity than the crime he would prevent. There are bodies of good people in cemeteries all over the nation as evidence of this fact. I advocate a state and national program of good gun control.

Ralph E. Brown
Yardville, New Jersey

In Vermont, with its extremely low crime rate, carrying a gun is legal. New York has virtually banned guns, carried or otherwise, since 1911 and has an incredible amount of violence. Using the logic and data of the antigun people, we must conclude that strict gun laws cause crime. If that's ridiculous, so are the cause-and-effect arguments of the prohibitionists.

Dick Silva
Los Angeles, California

We already have too many unenforceable laws. Guns are not the problem; attitudes are. Look at the list of those countries with lower murder rates than our own. They are countries in which the government is concerned with helping people and improving the quality of life.

N. R. Hudgins
Port Neches, Texas

A criminal is, by definition, a lawbreaker. Lawbreakers break laws. Gun laws are laws. Present gun laws are usually obeyed only by those who obey other laws. Those gun laws tend to be effective only *against* the very element of society they are intended to protect. Why take more steps in the wrong direction?

Wallace Roe
Winchester, Kentucky

My family and I live in a rural home a considerable distance from the fire department, the hospital and the police station. Consequently, we have matter-of-factly equipped our household with fire extinguishers, a first-aid kit and a gun. Until the gun-control advocates can explain how criminals could be made to give up their weapons, we will continue to be do-it-yourselfers in our own family-safety program.

Dennis Walrod
Lakewood, New York

When it comes to the abuse of alcohol and drunk driving, our society has its logic in the correct place: The individual should be held accountable for his or her actions. Recent legislation in California confirms this thinking.

It is unfortunate that when the subject is handguns, the logic becomes reversed. The handgun is held responsible for the acts that are committed *with* it.

(Name withheld by request)
Little Ferry, New Jersey

There will never be a gun in my home or car. For every instance of a successful gun-related defense cited in our local papers. I can probably find several incidents in which the family gun was fired and a family member, fellow bar patron or passer-by was killed.

It terrifies me even to consider all the deadly firepower in who knows whose possession! But this feeling is somewhat tempered when I hear of a hard-core, apple-pie gun owner's shooting off his big toe while cleaning something that doesn't kill by itself!

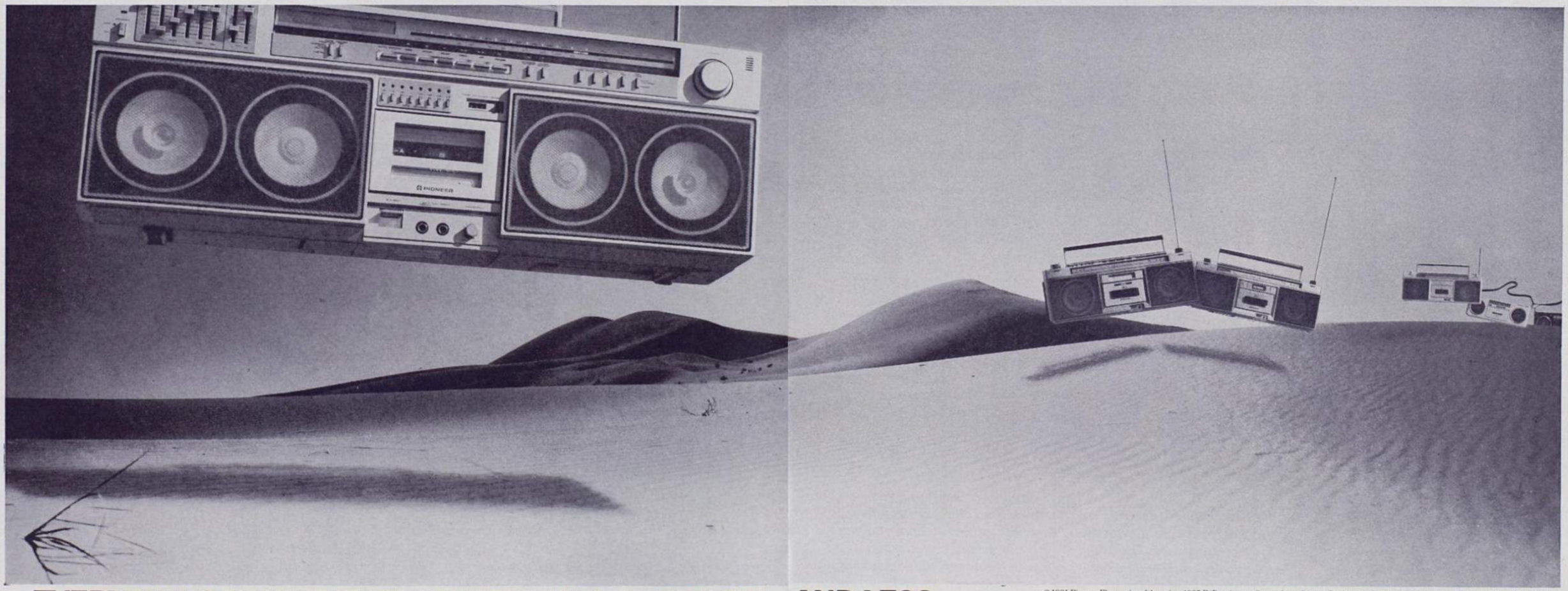
Karen Higgins
New Orleans, Louisiana

A serious offense that parallels other crimes in increased statistics is rape. Every male member of society between puberty and senility possesses the equipment necessary for the commission of this act. I therefore suggest that all male residents between the ages of 12 and 70 be required to register their short arms, as well as their side arms and shoulder arms, with the local police department. Any instrument made before 1920 could be classified as an antique, whether or not it is in good working condition.

C. I. Greenwood
Springfield, Illinois

We'll reserve comments until next issue, when we open the mailbags on William J. Helmer's "The Trouble with Guns" (PLAYBOY March).

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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SOLUTION: *Utilize advanced instrumented handling analysis to achieve optimal radial construction.*

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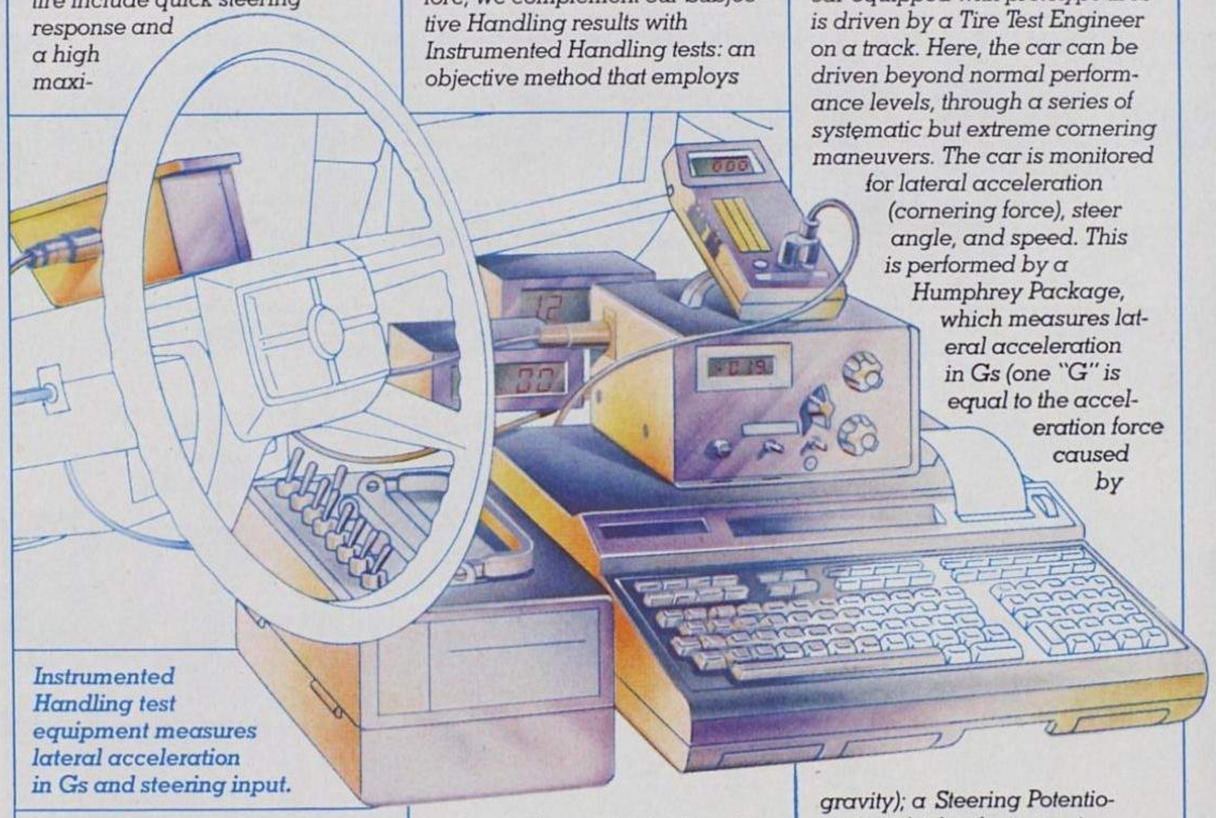
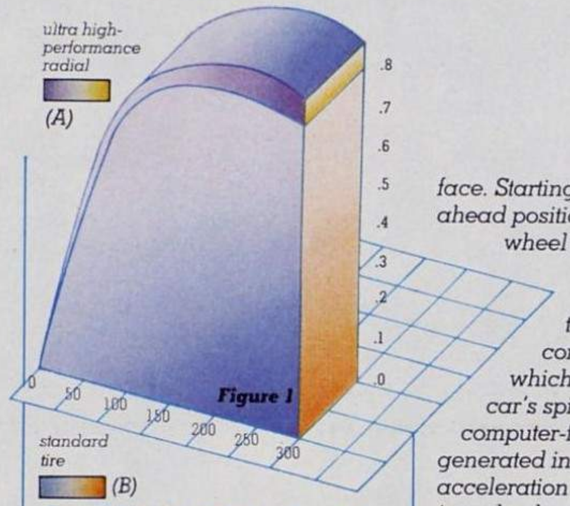


Instrumented Handling test equipment measures lateral acceleration in Gs and steering input.

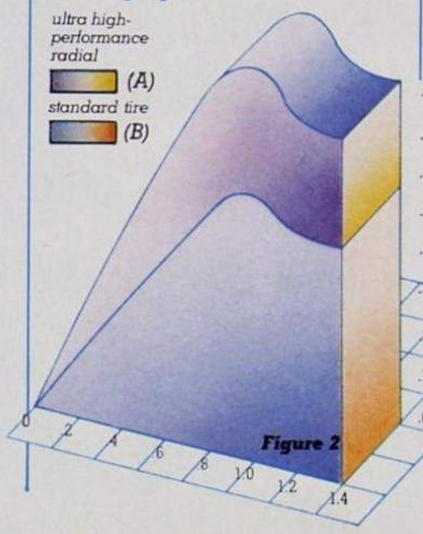
Two important Instrumented Handling procedures are the steady state Ramp Steer and transient Step Steer. During both procedures, a high-performance car equipped with prototype tires is driven by a Tire Test Engineer on a track. Here, the car can be driven beyond normal performance levels, through a series of systematic but extreme cornering maneuvers. The car is monitored for lateral acceleration (cornering force), steer angle, and speed. This is performed by a Humphrey Package, which measures lateral acceleration in Gs (one "G" is equal to the acceleration force caused by gravity); a Steering Potentiometer, which relays steering wheel angle to a mini-computer; a special multi-programmer, which converts analogue instrumentation signals to digital for computer analysis; and a fifth wheel outside the car, which checks its speed to 1/10th mph intervals.

Throughout the Ramp Steer test, the vehicle maintains a steady 50 mph on a level surface. Starting at the straight ahead position, the steering wheel is slowly turned by the driver, causing the car to turn and exceed its cornering capability, which could result in the car's spinning out. From the computer-fed data, a plot is generated indicating lateral acceleration in Gs versus steering wheel angle (see Figure 1). Analysis of the curve indicates how much driver input is required to attain a given G force; the steeper the slope, the less steering input is needed to negotiate a turn, imparting a more responsive feel to the driver. The highest point of the curve shows the top performance capability of the tire/vehicle.



Ramp Steer test data shows the lateral acceleration (Gs) generated by a given steering wheel angle. Curve A represents result of test performed with an ultra high-performance radial; Curve B indicates performance of a standard tire.

Step Steer test results indicate the time-response capabilities of an ultra high-performance tire (Curve A) and a standard tire (Curve B), when fed a quick, hard steering input.



During the Step Steer procedure, the vehicle also maintains a constant 50 mph. However, instead of a gradual steering input, the steering wheel is quickly turned 140° and held until the car reaches a steady state attitude six to eight seconds later. The plotted test data shows lateral acceleration versus time (see Figure 2). The curve is analyzed for the time-response capabilities of the tire/vehicle system. These results tell how fast the system will react to a given steering input similar to those employed by the average driver when turning the steering wheel suddenly to avoid an accident.

The practice of obtaining Instrumented measurements of a tire's performance began at BFGoodrich more than ten years ago and has since been developed into a highly technological research tool. Several prototype tires are made and evaluated, each differing slightly in either construction, compound structure, or tread design. We test the most promising of these prototype tires through Instrumented Handling to find the optimal tire properties. The outstanding handling capabilities of our advanced T/A® High Tech® Radials were achieved with the help of Instrumented Testing.

Prototype tires are tested for handling on this specially-equipped high-performance test vehicle.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

BILLY JOEL

a candid conversation with the kid from hicksville—and one of america's hottest singer-songwriters—about his music, his feuds and his macho image

In a time when record collections are updated as often as wardrobes, Billy Joel seemed destined to be another fad. True, his 1977 single "Just the Way You Are" was a smash hit, but both he and his music seemed too normal to make it in the world of musical flash. For one thing, Joel doesn't look like a pop star: He has a nice, boyish smile and big, sad eyes that bulge like Marty Feldman's. For another, his tunes are catchy, hummable melodies, but not what anybody would call hip. "Just the Way You Are," for instance, with simple, straightforward lyrics has a bossa-nova beat, of all things.

But within months of that 1977 release, three other songs from the same album, "The Stranger," broke into the pop charts, making the album one of the highest selling ever, and The New York Times *was calling Joel "the hottest male singer in the land." In the five years since, Joel has sold an astounding 26,000,000 record albums, has received innumerable honors from the music industry, including five Grammys, and* PLAYBOY *readers selected him as their favorite composer for two years, as their favorite vocalist for three years and as their favorite pianist for an unprecedented four consecutive years (1979–1982). He continues to sell out concert halls and auditoriums throughout the United States, Europe and Japan and is easily one of the world's most popular performers.*

When art becomes commercially successful, however, it is looked at with distrust; and in pop music, the hostility can be devastating. The Times *quickly forgot its early superlative and reviewer Robert Palmer set the tone for subsequent press attacks: "Yes, Mr. Joel has written some memorable pop melodies. Yes, he's an energetic, flamboyant performer. But no, this listener can't stand him. . . . He's the sort of popular artist who makes elitism seem not just defensible but necessary." The slings and arrows stung. After Joel's "It's Still Rock and Roll to Me" from his 1980 album "Glass Houses" became number one on the record charts, a* Rolling Stone *critics' poll dubbed the song "the worst ever written about rock 'n' roll." At least as far as the press was concerned, Joel could now do nothing right. His appearance in 1979 in Cuba was criticized by the right. When he appeared in Israel, he was blasted by the left. In neutral territory, there was still flak: Rock 'n' roll's hard core wrote him off, charging that his music was cranked out for mass appeal. Fans of his ballads criticized him for his rockers; he was condemned by the Catholic Church (for "Only the Good Die Young"), called a sexist (for "She's Always a Woman" and "Big Shot") and sued for stealing a song ("My Life").*

As a result of all the heat, the young man who seemed too ordinary to be a pop star became a figure of fiery controversy, reacting to press criticism by tearing up newspaper reviews onstage and berating his detractors through loudspeakers. He'd grown up, after all, something of a street kid, and street kids hit back.

He was born May 9, 1949, William Martin Joel and was raised in Hicksville, Long Island, a blue-collar suburb near New York City. He began piano lessons at four (both parents, who were divorced when he was a boy, were musical). His father, who was German, took a job in

"I don't trust rock-'n'-roll money. I've heard too many horror stories. I still eat pizza, walk around in jeans and T-shirts. I always thought millionaires looked like Richie Rich and Scrooge McDuck."

"When I come up with a melody, it is not calculated. It's like an erection: It happens. Critics have said I write without spontaneity, in cold blood. I don't. I write in hot blood."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAR BLACK

"It's weird, the values. Jonas Salk invented the polio vaccine, but I'm worth more than he is. I walk into a bar and people know me. Jonas Salk probably can't even get laid. Now, figure that out."

Europe and Billy grew up among women as a cocky little boy. He became an amateur boxer as a teenager (and earned a broken nose) while he continued his musical training. One Sunday evening in 1964, his life changed as he sat mesmerized in front of a TV set, watching four smartass kids from England usher in a new era of music. For Joel, those few minutes when the Beatles performed on "The Ed Sullivan Show" were the difference between life as it was in Hicksville and life as it could be—as it would be.

At 14, he formed the first of a series of garage bands. He played clubs till dawn before he was of age; as a result, he slept through much of high school. Although he passed his courses, he wasn't allowed to graduate, because of poor attendance. In bands called The Hassles and Attila, Joel tried to make it as a professional rock-'n'-roller. When the bands' three albums flopped, he found himself alone, broke and depressed, and, on the verge of suicide, checked himself into a mental hospital for a horrifying three weeks of "observation." When he was released, he managed to get a solo record deal, but he signed away a part of his songwriting rights in the process. The resulting album was recorded too fast and made Joel sound, he admits, "like Alvin and the Chipmunks." Live performances in which he was remembered more for impersonations of Joe Cocker than for his songs also characterized that period.

When the album bombed, Billy left New York with Elizabeth Weber (who had been married to one of his bandmates) and her son, Sean. They moved to Los Angeles to try to straighten out the business deals while he worked incognito at a piano bar. A new album was released on another label, Columbia, and Billy had a cult hit with the single based on the experience, "Piano Man." But that album, too, faded, and a follow-up album, "Streetlife Serenade," did even worse. Interestingly, however, Joel had received critical accolades for "Piano Man," and so began to sell out Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center for live performances.

Billy and Elizabeth, who were married in 1973, returned to New York to complete his "Turnstiles" LP. It received more attention, especially when Barbra Streisand recorded "New York State of Mind." Elizabeth took over as Joel's manager and in addition to renegotiating his contract with Columbia, she introduced him to producer Phil Ramone. It was Ramone's production of Joel's next album, "The Stranger," that made the difference, and six months later came the success of "Just the Way You Are." Since then, Joel has been a permanent fixture on the world's musical scene.

To explore his contentious life, PLAYBOY *sent San Francisco–based writers* **David** *and* **Victoria Sheff** *to meet with him at his home on Long Island. (David Sheff's last interview for* PLAYBOY *was with John Lennon and Yoko Ono in January 1981.) The Sheffs report:*

"We were surprised, upon arrival, to find him so nearly invisible, so hard to pick out from the group of young men—assistants and assistants to assistants—scurrying about his offices in downtown Hicksville. He is short, with a slight potbelly and hair sticking up like Dennis the Menace's. 'Want a soda?' he asked, grabbing a root beer.

"We sat down at a long table and chatted until Elizabeth walked in. Joel's wife of eight years, Elizabeth is the inspiration for most of his love songs, and she's preceded by a reputation as a tough cookie; but when she walked in that afternoon, she was open and friendly. Toward Billy, she was loving and motherly. Elizabeth made all the decisions about Billy's meeting times and places. He deferred continually to her counsel. When she had advised us what time to show up at their new house a couple of days later, she turned to Billy: 'All set? I'll race you home!' They waved goodbye, walked outside and jumped onto their wheels: he on a root-beer-colored 1340-c.c. Harley-Davidson Electra Glide, she on a red 750-c.c. Yamaha Virago. Seconds later, they were tearing down the center of town, side by side.

"When we arrived at their house in Oyster Bay, a moving van was still being unloaded outside. There were almost no furnishings in their small stone castle. The living room, set over the crashing waves of Long Island Sound, was empty except for a grand piano. Billy showed us around proudly. As the move proceeded, and the interview began, the mayhem was increased by the arrival of two parents, one in-law and the parents of Elizabeth's ex-husband, all of them dodging the men who were carrying boxes and hanging pictures—to say nothing of two intrepid interviewers. Joel was always available to approve or disapprove a furniture decision, no matter how minor. He almost lost his temper a few times but caught himself. Mostly, he enjoyed the constant stream of diversions. As Elizabeth remarked, 'He loves being the godfather of the family.'

"A couple of hectic days passed and slowly a number of Billy Joels began to emerge: one large part kid, some part James Dean, another part gushing romantic, veering from sentimental to sarcastic at the oddest times. One evening, in a contemplative mood, he sat down at the piano and poured his soul into a haunting classical piece, and then choked us all up by playing a beautiful version of Lennon's 'In My Life.' Abruptly, he cut into a silly ditty, a raggy 'Good Evening Friends,' changing the mood jarringly. There seemed to be a fear of taking any emotion to the limit, lest there be no return.

"That fear showed at other times: When the interview came to its most personal moments, Joel would find a reason to end things—and he would be off in his leathers and helmet, aboard his Harley, exploring the limits of each gear as he watched out of the corner of his eye for police.

"One night, after all the relatives and employees had gone, we sat outside on the rocks above the shore. He serenely cast his favorite lure out into the bay. There were no fish to be caught; that wasn't the point. The sun was setting. Joel, dreamy-eyed and content, recited a chant he had learned long ago when he worked on an oyster boat: 'Red sky in the morning, sailors take warning. Red sky at night, sailors' delight.' The sun confirmed it; everything was OK: His Boston Whaler was anchored nearby. His fishing boat and Elizabeth's racing boat and sailboat were safely moored. His eyes darted from his boat to his salt-water swimming pool with the jukebox beside it, then to his beautiful new home. He looked at us and spoke thoughtfully, shaking his head. 'I keep waiting for the grownups to come home,' he said."

> *"Where I come from, somebody smacks you in the face, you smack him right back. You don't turn the other cheek."*

PLAYBOY: It all began with *The Stranger*. Didn't 10,000,000 people buy that album?

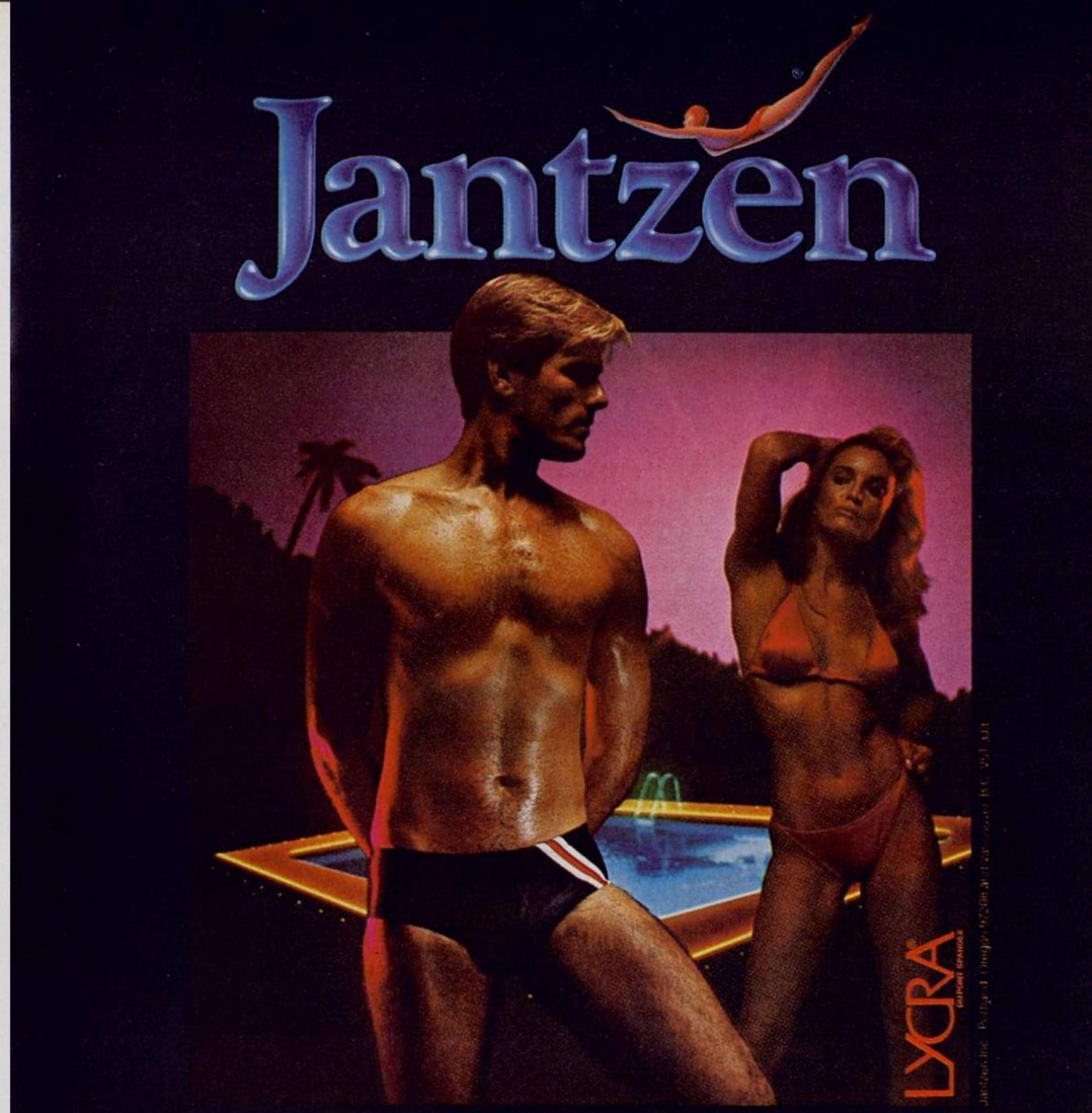
JOEL: I don't know. I don't *want* to know. I can't grasp it. I know something must have happened, because I've got this house, these motorcycles, but I can't grasp 10,000,000 people. I can't grasp 10,000,000 *anything*.

PLAYBOY: It became Columbia Records' biggest-selling album ever, didn't it?

JOEL: It sounds good, but think about it: What does it have to do with anything? Did Jimi Hendrix, who I think made some of the best albums ever, have the biggest-selling albums on *his* label? Does biggest equal best? I just can't think in those terms.

PLAYBOY: The song *Just the Way You Are*, from that album, obviously hit a responsive chord.

JOEL: Yeah, I was just saying, "I love you just the way you are." Simple. It was a



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normal thing to say. I think I'm normal, not a particular innovator, and that takes people by surprise. It's good to hear it's OK to be human. Maybe there's a lot of pressure *not* to be the way we are: that I can't love you unless you change. I'm OK, you suck. Who wants to hear that all the time? I'm not trying to be a preacher or deliver a message. I say what everybody says, but people find it a revelation to hear it: "Oh, wow, *I've* thought of that!" What most people consider mundane, I consider romantic.

PLAYBOY: We read somewhere that *Just the Way You Are* has been played at more weddings than any other popular song these past few years.

JOEL: Yeah, whatever that means. I get a lot of letters that make me wonder, Wow, have I written *Here Comes the Bride*? Am I going to be blamed for the divorce, too?

PLAYBOY: You could write a song for that.

JOEL: Right. [*Sings*] "Why didn't you change to try and please me? You shouldn't have listened to me, I was wrong. . . ."

PLAYBOY: The common criticism of your music is that you consciously formulate it for the mass market. How do you respond to that?

JOEL: Listen, it's a definite temptation to repeat a successful formula. But I have never done the same thing twice. I don't care what anybody says! After *Stranger*, I could have done *Son of Stranger*, but I've never done that. To keep *me* interested, there always has to be something new, something different.

When I come up with a melody, it is not calculated. It's like an erection: It happens. There's no formula. I *do* try to write complete melodies; that's a constant. Because there are only so many notes and so many combinations, it gets tougher all the time to stay away from what's been done before. But everything I've done is different. The proof is that some people think I'm a balladeer, others think I'm a rock-'n'-roller, still others think I'm the "piano man." I don't have a signature. Yes, critics have said I write cleverly and without spontaneity, in cold blood. I don't. I write in *hot* blood. If it's commercial, it just happens to be commercial. If you don't like my music, fine. But don't question my motives.

PLAYBOY: Reviewers apparently do just that.

JOEL: [*Angrily*] What they say has absolutely no effect on me! I really don't care what they say. It doesn't bother me. It's irrelevant!

PLAYBOY: You've certainly been bothered to the point of ripping up newspaper articles onstage.

JOEL: I've been known to do that. I ripped up a thing in the paper that said I had been turned down for an apartment at the Dakota [on New York City's West Side] because I was an admitted drug user. They printed that without giving me a chance to rebut it. In an interview I did a long time ago, I admitted I once smoked a joint before going onstage. That came up in the meeting with the Dakota board—these bankers and lawyers. We're looked at as undesirables—addicted to drugs and sex orgies. In truth, we happen to be duller than those bankers. So that comes out in the paper: Billy Joel was turned down for being an admitted drug user. I *did* rip that one up onstage—and there have been others.

Where I come from, somebody smacks you in the face, you smack him right back. You don't turn the other cheek. You hit him back as hard as you can. Onstage, I have a forum for saying what I think. Reviewers can say something bad in the newspapers, but they have to take into consideration that if I'm going to play a 20,000-seater the next night, I'm going to say exactly what I think of a review. The smart thing for me to do would be to forget it, not to mention it, but that's just the way I am. [*Sings*] "Just the way I am. . . ." Well . . . *how the hell* does a reviewer know why I'm doing what I do? He has no idea what motivates me! For the most part, I don't give a shit. I think it's funny. I love getting bad reviews—especially when they're ass-backward. I read it aloud to my audience and ridicule the reviewer.

PLAYBOY: What about the *New York Times* reviewer Robert Palmer, who said you have as much to do with rock 'n' roll as "Beethoven has with a sneeze"?

JOEL: He's irrelevant. He is nothing. He gave away his prejudice in his review. He said, "I never liked him." So why the hell did he come to review the concert in the first place? I mean, he doesn't fool anybody. I will not write what the critics think I should write, and *that* infuriates them most of all.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem to acknowledge the purpose of critics.

JOEL: Oh, but I do. Criticism is healthy. It's needed. I've been busted for things where they were right to bust me. Sometimes the show wasn't up to par and they say the show wasn't right. But if somebody doesn't like the music up front, he's not going to like the show. That's not criticism. That's just publicly stating your prejudices.

There's another thing to consider. The reviewers never pay for tickets. They don't know the value of anything. They never buy the records. They get them free in the mail. They don't stand in line or pay money like everybody else. They're not going to a show because they want to, they're going because they *have* to. How do they know whether a show is any good or not? Tell them to ask the people who waited in line and paid the money.

Palmer said something like, "The audience probably liked the show but. . . ." What's he saying? If an audience loves a show and the reviewer hates it, what does that say? He's saying the whole audience is a bunch of idiots. That review said that I make elitism defensible. So he's admitted he's elitist. If you're busted for something you did wrong, that really hurts. You feel stupid. But the vitriolic, hateful reviews reveal themselves to be just that.

PLAYBOY: All reviewing is a form of elitism, isn't it? Critics set the highest standards.

JOEL: If the reviewer goes in hating the performer—an opera star, say, or the opera itself—he's not being fair. He could write the review without going to the performance. Where does anybody get off—— [*Smack! He destroys a fly in mid-air.*]

PLAYBOY: Good shot.

JOEL: I never miss.

PLAYBOY: Has your press gotten worse as you've gotten more popular?

JOEL: I think what happens is that after you reach a certain point, the press can't control your career anymore. All it can do is comment on it. I think there's a certain amount of bitterness. It loses power, so the only thing it can do is attack, attack, attack. It doesn't affect anything, except people who are fans of critics, and I don't know many of those.

What is rock 'n' roll, anyway? The critics take away a lot of fun because they pontificate about something that should be enjoyed. They get very pretentious, intellectual, and they don't seem like they're getting any fun out of it. They have to analyze, critique and dissect. When they are at the concert, they aren't hearing the concert. They're judging it. A record, the same thing. I listen to a record, I just let it hit me. I don't sit there and critique. It's not an intellectual process: "Oh, here is Chuck Berry's new album. Ya da da da da da da. Mr. Berry's chord progressions are very primitive, reminiscent of early whatever." What the hell is he talking about? I don't know. It's making it mathematics. And I *hate* math!

PLAYBOY: You said some of that in *It's Still Rock and Roll to Me*.

JOEL: As I said, I don't turn the other cheek. It didn't help me any with the press, ya know [*laughing*], "There's a new band in town, but you can't get the sound from a story in a magazine."

PLAYBOY: A *Rolling Stone* critics' poll voted *It's Still Rock and Roll* the worst song ever written about rock 'n' roll.

JOEL: The song is an out-and-out attack on the press, so why shouldn't it try to get even? I'm totally discounting everything these guys say. I don't sit around and play footsie with the press, especially with *Rolling Stone*. I have a running battle with them. I don't know

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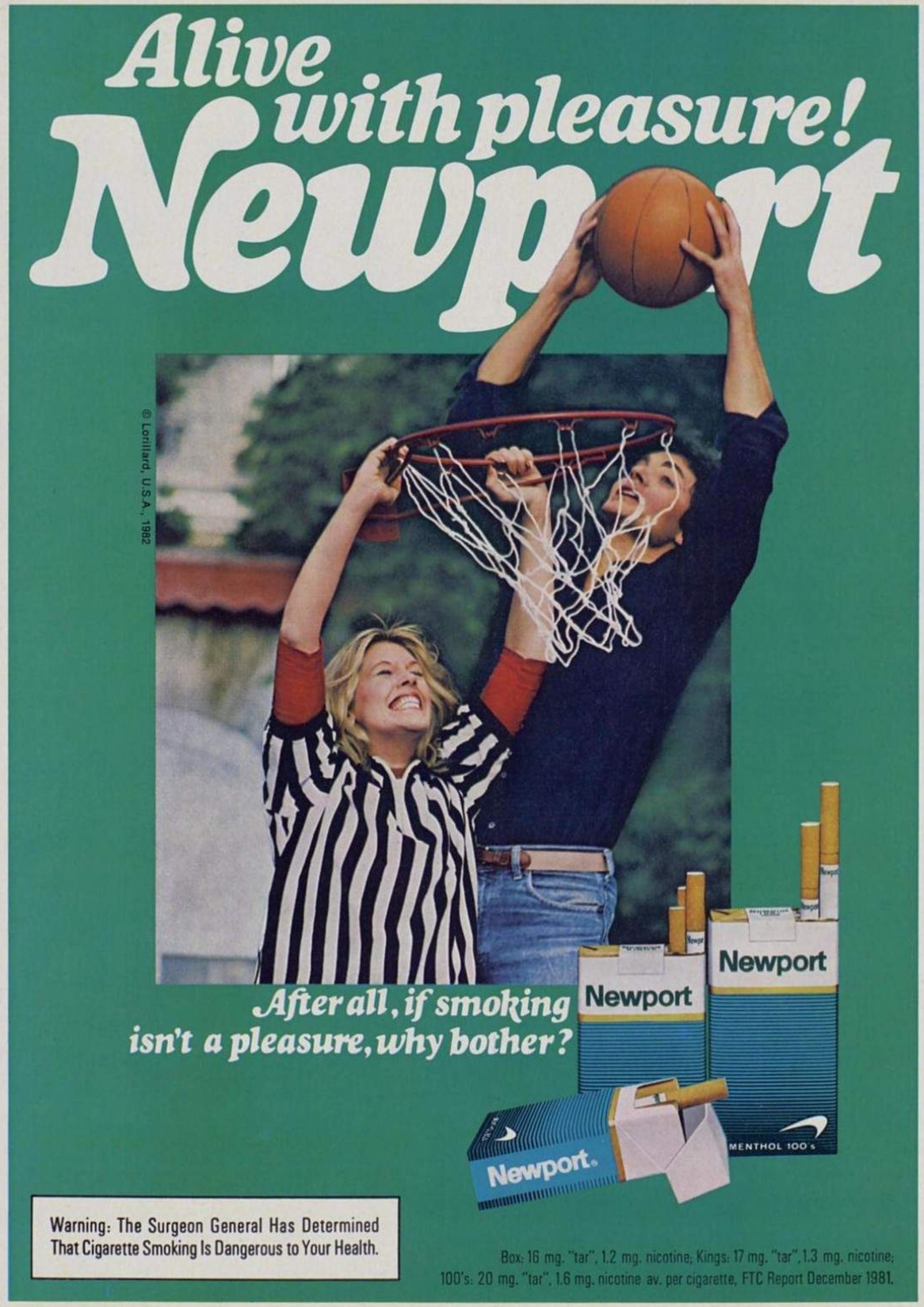
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when it started, but I know I'm not about to let it drop. I'm going to keep it going. I kind of dig it.

PLAYBOY: What *did* you mean by "It's still rock 'n' roll to me"?

JOEL: Everybody puts things in categories. Everything has to fit into a certain bag: New Wave, next phase, dance, funk, punk. . . . Call it what you want, but it sounds like the music I heard in the early Sixties. The New Wave isn't new. It's just the explosion of a lot of groups, which I think is good.

PLAYBOY: So what *is* rock 'n' roll to you?

JOEL: It's music with a beat. No, that's not right. It's music that has passion in it, whether it's a ballad or whatever. There's *some* kind of intensity.

PLAYBOY: Are you arguing that music other than rock 'n' roll lacks passion?

JOEL: Well, take M.O.R. [middle of the road]: You can hear it and not *hear* it. That's how a lot of music is. Rock 'n' roll is music you *have* to hear. People say I'm not rock 'n' roll because of my ballads, but that's not right: Take a song like *Yesterday*, a ballad created by a member of a rock-'n'-roll band. Is that rock 'n' roll? If you're a rock-'n'-roll snob who hates ballads, you never would have listened to the Beatles. If the Beatles were around today, they would never make the hard-rock stations. You see, elitism of any kind is bad. You're shutting yourself off. Christ—Led Zeppelin and The Rolling Stones have done ballads. I think a lot of it has to do with the emotion behind it. If it's performed with passion and recorded with intensity, and it's written in some rock form, it's rock 'n' roll. If I like it and I hear it on the radio and it gets me going, stimulates me, it's rock 'n' roll.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you ever been stimulated by a Frank Sinatra song or a Beethoven symphony?

JOEL: They don't stimulate you in the same way.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference?

JOEL: It's the difference between Valium and speed, I suppose—to use a drug analogy. And we're talking about rock 'n' roll in general—the vast group of pop music we call rock 'n' roll now. Classic rock, the Chuck Berry and Little Richard stuff, is even more defined—and it's coming back, by the way. The kids are discovering rock-a-billy: Billy Burnette, Stray Cats. It's interesting to kids, but it's not new; it's rehash. It's coming back as part of a cycle, like there are dance cycles and blues cycles. It's constantly changing and refreshing itself. Hybridizing. So the purest version of rock 'n' roll is being kicked alive again. And it's nice to see it sit up and smile. I welcome it back.

You see, whatever the new stuff you want to talk about, I'm not intimidated. I think new is good, it's healthy. It's giving the whole music business an enema, which it needs periodically to clean itself out.

There will always be crap—garbage like groups that go onstage and blow up Cadillacs. But that's like a circus. It's a show, but it doesn't necessarily have a lot to do with music. Even with all the new groups, there aren't a lot of them really breaking through. Music is very conservative now, really. When I was a teenager, music progressed because people were exposed to a lot of everything. On the radio, one pop station would play new music, blues, soul. There don't seem to be any melting-pot stations now, only heavy-metal stations, easy-listening stations, R&B, whatever. People are mostly exposed to one thing, which I think is bad. You got a lot of people who listen only to New Wave. You got people who listen only to heavy metal. They shut out everything else, past and present, in the world. They want to get an ax and kill Anne Murray. They can't stand her; she's the worst. But because they don't like that kind of music doesn't mean she's bad or not right. If she ever does something they might like, they'll never know. They shut themselves off from all kinds of music: *That*'s what's bad. It's like getting a steady diet of one kind of food. You get anemic after a while.

PLAYBOY: It's still rock 'n' roll to you, but the whole point of a lot of the New Wave and punk is that music is dying, that it's going nowhere.

JOEL: I somewhat agree with that. I understand the philosophy. But it's happened before. That's what I was saying before: An enema is good now and then, and that's the effect of the people trying to tear it all down.

PLAYBOY: Part of it is a rebellion against the more complicated, heavily produced rock 'n' roll.

JOEL: Yeah, but you listen to a lot of the new groups and it's not that simple. It's very intellectual stuff. It's not "I love you, baby, let's dance." Now, that's rock 'n' roll, right? A lot of the new stuff is sadism and rejection and all kinds of anger and political stuff. It's not stripping music down to basic rock 'n' roll. Maybe it is musically, productionwise, but lyrically, it is very sophisticated. I happen to prefer records that sound good. But I do agree that killing dinosaurs is healthy. It's a part of life. Old things have to die and young ones take their place.

PLAYBOY: What constitutes a dinosaur?

JOEL: Something that sits back and lives off its own fat. It's there just 'cause it's so big.

PLAYBOY: For example?

JOEL: Big, huge groups that go out there and have tons of equipment and 5000 gongs and they're not doing anything interesting or meaningful, they're just doing it because they are that group and everybody will come see them make a lot of money. Emerson, Lake and Palmer did it. They kind of short-circuited. They got to be a dinosaur; they weren't doing anything except being Emerson, Lake and Palmer.

PLAYBOY: You've been accused of being in that category.

JOEL: I'm sure a lot of people look at me and think I'm a dinosaur. They might not like what I've done in the past, they might not like what I do in the future, but I'm not resting on my laurels. Still, I suppose rock 'n' roll may have run its course. It's quite possible that we may have seen the golden age of rock 'n' roll come and go. What we see now may be an aftershock—maybe even what *I'm* doing. Who knows? Maybe it's not rock 'n' roll anymore. I don't know. I'm just a songwriter who happens to like to play what *I* call rock 'n' roll.

My time will come just like everybody's. It's a natural progression. I'm not so hung up on being number one and staying on top that it's going to drive me crazy. If I'm not number one, it doesn't mean I'm at the bottom. People think I'm so hung up on being on top that I'll do whatever it takes to stay there. They say I came out with *Glass Houses* to take advantage of the New Wave.

PLAYBOY: Did you? Some critics said you were imitating Elvis Costello's New Wave.

JOEL: I like Elvis Costello, but I have never tried to duplicate anyone. If I consciously try to emulate anybody, it's the Beatles. I've tried to compose in a certain style—for instance, I was thinking of Ray Charles when I sat down to write *New York State of Mind*—but that's different. I am inspired by performers, but I don't try to copy people. We didn't set out to make *Glass Houses* New Wave. We looked at it as a rock-'n'-roll album. But we knew they would throw rocks at it.

PLAYBOY: Hence the cover, which shows you throwing a rock at your glass house.

JOEL: Right. It was, "I'm going to throw a rock at the image people have of me as this mellow balladeer." We had been doing rock 'n' roll before, but there happened to be more of it on this record. The old thing about people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones—I don't believe it. I think, Why not? Take chances. I really wanted to throw a rock at my own house.

Anyway, playing all that rock 'n' roll was fun. One rock-'n'-roll song kicked off another. Also, I've started to jump around onstage more. I used to stay behind the piano.

PLAYBOY: A newspaper clip remarked that your stage show changed in that direction after you saw Bruce Springsteen. It spoke about a rivalry between the two of you.

JOEL: I don't think we're anything alike

at all. Bruce writes his Jersey stuff and I write my Long Island stuff. I thought that guy was a friend of mine. We don't have any rivalry. There's plenty of room for both of us. Bruce is the Boss: I have no pretensions to his throne. I just do what I do. I've seen Bruce. He's great. But I don't know how good *I* am, because I'm up there working. It's another thing the press does: "Billy Joel is trying to be Bruce Springsteen." I get a kick out of it. It's hard for people to realize you're just doing what you want to do. The press has nothing better to do than attack. I've lost a lot of respect for what I read.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, your last album, *Songs in the Attic*, got generally good reviews. Why?

JOEL: I don't know. It worries me. It means something is probably wrong.

PLAYBOY: Sometimes it sounds like Billy Joel against the world—or at least against the press. What else gets to you?

JOEL: Bureaucracy: record companies, the telephone company, the post office and, oh, yeah—the Department of Motor Vehicles. I might take a swing at that. I mean, *everybody* hates that place! [*A fly buzzes by; Joel nails it*] Flies. I'm constantly rebelling against flies. Authority. When I was a kid in school, I always saw how stupid rules were. I would do something that didn't hurt anybody, but it broke the rules and I would get in trouble for it. My life has been a constant rebellion against that. "This is my life. . . . Leave me alone."

PLAYBOY: You're quoting from *My Life*.

JOEL: Yup.

PLAYBOY: You were taken to court over *My Life*, weren't you?

JOEL: Yeah. [*His eyes narrow and he smiles sinisterly*] Hey, you want to go to Reno and beat somebody up? That's where he lives—the creep who says I stole his song!

PLAYBOY: What happened?

JOEL: This is it: *I* wrote that song. I remember writing that song. I gave birth to that song. It's *my* song. But I got a call one day saying I was being sued by a guy who had a song with the same kind of notes that he copyrighted and sent to Columbia Records or somebody, and they sent it back, saying, "Thanks, but no, thanks." Based on the fact that I wrote the same kind of song and the fact that Columbia had his tape, he said I heard his tape and stole the song. When I heard about it, I said, "Let's go to court. Let's kill him. I want to *kill* him." But the lawyers said, "Look at it this way. You're going to go to Reno, Nevada. You're a big successful rock star. Here's this poor little schlump. The jury's going to be from Reno. We'll have our musicologist, he'll have his musicologist. Who's to say? You can lose."

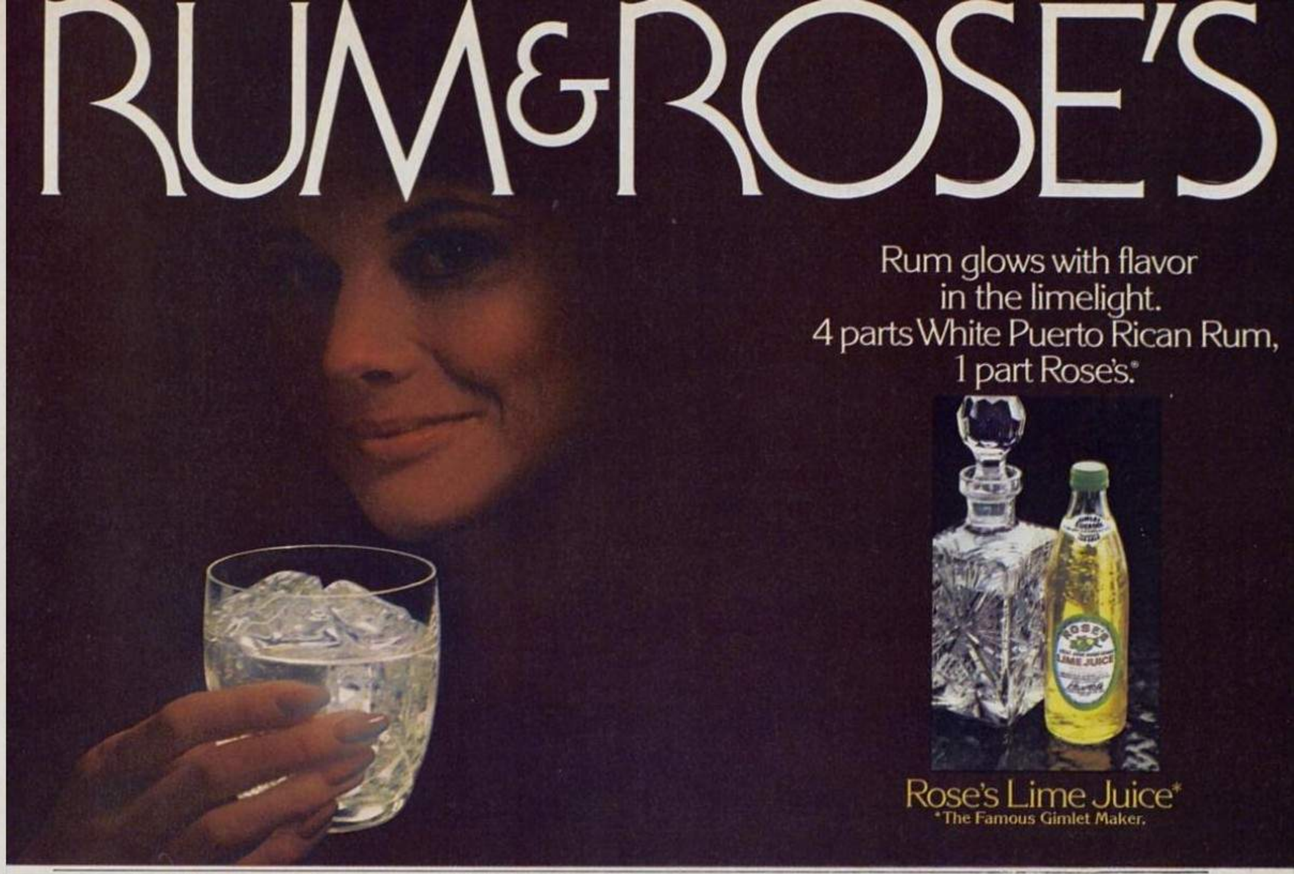
I said, "How can I lose? I *wrote* the song! I know I wrote the song! My wife is a witness!" "Your wife can't testify." "But she was there! I went through all hell writing this damn thing!" Anyway, they told me I should settle out of court. I said, "What! Why should I settle? I *wrote* the goddamn song!" But they advised me to settle, because life is not fair. So they settled for the minimum amount of money. After everything, the guy probably got $5000. It was a nuisance suit. But by the agreement, we were supposed to get a letter saying that I did *not* steal his song. I was totally against it, but I went along with the lawyers for once. So I'm supposed to have this letter. I've never seen this letter. And I hear that the guy does an act now and says, "This is a song I wrote that Billy Joel stole." So I'm going to kill this guy. [*He downs a glass of Scotch*] I want to break his legs with my own hands.

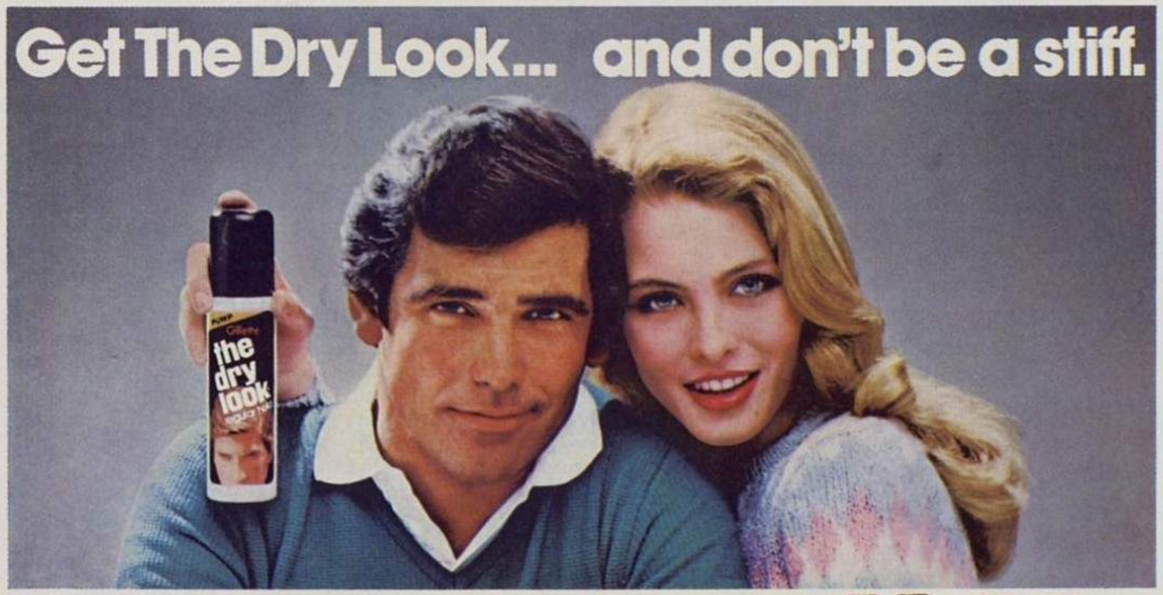
Somebody else was going to sue me for another song; he claimed I was in a movie theater and heard a tape of his that I stole. When I heard about it, I said, "Listen, no more of this settling shit. If somebody sues, you have to countersue. Tell the guy, 'I'm going to countersue you for every penny you ever make, and I'll give it all to charity. I don't want your stinking money. You go after me, I'll kill you!' " I never stole nobody's song! I'm still mad at the lawyers for letting me settle. It sucks. Lawyers kind of run the country. So, anyway, I don't care how much it will cost me. If it ever happens again, I'm going to go for the jugular. After my lawyers went back to tell the second guy we wouldn't settle, we never heard from him again.

PLAYBOY: Do you——

JOEL: Man, the thing that bugged me about it was that it was like they were taking away my kid! I give birth to these songs. I go through labor pains with these songs. It's not the money. It's the birthright. Writing is the worst thing. It's the scariest thing in the world. I hate to write. I absolutely hate writing. You tear your guts out of yourself. You're in the middle of a hot, dry desert. There's nothing but this blank piece of paper in front of you and this piano that has 88 white teeth staring at you, waiting to bite your hands off. That's what it's like. It's horrible—until you finish. Then it's, "Don't talk to me! I just did something really cool. Look at my child."

For somebody to come up and say, "That's not your child. . . ." No way. *Fuck you!* So if I ever meet that guy, I'm going to break his legs, I'm going to break his face. That may sound real *macho* and stupid and brutal, but I don't care: Don't take my child away. That's it.





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PLAYBOY: OK. Earlier, you said you found the normal to be romantic. What did you mean?

JOEL: To me, one of the noblest endeavors in the world is the guy who just tries to bring up a family and goes to work every day from nine to five, battling inflation. It's romantic to me: the workingman, just trying to cope and survive. People think it's dull, they think what *I* do is fascinating; but I look at it the other way.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it pretty easy to romanticize when you've got enough money not to have to do it?

JOEL: Maybe it is, but the people in that life can't see it, it's too subjective for them. But I've done it, I've been there. Back then, I still felt the same way: It's a noble thing just to strive. I'm trying to point out to people, what you're doing is worth while, it's good. Make sure you're doing what you like to do to begin with. Don't let anybody else tell you what to do. Find out what your real talent is; fulfill your potential. Be good at what you do and be happy; otherwise, your unhappiness and your unfulfilled life will become a burden to me and the rest of society. You're doing everybody a favor by fulfilling your life, especially in America. I've been around the world, and there's *no* other place where you really got a good shot like you do here. So those thoughts and observations, whatever, inspire me.

PLAYBOY: Your songs are often contradictions within themselves: A fairly tough, raw statement comes packaged in a sweet melody.

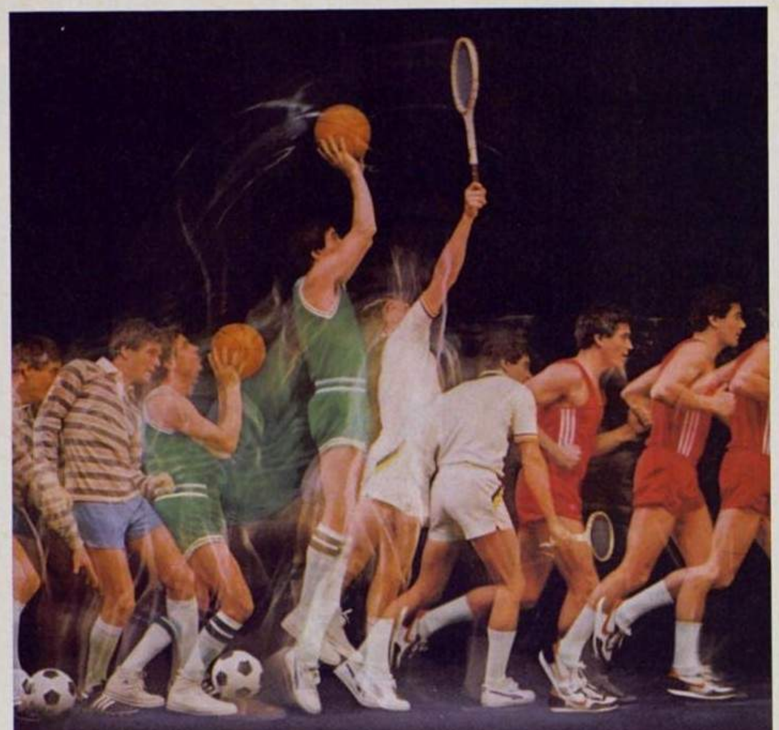
JOEL: That's true. Probably because my music and lyrics aren't written at the same time. I always write the music first. A lot of times I write bail-out lyrics, just to carry along the melody while I work on the real lyrics. *My Life* was originally [*singing*] "Welcome back, welcome back, welcome back to the real life." Those were the bail-out lyrics. *Honesty* was originally *Sodomy*. My drummer, Liberty DeVitto, will sometimes make up some dirty lyrics and we use those until it gets to the point where I say, "Uh-oh, I'd better write real lyrics for this or I'll have to get up onstage and sing Lib's words." I can just see getting up onstage and going [*singing*], "Sodomy, it's such a lonely word."

PLAYBOY: Are lyrics less important to you?

JOEL: No, words are just as important as music, but the first thing you hear with *any* song is the music. You hear the melody first.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying that no matter how brilliant the words, no one is going to care if they're not packaged prettily?

JOEL: Dylan was the only one who could get away with not having the music as complete as the lyrics. A lot of times, I just write words for the sound of them,



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to complement a particular key or a particular pattern of notes. Not to take anything away from the importance of lyrics, but the melody has to be complete first. It has to stand up alone. If my words don't emotionally match the music, that's because they are made to fit in afterward—and I guess that's backward from classic songwriting. You're supposed to write a poem or something and set it to music.

PLAYBOY: Have you tried that?

JOEL: I've tried it. It ends up as a pretentious pile of garbage. I'm not a poet. When everybody was trying to figure out the hidden meanings behind the Beatles' songs, I was just listening. When *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* came out, I didn't think of LSD. I said, "Well, that's a nonsense song. That's OK. The words *sound* really pretty." A lot of people I knew were having stoned discussions about what the songs meant; they were playing the records backward and turning the album covers upside down, and I used to sit there and go, "You're all full of shit. It doesn't mean anything more than it says."

PLAYBOY: What about songs by Dylan or Paul Simon or the Beatles, songs that *required* you to think about the words?

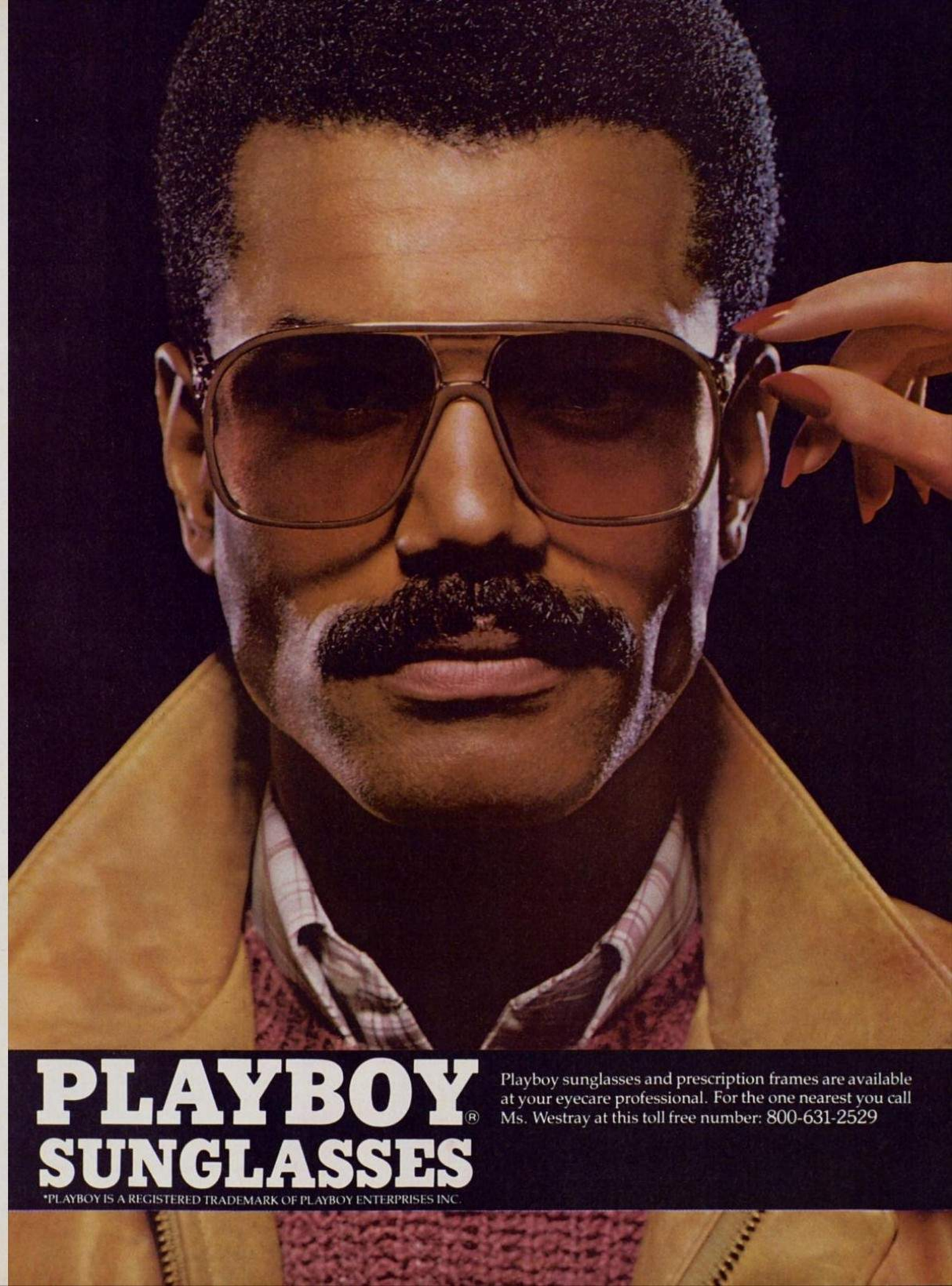
JOEL: If I had to work at figuring it out, I stopped there. I liked that stuff because of the imagery, and maybe it had a definite symbolic message, but I couldn't bother sitting around to figure it out. I liked the *sound* of it.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't some of your early material with the group The Hassles pretty stony, psychedelic music?

JOEL: It was an attempt at being psychedelic without ever having taken acid. It was a stab at that kind of imagery, but it really wasn't my kind of thing. The early songs were either about love and girls or pretty abstract stuff. When you're a teenager, you go through very heavy heartbreaks. You think your love is the only love in the world. I wrote a couple of those songs and then said, "Well, I've said that. Now I have to say something abstract and surreal." So I'd go on about the cosmic rings of Saturn. I couldn't relate to the San Francisco music like Grateful Dead and Jefferson Airplane. It was all a little too profound for me. I couldn't get into the heavy drug message of "One pill makes you larger and one pill makes you small." I thought Grace Slick was talking about aspirin. I didn't find out about drugs until later in life. I liked the folk stuff, but I couldn't relate to a lot of it because it was all acoustic guitar. It didn't transfer very well to the piano. *Blowin' in the Wind* sounds pretty horrible on piano unless you do a sort of Gospel version.

PLAYBOY: What did you listen to while growing up?

JOEL: I liked The Rolling Stones a lot. Their music was dirty and ragged and



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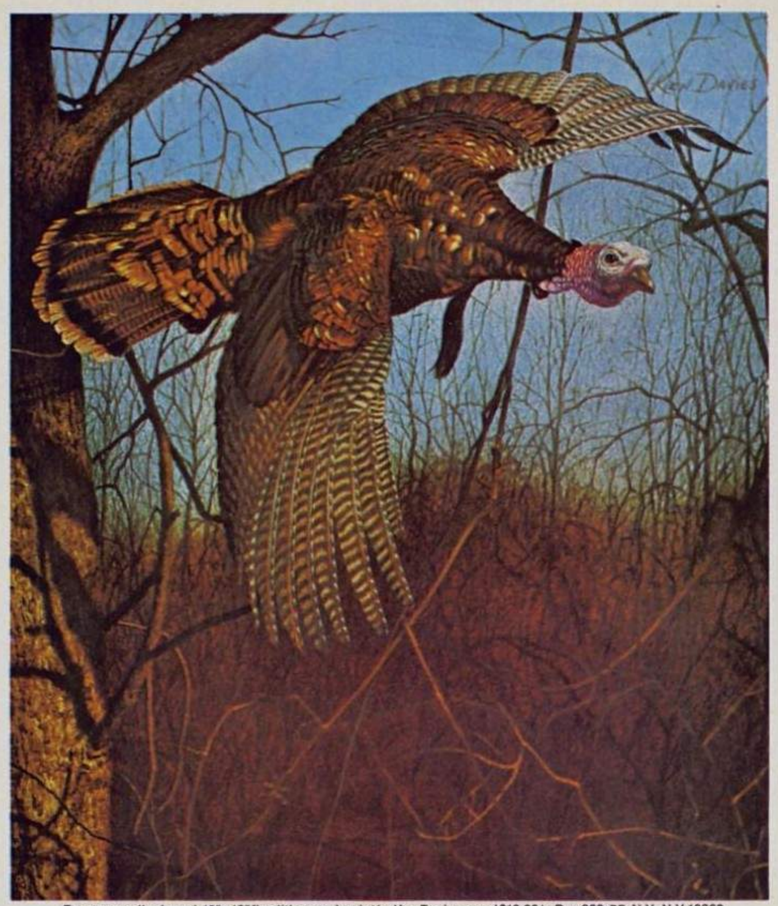

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there were mistakes all over the place. My friends would go, "Wow, did you hear that note the drummer played?" They claimed they were doing that stuff on purpose, but I knew they were mistakes. I liked every song on every Beatles album. In school, I always was in chorus, even though I thought chorus was kind of faggy. I did it because it was one of the easier classes to do and I did like to sing. So there was *that* kind of music. Elvis was a little before me, but I do remember doing an Elvis Presley impression when I was in the fourth grade. It was the first thing I ever did in front of people. I sang *Hound Dog* and I was jiggling my hips like Elvis. I remember this because the fifth-grade girls started screaming. I really dug the fifth-grade girls. I thought, Hey, this is pretty neat. When the girls started screaming, the teacher pulled me off the stage. She said it was because I was wiggling my hips. Now, in fourth grade, you don't *have* hips. Anyway, I listened to everything. I loved Traffic later on. Steve Winwood is a hero. Paul McCartney.

PLAYBOY: So you grew up wanting to become a rock star?

JOEL: I don't feel like a rock star today. Rock stars to me are still Paul McCartney and Mick Jagger. I'm supposed to be a rock star, but I just feel like the guy from Hicksville, only I was able to get out of Hicksville. But it still takes me by surprise when people come up and do those [*screeching*] "Oh, Billy Joel!" things. I don't look any better than I did ten years ago. How come all these girls are coming on to me now? Where were they in high school when I needed them?

I don't think I'll ever get used to it. I ride in limousines and I sit in the back and I giggle, because I really don't belong there. I don't have no three-piece suit and briefcase, like you're supposed to in a limousine. I sit in my jeans and T-shirt and smoke Camels and drink root beer. You're not supposed to let people see you when you're driving around in a limousine, but I stick my head out and go, "Nyah, nyah!" I play with the TV and the stereo. It's fun because I don't belong there.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle recognition on the streets?

JOEL: That's kind of funny or weird, depending on the situation. On my bike, I stop at a light and somebody will say, "Hey, Mr. Joel," or "Hey, B.J." I'm pretty shy, so it's a great way to meet the world, to tell you the truth. But it can get to be too much. One day, I found I couldn't go to Yankee games anymore. That was a drag.

PLAYBOY: Why?

JOEL: I wouldn't see the game. Everybody would be coming up for autographs and every time I'd look down—*bam!* Reggie [Jackson] would have hit one out of the park. I'd always miss it. One time I didn't shave, I wore sunglasses, I brought one of those radios, I put a bandanna around my head and I made believe I didn't speak English. But suddenly there was a whole bunch of kids behind me, pointing, singing *Honesty*. I really felt like a jerk. On the other hand, I had some of the Yankees over to my house for dinner. That was *too much*. This guy with the Yankees talked to our agent and said that the players were fans of mine. I said, "My God, these are the *New York Yankees* in *my* house!" And *they're* sitting there eating, saying, "My God, we're eating over at Billy Joel's house." We were a bit awkward for a while, but after a couple of beers, we got pretty loose.

PLAYBOY: So much for fame. How are you reacting to the money?

JOEL: I don't worry about that. I never have. You can live in a nice house and everything but still have a crazy life. It used to bug me. I read these stories about Peter Frampton's multimillion-dollar mansion, 15 Rolls-Royces and all that. Who cares? It's all bullshit. What was his last record like? Was it any good? That's the question. People get hung up on the money thing. It's nice to have four motorcycles. It's fun. And I walk into the garage and go, "Holy shit! I've got four motorcycles!" But I don't go beyond a certain point. I got the Harley Electra Glide. I looked at it and said, "What else do I need in my life? This is it! This is all I need!"

PLAYBOY: What happens when Harley builds a bigger bike?

JOEL: I don't know. [*Grins*] I'm in trouble. That's my illness. It's my disease. I've moved into a smaller house, so what the hell? I don't see what else I could want. Elizabeth will come up with something. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Then how has money changed things?

JOEL: It hasn't that much. When we bought the first house, people thought it was going to be a $1,000,000 mansion. We got a $300,000 house with a mortgage like everybody else.

PLAYBOY: But you *could* have bought a $1,000,000 mansion. That's the difference, isn't it?

JOEL: I don't know. I don't trust rock-'n'-roll money. I've heard too many horror stories about the guy with the cars and jets and furs, and then the next year he's totally broke, looking for work. I liked my house. I really didn't want to get into any bigger deal. I didn't even know how much money I had. I didn't want to know. I *don't* want to know.

PLAYBOY: Why?

JOEL: Because I'm afraid to know. I don't understand it.

PLAYBOY: Is the idea of being a millionaire scary?

JOEL: Yeah, it is. I mean, I still eat pizza and walk around in jeans with paint on them. I wear T-shirts. I always thought millionaires looked like Richie Rich and Scrooge McDuck. How much money do you need? It can really get sick. Accumulation of too much wealth, I think, is an illness. Strange things also happen to other people when you have money. People start suing you. I don't want to know about it. I'd rather just know that I can go out and eat, live in a comfortable house and drive my motorcycle.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, you have a lot of money coming in.

JOEL: But it goes out, too—pretty quick. The more you have, the more you spend. So we're also responsible for a lot of different people's income. The money coming in is creating employment, too, creating jobs. I'm not really a capitalist. I never was. I'm kind of a quasi socialist; I'm embarrassed by all the money. Elizabeth is a very good capitalist; she's very sensible. She exists in this society and she accepts it.

We give money to charity. I help my family out. I kind of like that. We never had no money and now I can help out. See, I'm afraid to get too business-oriented. It gets in the way of creativity. I'm not saying I subscribe to the theory that you have to be hungry to create; I don't buy that, because I've eaten a full meal and sat down to write. But I'm not doing this for the money. It's kind of weird—the values. Jonas Salk invented the polio vaccine. I'm probably worth a lot more than Jonas Salk. That's pretty weird. I didn't cure polio; this guy did. I walk into a bar and a whole bunch of people know who I am. Jonas Salk probably can't even get laid. Now, figure *that* out.

PLAYBOY: So one of your few overindulgences is motorcycles?

JOEL: Yeah, and it's not an expensive hobby. They're relatively cheap. If the money disappeared, as long as they didn't take my motorcycles away, I think I'd be able to cope very well. I could live in a small apartment in Brooklyn if I had to.

PLAYBOY: And if the motorcycles were taken away?

JOEL: I'd get violent. I couldn't talk anymore.

PLAYBOY: Why are motorcycles such a passion?

JOEL: A motorcycle is an amusement-park ride. It's dangerous. Everybody out on the road is out to get you. A truck goes by and it can blow you right off the road. Cars are constantly pulling out in front of you like you're not a real vehicle. I had an accident on one when I was a kid. I'm surprised I still do it. Terrifying. You're constantly playing terror chess: "What am I going to do if this guy does that?" It clears all the cobwebs out of your head. When you get off the bike, it's, "Whew, I made it."

PLAYBOY: When you boxed in your younger days, did you do that for the danger, too?

JOEL: Maybe. I think about it now and I must have been out of my mind, because boxing is very violent, brutal. It's dangerous—and, yes, crazy. But I really enjoyed it while I was doing it. I got my whole male-identity crisis out of the way in those three years of boxing. Now I know manhood is a matter of gender and not of physical force.

PLAYBOY: Proving your manhood was—or is—a big thing for you, isn't it?

JOEL: Yeah, well, now when I get too romantic or mushy, I jump on the bike or I go to a bar, but I don't stay in the *macho* thing for too long. I'm mostly over it.

PLAYBOY: Did your broken nose help you learn that?

JOEL: Yup, and I *won* that fight. He hit me in the nose and it was just sort of laying over on the side of my face. I thought it was just swollen. The doctor took it and moved it back and just put a bandage on it. It was broken, though, and never healed right. I've got two different-sized nostrils. Hey, I used to have a pug nose. I used to be *cute*, believe it or not.

PLAYBOY: You never got it fixed?

JOEL: No. It didn't hurt Marlon Brando. My mother says it gives me character.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you boxed?

JOEL: From 16 to 19. I was pretty good, too. I had 26 fights—two decisions, two losses by knockout and 22 wins. I lost my first fight and I lost my last fight. The last one was enough to convince me to stop. This guy's arms were the size of my entire body. I was dancing around this guy like a fly buzzing around. I couldn't hurt him. I thought, If this guy don't know I'm a better boxer than he is, I can't convince him. He got me with a left hook. Boom! I went right down. I could have gotten up, but I decided to hell with it, who needs this?

PLAYBOY: Were you always a tough guy as a kid?

JOEL: The tough-guy image has been blown out of proportion. I never thought of myself like that. I was just like everybody else, trying to look cool, like *West Side Story*, but never really *that* cool.

PLAYBOY: What was your home town, Levittown, like?

JOEL: It's a suburb, but not like most—it's just an extension of New York City. We were blue-collar poor people, which is different from *poor* poor people. You don't go to welfare when you're blue-collar poor. You somehow work. Kind of Archie Bunker: You never ask for a

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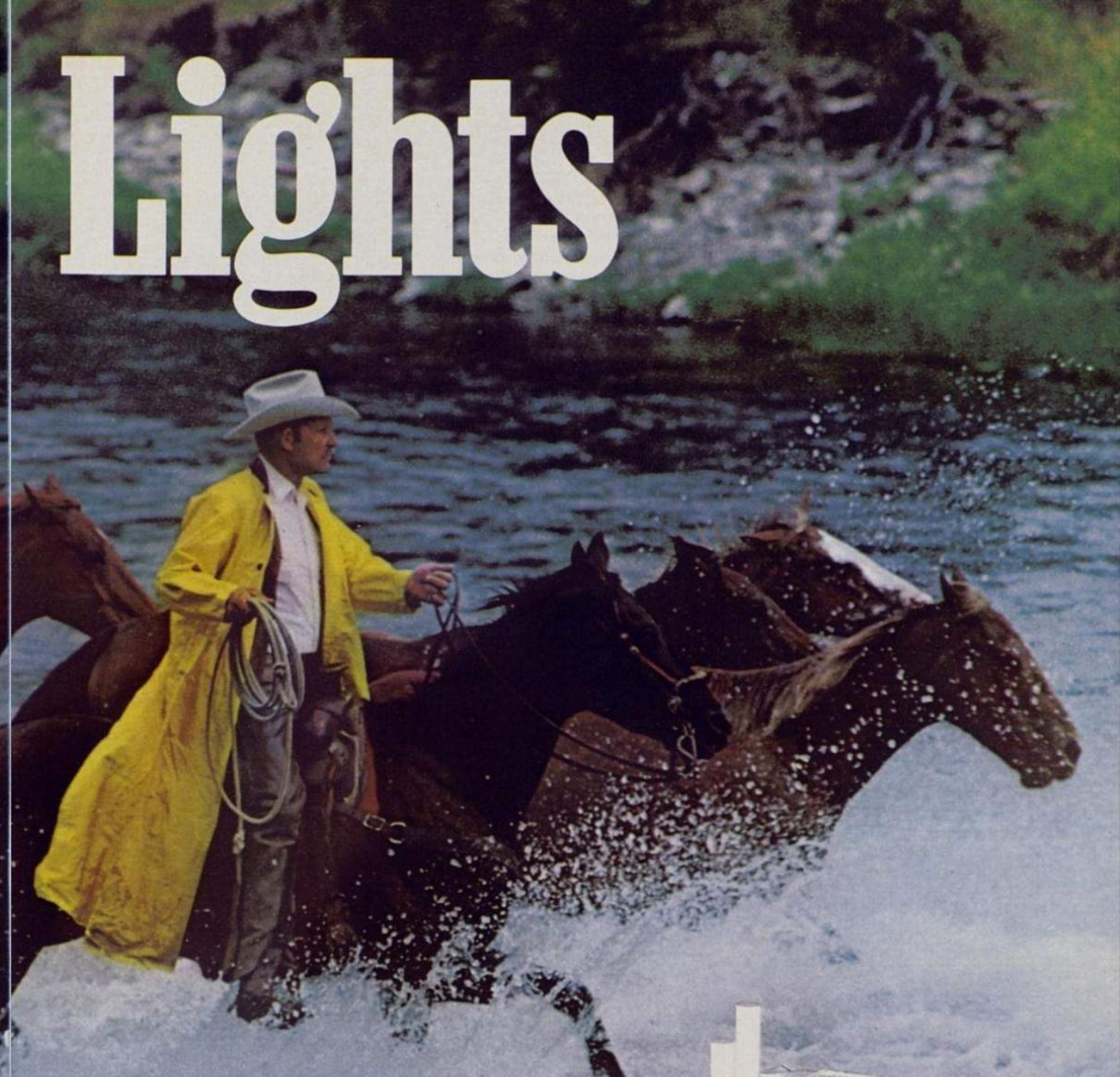

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handout. You would die first. Your kids would starve to death first.

This guy Levitt founded the town. He bought up a lot of land and people from the Army could get a house with a GI loan for $40 down. It was supposed to be a house in the country. So all these people fleeing from Staten Island and New York City moved out to Long Island but ended up living next door to people they just moved away from. It was the inner city all over again. There weren't even any playgrounds in Levittown, so we played stickball in the streets.

Everybody had the same house, so they'd try to make theirs different by fancying up the driveway or painting the trim different. All the kids on the block would look at the houses and laugh, because we all knew they were the same houses and it didn't make any difference what you did.

PLAYBOY: What was your family like?

JOEL: My parents split when I was eight or nine. My father left for Switzerland. I didn't see him until I was grown up. My mother raised us—me and my sister—by herself. She had to go out and get work. Now, this is the days before women's lib, so my mother had a hard time getting work and she took anything she could get, which was usually bookkeeping or secretarial or whatever.

PLAYBOY: Was the divorce hard on you?

JOEL: It was hard on me because it was hard on my mother. But it was the best thing my parents could have done, because they weren't happy together. My mother had to get tough fast. It was hard to watch. She kind of got beat by the system. We were the gypsy family: the only family where there had been a divorce, the only one that wasn't Catholic, the only one without a driveway. It was hard for her.

PLAYBOY: Is she your biggest fan today?

JOEL: No, actually, she's only a five-footer.

PLAYBOY: When did you see your father again?

JOEL: In 1972, I did a European tour and I was trying to track him down. All I knew was there was a Howard Joel who worked for General Electric. Just as I was leaving to go back to the States from Milan, I got a telegram: "URGENT: WE'VE REACHED YOUR FATHER." My heart's pounding. I flew back to the United States and it was like a movie, really dramatic. The strings would have come in then. We had moved to California and he was coming in to LAX. He got off the plane. I knew immediately it was him. For all he knew, I had been killed in Vietnam or I was a drug addict. We've got the same eyes. But he doesn't have any hair. Liberty, the comedian in our group, called me "*Herr* Joel" and him "No-Hair Joel." My father just looked at him and said, "Fuck you." Anyway, it was awkward for a while. We just kind of sat. We didn't know what to talk about. So he came to my house. This was around the time of *Piano Man*. I wasn't making a lot of money, but I was doing all right. So, basically, it turned out that this guy who I was fantasizing about all my life was a nice man. It's been fine since then.

PLAYBOY: What do you think was the effect of growing up without him?

JOEL: Well, I probably got away with murder. I was brought up by women, my mother and my sister. So it was a very gentle upbringing, very loving. I'm not afraid to be affectionate or any of that stuff. But, on the other hand, there was an identity crisis. So I had to go out and find my manhood and prove myself by boxing. So I proved I wasn't a sissy and moved on from there.

PLAYBOY: Where did your earliest musical influences come from?

JOEL: Well, my father was an accomplished pianist. I remember him playing the piano when I was very young. My mother sang. She was in a Gilbert and Sullivan company at CCNY. That's how they met. It choked me up when I went to see Linda Ronstadt in *The Pirates of Penzance* recently. So my mom played a lot of Gilbert and Sullivan and classical records. There was music all around and it just seeped in, I suppose.

PLAYBOY: When did rock 'n' roll come into the house?

JOEL: My sister and her friends were into Fabian and Elvis stuff. Pop music didn't hit me until the Righteous Brothers and Ronettes—the Phil Spector records—and Sam and Dave, Wilson Pickett and Otis Redding. That's the first music I *felt*. There was passion in it, intensity. I didn't start going out and buying records until the Beatles in '64. I saw them on *The Ed Sullivan Show* and that just knocked me out. I thought, These guys don't look like Fabian. They don't look like they were manufactured in Hollywood. They look just like me and my friends. I could see this look in John Lennon's eyes that told me something: They were irreverent, they were making fun of the whole thing. It was this smirk on his face. They were a bunch of wise guys like me and my friends! That's when it all took shape. I said, "That's what I want to do."

PLAYBOY: What did your mother think? Was there resistance?

JOEL: No. She thought the Beatles were great. She liked the harmony. I don't see how anybody who had an appreciation for music could avoid liking the Beatles. The resistance came from the teachers in school. I started playing with my friends at night and stopped showing up for classes. Soon after the Beatles came out, there must have been 20,000 garage bands. I was in one of those, not so much playing the piano but singing. School never got in the way. That's one thing I always kind of liked to do: to see how far I could push the system. That was where it began. When I got pulled off the stage for singing like Elvis in the fourth grade, it was kind of like I beat the system. I got away with something before they could stop me.

PLAYBOY: Were you a musical prodigy?

JOEL: No. I practiced a lot. I learned to play piano by ear because I got tired of reading the music that the piano teacher would give me. She would give me a Beethoven piece and I would go out and get the record and learn it that way. It was less like work. It came from doing it over and over again. I think my first writing was making piano lessons interesting by making up my own Mozart. I wasn't learning my lessons; when it came down to playing the pieces for my teacher, I would just sit there.

PLAYBOY: What about school?

JOEL: I liked school at first. I did good without doing any studying or anything. I used to read history books like they were novels to pass the time, since we didn't have a TV. But in junior high school, I started hanging out with a wild crowd. I started in my first band when I was 14 or so and I would come into school missing three classes. My eyes were red. Teachers thought I was a drug addict. "You look stoned." I said, "I'm not stoned. That's just the way I look naturally." I would show up and get a B on the tests, but the teachers wouldn't pass me, because I wasn't in school enough. I would say, "Well, I passed the test. I *know* the stuff I'm supposed to know. What's wrong with you?" It's the same thing—the running battle I have with bureaucracy.

PLAYBOY: You never graduated from high school?

JOEL: I went all the way to the 12th grade, and then I was called down to the office, and they said, "We're not going to graduate you, because you haven't showed up for classes enough." I felt bad, because my mother wanted me to graduate, but I told them, "Well, the hell with it. If I'm not going to Columbia University, I'm going to Columbia Records and you don't need a high school diploma over there." I just split. I suppose I broke my mother's heart. But I told her, "Don't worry, Mom, I'm going to make it up to you. Someday I'll buy you a house."

PLAYBOY: Did you?

JOEL: Yes. One way or another, I was going to make it up to her for that. All the little troubles I had growing up, I never brought it home. I never shamed my family. It was a big thing in our neighborhood: Don't bring trouble back to the house. It's hard enough to get by without problems from your kids.

PLAYBOY: What kind of girls did you go out with?

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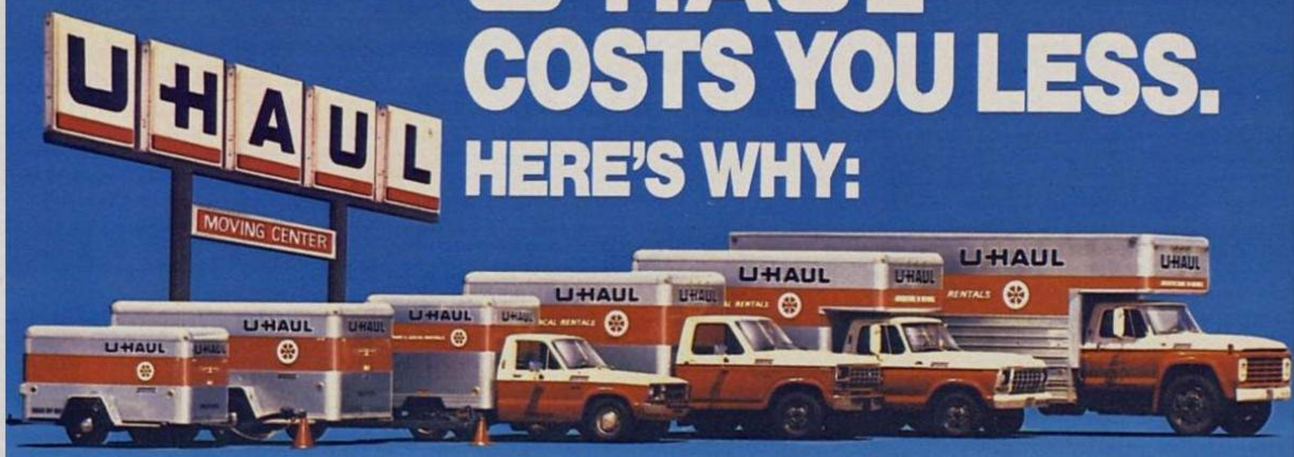

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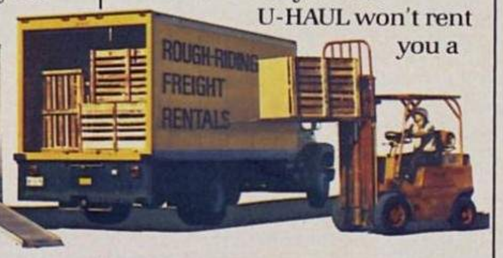

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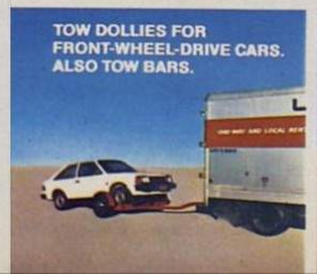

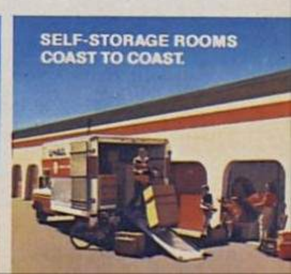

JOEL: Well, if you were from the more industrial, blue-collar part of Long Island, you wanted to go out with the girls from the North Shore—Oyster Bay, Cold Spring Harbor and Syosset—because they had a lot of class. Those girls weren't supposed to go out with us, because we were on the other side of the tracks—and that made the girls *want* to, of course. There were a lot of great local girls, too. We'd go to somebody's house whose parents weren't home and try to get beer and blast rock-'n'-roll music and everybody would sit around and make out. Nobody went all the way, but everybody *said* they did. We spent a lot of time trying to convince girls they should.

PLAYBOY: This was the late Sixties. Any involvement with drugs?

JOEL: We had long hair and we looked like drug addicts, but I hadn't even smoked pot yet. People assumed we were on drugs, but I missed it somehow. Later, I tried being a hippie for about two years. I was an absolute failure as a hippie. I didn't make it. I didn't turn on, I wasn't into flower power. I'd give the peace sign like everybody else, but I just didn't feel it. The counterculture movement was a system all its own. Everybody had to wear beads and smoke pot and not wash his hair. I went to Woodstock, but I hated it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

JOEL: It was rain, mud and acid. I didn't like any of that. I stayed for one day.

PLAYBOY: And you left?

JOEL: Yup. I couldn't find any place to sleep but the mud. If you wanted to go to the bathroom, you had to wait in these long lines for these smelly Port-o-sans. After a day, I thought, Well, I guess you have to be stoned. I had nothing against it, just that *I* didn't do it. I hitchhiked home.

PLAYBOY: Those were also the days of the Vietnam war and the draft. What were your feelings?

JOEL: I wasn't very political, because Hicksville was pretty much blue-collar. A lot of guys from Hicksville volunteered because they wanted to fight for America. But something about it bothered me. I didn't understand the reasons for going to Vietnam and killing those people. A lot of my friends went and got killed. I didn't have anything against Vietnamese people. I didn't know why I should go over and shoot them because the Government said so. It was another system to rebel against.

PLAYBOY: So you opposed the war?

JOEL: Yeah, but also, it was a very important time in my life as a musician. If a baseball player gets drafted from 18 to 24, it's his prime. That's how I viewed what was going to happen to me.

PLAYBOY: How did you avoid the draft?

JOEL: I lied to get out. The richer kids could get psychologists to write letters and attorneys that had pull and all that stuff. Kids who didn't have any money went. I didn't have any money, but I said, "To hell with this, I'm not going." I would have gone to Canada. But I told them, "I'm my mother's sole support. My X amount of dollars a year as a musician is supporting the family." They went, "Oh, OK." I got a temporary deferment. Then, when I was 20, they instituted the lottery. My number was 197 and the draft went to 195. I swear. And that's how I got out of the draft. I'm no less guilty than the guys who went off to Sweden and Canada and went underground as draft dodgers. When amnesty was declared, I felt a pang of relief myself. I'm not particularly proud of it, because I didn't dodge the draft for these political reasons. I just had nothing against the Vietnamese.

PLAYBOY: You never protested the war?

JOEL: No. I didn't go for that kind of stuff. Like I said, the counterculture was its own system. It kind of reminded me of Nazi Germany, everybody standing around chanting. I thought, Wait a minute, didn't I see this in an old movie? I feel it was hypocritical. The theory behind the antiwar movement was good, but a lot of people were doing it for selfish purposes. It was the hip thing to do.

PLAYBOY: What did you do then?

JOEL: The group I was in, The Hassles, continued to appear in clubs and we put out an album. Our second album came out and when nothing happened, we just broke up. Jon [Small] and I decided to form a two-man group, really heavy Led Zeppelin, heavy-metal stuff. I'd figured out a way to wire the Hammond organ to amplifiers and make it sound like a guitar and also to play the bass on the keyboards. I played the organ, the guitar sound, my left hand was playing the bass and I played the harmonica and was screaming at the top of my lungs. Jon played the drums.

PLAYBOY: That was Attila?

JOEL: Right. Attila—destroy the world with amplification. I had ten huge amplifiers. People would come just to see the setup. We released one album and played five or six gigs. I thought, This is insane; I can't do this. Finally, when I was 20 or 21, Attila split up. I had been going out with this girl and *we* split up. I felt really sorry for myself. That's when I checked into a nut house.

PLAYBOY: What made you go that far?

JOEL: My life was very scary. I didn't have a high school diploma. Nothing was working out for me musically. My big, heavy romance had broken up. I had no money, no place to live. I was sleeping in a laundromat.

PLAYBOY: Literally?

JOEL: Yeah. I couldn't pay the rent. I was sneaking into empty houses, sleeping wherever I could. In the wintertime in New York, when it gets really cold, the only places that were warm on Long Island were the all-night laundromats.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't you go home to your mother's house?

JOEL: I did once or twice, but I felt like such a bum. I couldn't do it. Some way or another, I was going to stick it out, but I started thinking, What's the use? You take yourself *so* seriously at that age. I'm sure everybody goes through it. I was feeling suicidal, so I checked into a nut house. I thought my problems were the worst in the world.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever actually try to kill yourself?

JOEL: No, but I was thinking of doing it, I was in such despair. I thought the world would be better off without another piece of flotsam and jetsam.

PLAYBOY: What was the mental institution like?

JOEL: It was a version of *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*. I went to Meadowbrook Hospital in East Meadow, Long Island, and said, "Listen, I'm going to do myself in. You'd better look me over." Once you check in, you have to stay for three weeks. You have to take your clothes off. They give you a smock to wear with your ass hanging out, and they give you Thorazine all the time. You can't carry matches, no razor blades, no personal possessions, and you sleep in a big room with all these other guys. They keep you sedated all the time while they observe you. I'd walk over to the nurse's station and knock on the window and go, "Hey, I'm OK. These other people are crazy. So can I get out of here?" And they'd go, "Sure, Mr. Joel. Here's your Thorazine," and they would close the gate. I'd just watch the other people who were *really* crazy.

PLAYBOY: They weren't simply depressed like you?

JOEL: They were homicidal maniacs, guys out of the county jail. One guy thought he was Kaiser Wilhelm. There were guys kicking heroin, kicking booze. People who really had problems. All the time, you were trying to avoid these murderous guys. If you looked at them wrong, they would run over and grab you and bang your head against the wall. I figured, OK, I'll just be cool, but I'm going to get out of here as fast as I can.

PLAYBOY: How did you get out?

JOEL: At the end of the three weeks, I told the shrinks, "I'm fine. I did a real stupid thing." They showed me ink blots and asked, "What do these look like?" "Like smeared ink, I don't know." So they let me out. I got out and the door closed behind me and I walked down the street and said, "Ohh, I'll never get *that* low again." It was one of the best things I ever did, because I've never gotten to feel sorry for myself, no matter what's happened. Any kind of problem since then is nothing compared with

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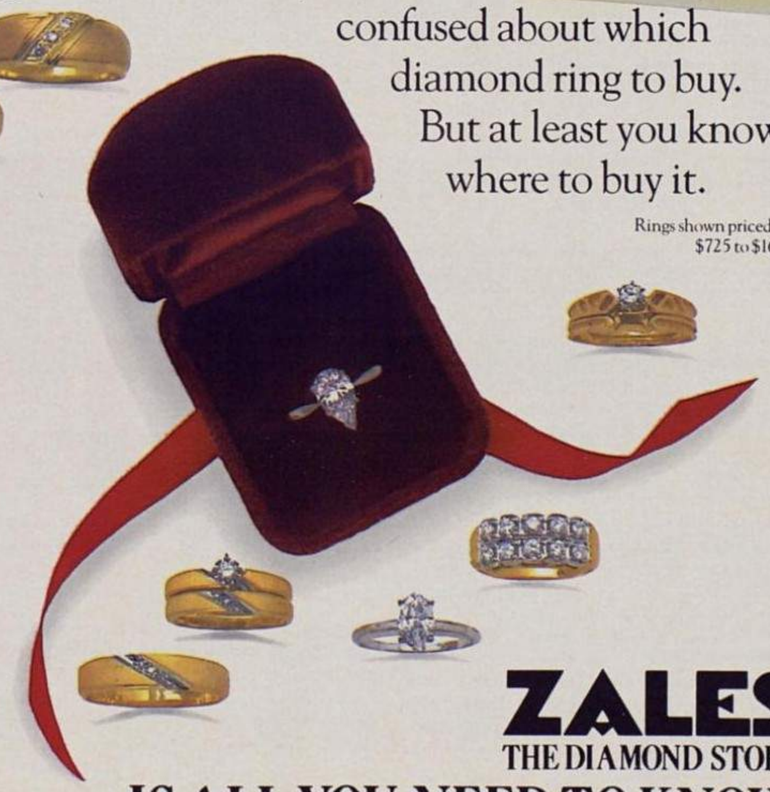

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what I've seen other people go through.

PLAYBOY: What did you do then?

JOEL: I decided that at that point, instead of being hung up making it as a performer, I was going to be a songwriter. The guy who managed Attila got me a deal somehow to make a record. I now know that to get that record deal, I signed away all my publishing, all my copyrights, most of my royalties. It was a real screw job. I didn't know what I was signing. But I probably would have signed anything to get a deal. I got an advance so I could buy a piano and pay the rent. I prepared a record thinking that the best way to get people to record my songs is to get them to hear them. And if you want to get people to hear your record, you go out on the road and tour. So it ended up being the same thing again, but I at least felt I had more control over it.

PLAYBOY: So you recorded *Cold Spring Harbor*.

JOEL: Yes. We toured for six months. Nobody got paid. We ate peanut-butter sandwiches. I never saw the record in a store anywhere. I never heard it on the radio. After six months, I said, "Something's not right here." That's when I realized I'd blown it. When I got home, I was supposed to get a rent check from the record company. It didn't come. I hate being in debt. I hate owing money. That was it. I said, "To hell with this, I'm going to get out of this field one way or another." We moved to California to start over and straighten things out.

PLAYBOY: We means you and Elizabeth?

JOEL: Right.

PLAYBOY: How did you get together?

JOEL: We had been friends since The Hassles. While I was making *Cold Spring Harbor*, she had divorced Jon [Small]. When I came back to Oyster Bay, we started seeing each other more and more and finally got a house together in Hampton Bays—the *working* section of the Hamptons, not Southampton or East Hampton. We got a little house right on the water and lived there in the off season 'cause we wanted to be alone. She was going to Adelphi. She came out on tour with me then and we've been together since. We moved in together for a couple of years and got married in California.

PLAYBOY: Elizabeth has quite a reputation for being tough.

JOEL: Well, that image comes from the fact that she's a good business person. She's very soft and gentle, but when she's protecting her business interests, she can be as tough as the next guy. I kinda expect her to be good at what she does. That's part of the reason we like each other. I couldn't do what she does, she can't do what I do. It keeps us interested in each other.

PLAYBOY: How do you spend your time together?

JOEL: Fooling around.

PLAYBOY: Besides that?

JOEL: We go out to movies, to dinner, and we ride motorcycles together. I liked riding and I didn't want to leave her alone, so I got her a 400. Once she rode the Virago, a 750, she said forget the 400. Now she drives down the street on the Virago, which is bigger than she is, in a little halter top and gets a lot of looks and whistles, and suddenly it becomes a whole new thing.

PLAYBOY: Is she a critic of your music?

JOEL: I run everything by her. If I like it, I want her to like it, too.

PLAYBOY: Does she inspire your songs?

JOEL: Yes. Sometimes it's specific and sometimes she represents women to me. I use her as a model like painters use their wives and mistresses. She represents all women.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

JOEL: *She's Always a Woman* is about women, but the song was misinterpreted. People said it was sexist, chauvinistic, but they missed the whole point. I was saying that if a woman like Elizabeth enters the work force and is aggressive, she's called a bitch; if a guy is aggressive, he's called ballsy. I'm saying, like, you're just as good as me, if not better. She can compete with me on that level, but it doesn't mean she's not a woman.

PLAYBOY: That's not the only time you've been accused of being sexist.

JOEL: Yeah, but it's funny: Any criticism about my being a chauvinist has always come from guys. I haven't gotten a complaint from a woman yet. These guys set themselves up as protectors of women, yet they don't have a clue what it's all about. If you happen to say that a woman is human, that she has moods, then it's a chauvinist song.

PLAYBOY: Back to the Billy Joel story. You moved to California.

JOEL: We put everything in Elizabeth's station wagon and drove across the States. I was going to get out of a bad business deal and get myself a lawyer and different management. I knew I'd got screwed. The people who did it were in L.A. I figured that was a good base of operation for me to try to get out of the deal. And that they weren't going to look for me right under their noses. So I used a pseudonym.

PLAYBOY: Billy Martin?

JOEL: Right.

PLAYBOY: No relation to the baseball manager?

JOEL: No, that's my name. So I thought I was going to live in L.A. temporarily, just long enough to get my contract renegotiated, but because it was nice and an easy place to live, we stayed—for three years. I got an agent to book me and I worked first at a place called Corky's, then I got a job at the Executive Room in the Wilshire district. They put up a little sign in the window, BILLY MARTIN AT THE KEYBOARDS. During this time, I got a lawyer to begin renegotiating my contract. The record company I had signed to finally figured if they didn't renegotiate, they were never going to get anything from me. I got *some* of the rights back. It hasn't been until recently that I've owned everything I do.

PLAYBOY: What was it like in the Executive Room?

JOEL: It was six months of being the "piano man." I wrote the song there.

PLAYBOY: Are the people in the song real?

JOEL: Yeah. John was the bartender. There was this guy Davy who was in the Navy. Paul was a real-estate broker, but he wanted to be a novelist. Elizabeth was working there as a cocktail waitress. She wore this hot little cocktail outfit and tried to go fishing for tips. We never let people know we were living together.

PLAYBOY: What happened then?

JOEL: They renegotiated my deal and I got signed to Columbia. I was finally on a good label. Clive Davis was the president and had seen me play before. When word leaked out that Billy Martin at the Executive Room was actually Billy Joel, he came down and heard me there. So we were offered a deal. In the meantime, I had written all the songs for our album. I was just trying to be a better songwriter; I thought other people would cover my material and that would be fine. I'm not happy with the production of that album, really. I think my voice sounds kind of powder-puffy and mushy. I wanted to use my own band, but we ended up using studio players.

PLAYBOY: And *Piano Man* became a top-25 hit.

JOEL: It took a while. *Piano Man* was pretty uninteresting melodically. The lyrics are probably stronger than the melody. It surprised me that it was a hit. It made some noise. The album eventually went gold. [*Whack! He smacks another fly.*] Since *Piano Man* was the single, I got pegged right away. A lot of people confused it with *Taxi*, the Harry Chapin song. They thought I was another Chapin, a storyteller. But the album had a lot of other things, like *Worse Comes to Worst* and *Captain Jack*, which were very different.

PLAYBOY: What was *Captain Jack* about?

JOEL: I wrote it when drugs were in full flower. A lot of useless, wasted deaths. Friends of mine were killed. Drugs can be fun, but they can kill, too. Some guys who lived near me in Oyster Bay used to score smack from a guy called Captain Jack, although I didn't write it to necessarily mean heroin. I meant any kind of drug you have to take over and over again.

PLAYBOY: You didn't take drugs when

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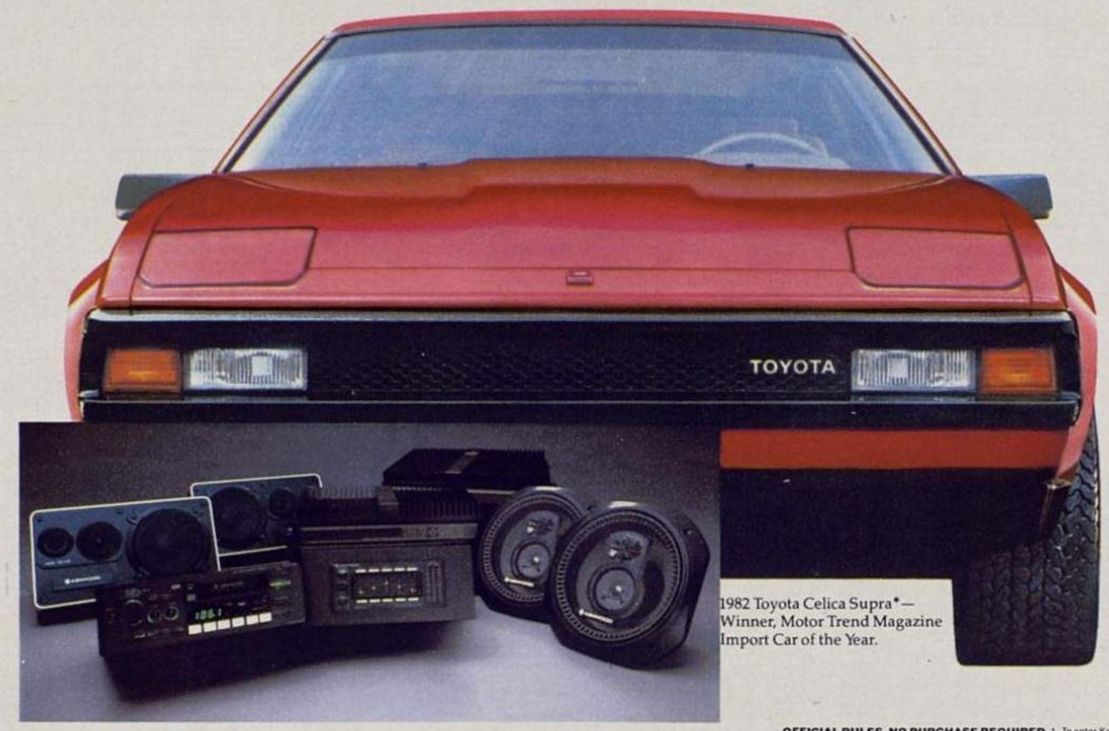

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you were young. How about later on?

JOEL: I smoked pot when I lived in California. For some reason or another, it made sense. It was just part of what they call the mellow life. Everything was laid back. We got into natural foods. The whole thing. When I got back to New York, I stopped. It just didn't make sense anymore, and I was eating too many chocolate-chip cookies. I smoked a joint and walked onstage *once*. It was the worst. I got real paranoid. I wanted to hide under the piano. I started going into this cosmic rap and all the guys in the band were going, "Oh, shit, we're in *big* trouble tonight." Somebody's got to be in control up there. That was the last time I did that. When you're up there and there are thousands of people going "Yeah," that's intoxicating on its own.

After a show, I'll have a smoke sometimes. I'll have a couple of beers, some Scotch. That's it. Nothing to excess, though I've tried everything once. I tripped on acid when I was in California. I saw rocks move. It scared the hell out of me. I don't know if I'm ready for that stuff.

PLAYBOY: Cocaine?

JOEL: Yeah. I've tried that.

PLAYBOY: Heroin?

JOEL: Even heroin.

PLAYBOY: But you never succumbed to Captain Jack?

JOEL: No. I saw too many people get hung up on it. I don't need it. It gets in my way. Drugs can be fun; it's something I do once in a while, but I'm not a drug addict. Although the rumors. . . . I didn't want to go to the Grammys last year, but my mother said, "Why don't you go? Nobody believes you're my son." I went and the cameras kept poking right in my face like I was a dancing monkey or something. Everybody who saw me said, "Man, you were really stoned, weren't you?" No, I was just mad at the cameraman and that's just the way I look, especially when I'm mad.

PLAYBOY: Back to the early years. When did you start touring?

JOEL: In 1971, for eight or nine months a year. Slowly we built up sort of a cult. Well, maybe there's a better word—when I think of a cult, I think of people with black capes and incense out killing babies or something. But we built up an audience around the country. People came to hear us because of word of mouth. It wasn't necessarily that they heard a song on the radio and then wanted to hear us. First it was small, small clubs. Then we started doing some better clubs, and then I was opening for the Beach Boys or Doobie Brothers or Eagles or Linda Ronstadt—just about everybody. Half the time we didn't even get billing. We were just "special guests." I would start *Piano Man* or something and they'd go, "Boo, we want to hear the Beach Boys." So we had to get good pretty quick.

PLAYBOY: Your Joe Cocker impersonation got a good response, though.

JOEL: In the early days, I did it, but we couldn't hinge everything on that. We had to give a good show. I stopped doing the impersonation because everybody went, "He's the guy who does a great Cocker impersonation," which was not what I wanted to be known for.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever do Joe Cocker for Joe Cocker?

JOEL: Oh, definitely. In L.A. I don't think Joe knew what was going on.

PLAYBOY: How does your Cocker compare with John Belushi's?

JOEL: Well, we once tried to outdo each other. We were at a comedy place on the East Side of New York—this was before *Saturday Night Live* took off. He came up to me and said, "I hear you do a pretty good Cocker." I said, "Yeah, I hear you're not so bad yourself." Of course, we're at least half lit and being egged on, so we do our dueling Cockers. He did his and fell down and I did mine and fell down. I don't know who won; we were too smashed. People were pouring beer on us. One of those nights.

PLAYBOY: You haven't toured for a year or so. Is touring over for you?

JOEL: Oh, no. We just won't tour for nine months a year—we've got families now. I'll never stop playing, but touring is a young man's gig. I'm 32 now. It's a 19-year-old's thing.

PLAYBOY: Tell that to Mick Jagger.

JOEL: Yeah, well, he often only does an hour show. We do a two-and-a-half-hour show. I'm the only singer and I gotta play the piano and jump around and sing all the time.

PLAYBOY: But do you miss touring?

JOEL: The cliché about the grass being greener applies: When you're on the road too long, you want to go home. When you're home too long, you're itching to play. There's this schizophrenic thing I'm able to live out that most people aren't. Offstage I'm very dull and kind of low-key. Onstage, in front of 20,000 people, I act like a maniac and yell and sing and bang and run around. I'm comfortable being just me offstage as long as I get the chance to get the wildness out. That's why I'll write these pretty songs and sit down and play a nice ballad on the piano and then go out and scream on my Harley. I don't want to give up either one. It's not a matter of having financial ability to do it. We don't need money to jump from one world to the other. I did it when I was a kid, too: I played make believe, let's pretend. Even sitting here being interviewed for PLAYBOY is kind of a fairy tale for me, like, "What am *I* doing here?" I'm really waiting for somebody's parents to come home and kick me out.

PLAYBOY: Your next two solo albums didn't sell very well, did they?

JOEL: Right. There was *Streetlife Serenade* and *Turnstiles*. After the first came out and did nothing, I woke up one day and said, "What am I still doing here in California? I'm a New Yorker." Elizabeth found us a house in Highland Falls. I got off the Greyhound bus and walked into the new house and sat down at the piano and wrote *New York State of Mind*. That's how I was feeling: glad to be home in New York.

PLAYBOY: Barbra Streisand recorded *New York State of Mind*. How did it feel to have an artist of Streisand's stature record your song?

JOEL: It was amazing. She sent me an album and inscribed it: "Dear Billy, Thanks for the song, hope you like it. Love, Barbra." I still have it in a frame. My mother came over and saw it; all of a sudden, I became legit in her mind. The fact that Barbra did the song made other people pay attention.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that also the time that Elizabeth became your manager?

JOEL: Yes. I was with different management companies and always being told what to do. Nothing much was happening, so there wasn't much to lose. One day I turned to Elizabeth half jokingly and said, "Why don't you manage me?" We had moved from Highland Falls to Manhattan, and the very next day, there were phones and shelves and typewriters and secretaries in our apartment.

PLAYBOY: Was Elizabeth experienced at management?

JOEL: She'd seen managers and agents come and go. She knew what had to be done. Also, if you can't trust your wife, who can you trust? And I figured this will be the first case of Artist Screws Manager. [*Laughing*] Really, I knew she was smart. I knew she could do it.

PLAYBOY: And it worked out?

JOEL: It was funny. The record company considered her just another rock-'n'-roll wife. A lot of people underestimated her. They turned around and it was like, *bang!* They didn't know what hit them. It worked to our advantage. She did a really good job while they were thinking she was this dumb chick who could be conned and not know it.

PLAYBOY: As manager, what did she do?

JOEL: She renegotiated my contract with Columbia, and renegotiated my publishing copyrights and a better record-royalty rate. Since my albums hadn't done much, everyone sort of wrote me off. She saw that I was doing great live, selling out 5000-seaters. We were blowing away headliners. We'd come on first and have only 40 minutes, so we did what we call our kamikaze show: *Bam!* We'd hit them with our hottest stuff and be gone. They'd say, "Who *was* that guy?" We became show stealers. No one wanted to play with us. We didn't do it

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on purpose, but we just played our best. So we came back as headliners.

Then Elizabeth got me together with Phil Ramone. I wasn't a good producer at that time. I couldn't translate things correctly onto a record. And I couldn't really work with other producers who wouldn't let me use my own band. Phil had been an engineer on a lot of records for people like Paul Simon, and somehow Elizabeth knew we would hit it off. She put us together and it was magic. Also, Elizabeth set things up so we could be booked properly. Once somebody put us on a tour with Olivia Newton-John. We called it the Snow White and Lenny Bruce Tour. It didn't make sense at all. She was playing the big coliseums full of Sunday-go-to-meeting crowds and I'd be doing *Captain Jack*. Instead of singing "You just sit at home and masturbate" in *Captain Jack*, I would sort of slur the words: "You just sit at home and contemplate."

PLAYBOY: Didn't Elizabeth's work on your career interfere with your personal relationship?

JOEL: Not really. We kept business out of bed. That was a rule. She wasn't going to manage me forever, just long enough to straighten things out. She did it for two and a half years.

PLAYBOY: Which is when things really started to happen.

JOEL: Right. We made *The Stranger* in the summer of 1977 with Phil Ramone.

PLAYBOY: What difference did Ramone make?

JOEL: The band had been under the gun with other producers, having to prove themselves, and also, there were always studio players, who were good but who weren't me. Phil liked my guys right off the bat. He heard them play the songs and said, "Don't play any different than you play on the road—be the rock-'n'-roll animals that you are." We did songs in five takes instead of 15 or 20. He was one of the guys. We'd throw around ideas, kick the songs around, try them different ways and get them right. Sometimes we'd throw pizza at each other. That's how it was with Phil.

He also has a great sense of what's right. I was originally going to do *Only the Good Die Young* as a *reggae* song. Phil heard it and said, "Try to play it as a shuffle." It worked. He got us to try *Just the Way You Are* as sort of a backward samba. That's the way the songs develop. It's a communal thing in the studio. It was inspiration! We created heat in the studio.

PLAYBOY: *The Stranger* wasn't an immediate hit, was it?

JOEL: No. We first released *Movin' Out*, but it didn't happen. Stations started playing *Just the Way You Are* on their own. Columbia thought, Maybe we have something here, and released it as a single. Then *Movin' Out* was re-released as the second single.

PLAYBOY: *Only the Good Die Young*, another single from *The Stranger*, kicked up some controversy, didn't it?

JOEL: Right. I got a lot of flak for that one. Jewish guilt is a very popular topic, but Catholic guilt is never discussed. Although I'm Jewish, I grew up as if I was Catholic—I went to Mass on Sundays with my friends, because that was the thing to do. I *know* what Catholic guilt is. So the song's first line was, "You Catholic girls start much too late." It was banned. That made it a *big* record.

PLAYBOY: And suddenly you were number one.

JOEL: Well, *The Stranger* didn't make number one. It came out at the time of *Saturday Night Fever*. How's that for luck? But it did pretty well, and I was playing the 20,000-seaters.

PLAYBOY: What did that mean?

JOEL: The audiences got louder; that's about it. We always put on a good show, so that didn't change. People knew the songs, which was nice. And we were ready for it. A lot of groups have a big record but have no road experience. They have only one album's worth of material. They're on, they're off. And nobody's going to come back to see them again. We had four albums' worth of material and seven years' road muscle. We went to the coliseums and people thought they were going to hear *Just the Way You Are*, but we had rock 'n' roll from *Captain Jack* to *Piano Man* and *Say Goodbye to Hollywood*, stuff people had vaguely heard of before: "Oh, so that was *his* song." Audiences got their money's worth. They felt they got a bargain.

PLAYBOY: What about *Big Shot*, from your next album, *52nd Street*? That was another big hit.

JOEL: Yeah. It's about anybody who has ever had a hangover. Wake up in the morning and you can't move and you're so hung over saying, "You stupid idiot. You had to be a big shot." I did a *lot* of personal research for that song.

PLAYBOY: We haven't talked about your controversial concert in Cuba during 1979. What was that all about?

JOEL: We wanted to see what it was like playing in Cuba. When we were asked to play there, we were really excited. My father had lived in Cuba, so I was interested for that reason, and we were just leaving Europe, where it was cold and wet, and we thought, Cuba, what a nice idea! It was a special concert that included other performers organized by CBS Records. We were told it was just to bring American music to the Cuban people. We understood before we left that we were only going to *play*—not be taped or recorded. Then, when we got there, they had all these plans to tape the entire show. We said, No, we weren't going to be on a record we had no control over. We were not going to help bail CBS out for what it spent on this thing and rip off the Cuban people. We were there to play, not exploit it. Then all these stories came out about how we ruined it for everybody because we wouldn't let them tape our part of the show. The stories said that Elizabeth was giving everybody a hard time and we were prima donnas. Well, that's the press again.

PLAYBOY: What was the concert itself like?

JOEL: We didn't think the Cubans would know any of the music, but they pick up Miami radio stations, so they knew the hit records. The main thing was that the kids wanted to hear American rock-'n'-roll music. We were the last group on. The kids stormed the stage. The guards were there with machine guns, trying to figure out what was going on, since the kids had been sitting politely for the other acts. You see, the other groups had gone onstage and . . . well, Stephen Stills came out and made this big speech about *"¡Viva la revolución!"* in Spanish. And the audience just kind of went, "We've been hearing this stuff all our lives. We don't need to hear *this*." They came to hear rock 'n' roll. Now, I know that critics like Robert Palmer don't consider me rock 'n' roll—he thinks I'm the new Neil Diamond or something—but we played a rock-'n'-roll show! The only thing *I* said onstage was, *"No hablo español,"* then went into *Big Shot* and the place went, like, "Whaa!"

You know, music is something everybody has. People fall in love, people have families, they have sadness. It doesn't matter if they're Marxists or Communists. These kids want to *party*. They want to have a good time, to hear music. They want to dance at night. We have all these ideas about what they're *supposed* to be like. Even on the level of Cuban kids coming up to us and asking us if we wanted to buy marijuana. We didn't. They said to us, "But you're *americano*! *Americano* want pot!" We buy what we hear about them, they buy what they hear about us. A lot of it has to do with the image projected by the press. We're fed a lot of crap. We're taught not to relate to foreigners as people. I went to Cuba to play for people. I got criticized in the press for playing in Israel, but it was the same thing.

PLAYBOY: Criticized by whom?

JOEL: I was in Turin for this press conference and this well-dressed journalist with wing-tip shoes from a left-wing paper asked, "Why did you play Israel?" He was trying to create controversy. I said, "I played in Israel for the same reason I played in Cuba—to play for the people. We wanted to see what the people in Israel were like instead of listening to the propaganda we get in our country." The people at the press conference stood up and clapped. It was the same thing: Capitalist or Communist, it doesn't matter. You can play

Cuba or Israel or Hong Kong or Russia. Kids just want to rock out.

At the press conference, they also wanted me to put down America: "What do you think of all the problems in your country?" I go, "Well, we're better off there than you are here." So suddenly I'm a right-wing fascist. Well, I'm closer to a socialist. But I'm not blind. I *like* my country. I've seen a lot of places, and while we're not perfect, there is none better. The hip thing is to put America down, but I don't care about being hip. I think it's the greatest country in the world. We're all supposed to hate America. That's more propaganda.

PLAYBOY: By the time this interview appears, your new album will probably be out. You're calling it *Goodbye Saigon*. Is it a political statement?

JOEL: No, but it *is* a serious album. It's about the stuff kids in my age group have gone through, about our attitudes, not our politics. People my age, 25 to 40, who grew up as Cold War babies, we don't have anybody writing music for us. There's a lot of chain-saw heavy metal aimed at the 14-year-old market, and there's stuff at the other end of the spectrum—Barry Manilow, Neil Diamond, Barbra Streisand. But the music business seems to be writing people my age off. So, in a way, this is an album dealing with us, with our American experience: guilt, pressures, relationships, the whole Vietnam syndrome. Incidentally, the music is gonna be a lot richer and more textured than in my past albums. I've been on a diet of lean music, lean food—I want to eat some rich food once in a while.

PLAYBOY: Have you endorsed a politician since you've been famous?

JOEL: No. I lean to the left, worked for George McGovern in '72 and voted for John Anderson in 1980. But I won't mix music and politics. I think it's an abuse of the privileged position that we're in. Who the hell am I to inflict my politics on people just because I'm famous? My politics don't mean a damn thing as far as most people are concerned. They're just *my* politics. I don't like seeing actors and performers do those kinds of things—benefits or endorsements. I believe strongly in the E.R.A. and I've been asked to do things for it, but I won't. It's a dangerous thing to do. What if I liked some terrible thing? I'm in a trusted position and I don't want to abuse it.

I won't endorse things commercially for that reason, either—except I endorse Baldwin pianos, because they're good pianos. I also could see endorsing Harley motorcycles, because I love them. But I turn down incredible amounts of money to endorse all kinds of things. We sell our own T-shirt and stuff like that for the same reason. We don't want people who trust me to get ripped off. We don't sell T-shirts for the money; our merchandising company operates at a loss. If people are going to buy that stuff, at least we want them to be able to get good quality. We sell T-shirts, posters and we put out a newsletter. That's it.

PLAYBOY: No Billy Joel belt buckles or ashtrays?

JOEL: No. We don't want to exploit the Billy Joel thing. I'm not really comfortable with even selling T-shirts, but that's why I do it.

PLAYBOY: You've gone to court to stop the bootlegging. Why?

JOEL: At a lot of concerts, these guys would be selling T-shirts for a lot of money that were garbage. The first time you would wash them, the face would wipe right off. People who bought them were getting ripped off and these guys were using my name to do it. I decided to try to stop them. When I did it, the papers came out like I was trying to close down the little guys: The millionaire is trying to put these little guys out of business. But it has nothing to do with money. I've just spent too much time trying to hone my craft and I'm not going to have it watered down, bastardized, whatever, by somebody else's greed. If they interpret that by saying I'm greedy, that's bullshit. The press tried to nail me for that one, but when Jackson Browne and Bruce Springsteen did the same thing, it became a noble thing.

"Rock 'n' roll was about the closest thing to religion I ever got. Everything else always let me down. Rock 'n' roll never did."

PLAYBOY: Why was it greed from you, nobility from them?

JOEL: Hey . . . [*shrugging his shoulders*] how the hell should I know?

PLAYBOY: They were both part of the "No Nukes" concert at Madison Square Garden. Did you consider taking part?

JOEL: I'm not into that kind of thing. I think it's a lot of crap.

PLAYBOY: What's a lot of crap?

JOEL: No nukes. These people don't know anything about what the workingman goes through. Without nuclear power, everybody would be a lot worse off than they are. "No Nukes" is a bourgeois issue. I'm not saying I'm a Ronald Reagan pronuke, but I understand that we don't have any alternatives. It's either develop nuclear power or pay the Arabs a hell of a lot more for oil. I'll be damned if I'm going to support that. We're dependent on some kind of energy. We have the resources to utilize nuclear energy, so why the hell don't we do it? As long as it's carefully controlled. You know, it's funny. The "No Nukes" concert was held at Madison Square Garden. Do you know where Madison Square Garden gets its power? The Indian Point Nuclear Power Plant. Talk about the height of hypocrisy. . . .

Then there's Save the Whales. I'm all for saving the whales, great. But there are *people* who are starving, *people* who can't walk, *people* who have emotional problems. They need help right away. I feel for the whales, but I'm closer to people than I am to whales. Solve those people problems first.

PLAYBOY: Now you're going to be pegged as a pronuclear whale hater.

JOEL: It's always something. I need something to get me going. Like my mother says—the older I get, the smarter my mother gets—if you have everything going smoothly, it's no good for your character. I gotta have *some* kind of aggression coming out. You see, rock 'n' roll was about the closest thing to religion I ever got. Everything else always kind of let me down in one way or another. But rock 'n' roll has never let me down. Outside things have: the press, the music business, whatever. I may not be what everybody thinks I'm supposed to be, but I don't care. My own creativity won't let me down. These *other* things. . . . Don't you ever get the feeling that you want to just go out and fight? Just looking for somebody to smash? Taking everything that's ever bothered you—*everything*—out on that poor, unsuspecting drunken slob?

PLAYBOY: Somehow, you don't appear to be very content with all your success.

JOEL: I'm *not* content. I'm content, though, not being content. I have a theory: I don't think you ever are really satisfied. I don't worry about being satisfied all the time. All I'm looking for is a little relief now and then.

PLAYBOY: So that's rock 'n' roll to you? Relief from dissatisfaction, rebellion?

JOEL: *Some* of rock 'n' roll is rebellion; some rock 'n' roll is acceptance.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

JOEL: Well, there is passion in surrender, too. Just looking and accepting—there's beauty and passion in that, too.

PLAYBOY: At least you're no longer trying to get out of Hicksville. You've accomplished that.

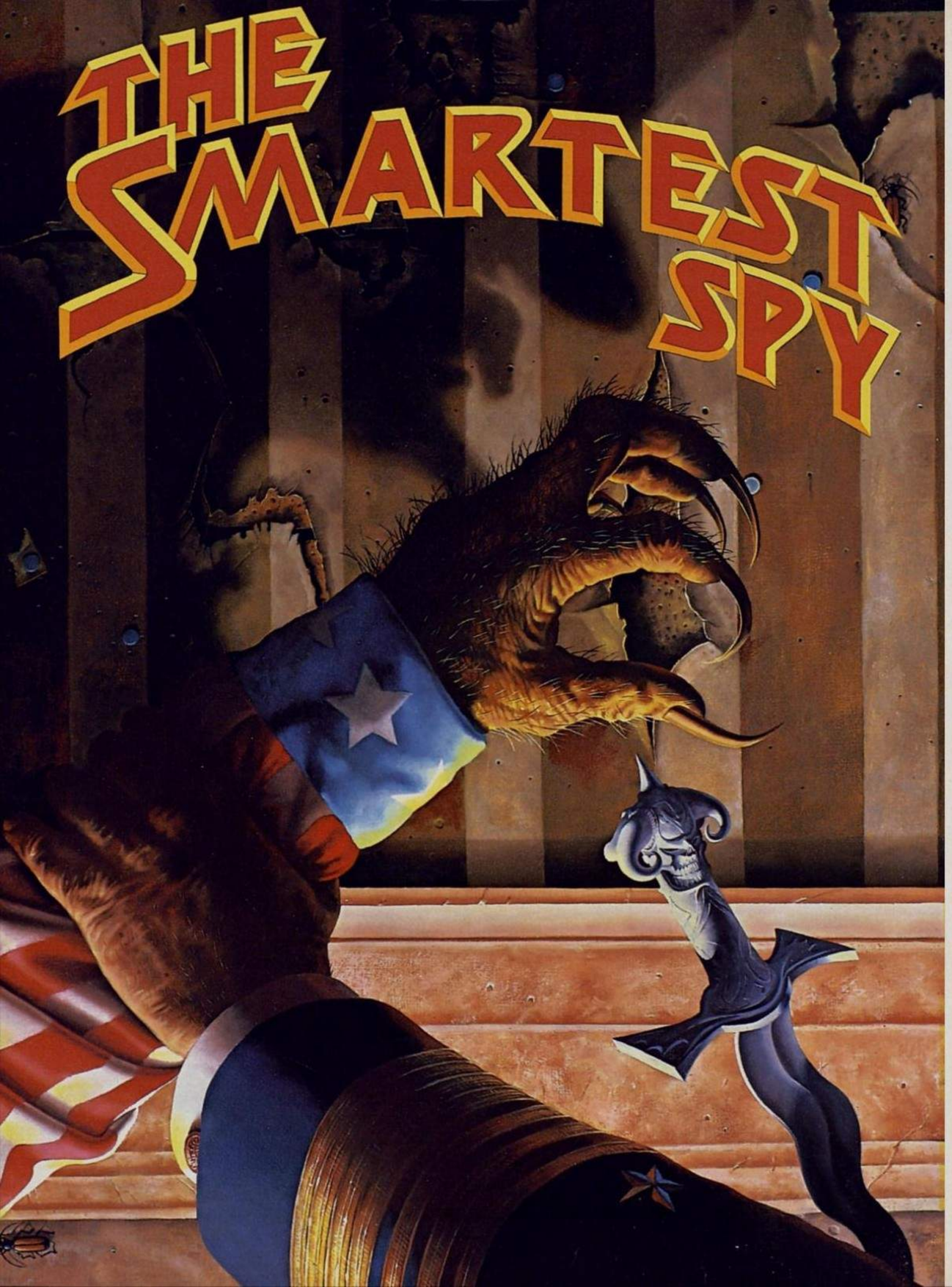
JOEL: I'm *always* trying to get out of something.

PLAYBOY: What will you find to rebel against next?

JOEL: It will present itself, I'm sure. It will loom large, and I'll take a mighty swing at it.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's just hitting his stride when the rest of the players are ready to truck on home. With an assist from the right sort of woman, he sidesteps all the hazards that litter the field of play and finds the smoothest path to any score. (PLAYBOY readers buy nearly a quarter of the sports clothing sold in America.) PLAYBOY is his magazine; it keeps him headed toward his goals with just the right shot of style for all the games he plays to win.



bobby ray inman is known around washington as the shadowy genius of cia— a spook so shrewd that no one's sure if he's sinister or sincere

EARLY ONE MORNING not long ago, a group of the nation's defense and intelligence leaders rose from their beds, kissed their wives and families and, jaws set, went out to fight World War Three. In simulation, that is.

Out over the treacherous terrain of U. S. 95 they trekked, until at last, some distance from Washington, they attained their objective: the U. S. Naval War College. While the sun peeked over the trees and security men watched nervously, they manned their computer consoles and braced for action.

On the Blue Team, representing the United States, were arrayed some of the best brains in the strategic business. There were generals and admirals, CIA men and a Secretary of Defense, a veritable *Who's Who* of the military establishment. Their Red Team opponents, representing the nuclear might of the Soviet Union, were a less prepossessing lot. Especially their leader.

He was a tall, slender man, almost gawky. He wore horn-rimmed glasses and had a large, high forehead of the kind that freckles in summer. He did not appear dangerous. Indeed, were it not for the admiral's uniform he was wearing—an ill-fitting garb from which it seemed the hanger had not been removed—he might have been taken for a schoolteacher (which, in fact, he had been before he joined the Navy). Compared with the company around him, glittery in its gold braid and determination, he was an improbable figure, and his smile, which flashed frequently, was most improbable of all. It was big and toothy and there was a gap between the leading incisors. Altogether, it made him look not so much like a schoolteacher and even less than an admiral; standing there, amidst all that brass, he seemed like nothing so much as Huckleberry Finn. His name was Bobby Ray Inman.

The game commenced. Back and forth the simulated superpowers battled, sending their computerized scenarios this way and that. Missiles flew, bombers bombed, ships sailed, armies marched, whole countries disappeared. The tension in the room was electric. Hunched over one console, a member of the Joint Chiefs turned suddenly ashen. Out of nowhere, the nukes were on their way.

On it went, hour after harrowing hour, and when it was over, when the world lay in pseudo cinders, there was egg of the most highly classified nature on the face of the United States. Said one awed participant, a former Secretary of Defense, of the man who had put it there, the admiral with the Huck Finn grin: "I'm just glad that guy's on our side."

You hear that a lot in Washington about Bobby Inman. "The right man in the right job at the right time," Barry Goldwater, the chairman of the Senate intelligence committee, calls him. James Schlesinger, the former Secretary of Defense, terms him "a national asset." To Senator Joe Biden, the liberal Democrat from Delaware, he is "the most quality guy in the Federal Government." Former CIA director Richard Helms commends him for his "brilliance"; a Helms successor, William Colby, for his "integrity." Major General George J. Keegan, Jr., the fire-breathing former chief of Air Force Intelligence, likes him for his "guts"; Birch Bayh, for his "brains"; Walter Mondale, for his "wisdom." And then there are those, like a former deputy director of the National Security Council, who say, quite simply, "Bobby Inman is the smartest man in uniform." And who, after a thoughtful pause, add, "Maybe out of uniform, too."

All this about an improbable man few people outside Washington have ever heard of. In Inman's profession, the anonymity is welcome. Bobby Ray Inman, you see, is a spy.

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His official title is deputy director, Central Intelligence. What he does is everything. It is Inman who runs the agency's day-to-day operations; Inman who coordinates the activities of the "intelligence community"; Inman who prepares the critical "national intelligence estimates"; Inman who evaluates the data flowing in from spy satellites; Inman who protects CIA from flak on Capitol Hill; Inman who has the next-to-last word on every CIA undertaking,

article

By ROBERT SAM ANSON

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY RUDDELL

from planting a blonde in the boudoir of a Hungarian vice-premier to shipping arms to the Afghan rebels. He is, in the very deepest sense, the man who keeps the secrets.

One of those secrets is who Inman is. The places he has worked—CIA, NSA, DIA, ONI, the whole alphabet soup that is American intelligence—will say nothing, and none with more eloquence than CIA. "The admiral is keeping a low profile," an agency spokesman says. "We aren't going to help you with anything." CIA, however, does provide an official biography. It consists of exactly one unrevealing paragraph. It states that he was born, 50 years ago, in Rhonesboro, Texas—a town that, according to Southwestern Bell, does not exist. The biography also says he attended the University of Texas, graduating in 1950 with a liberal-arts degree. A check with the university's alumni computer reveals no such person. Nor, unsurprisingly, is there any listing in any Washington, D.C., area telephone book for a Bobby Ray, or B., or B.R., or, for that matter, any Inman. James Jesus Angleton, the fabled former head of CIA counterintelligence, *is* listed. Yes, Angleton whispers, he knows Bobby Inman. Then the line goes dead.

Inman has no hobbies or outside interests. He does not go to baseball games or cocktail parties. He rarely, in fact, goes anywhere, except to the office. The principal exception is when he is called to Capitol Hill to testify before one or another of the intelligence-oversight committees, whose hearings are conducted in secret. Around Washington, he has few close associates ("If someone as lowly as a three-star admiral wants to see him," says one, himself a four-star, "it had better be damned important") and even fewer friends. "Bobby," as one spook puts it, "is not the kind of guy you talk over your bowling scores with." Of the handful of people who claim to know him well, most could not say whether he smokes or drinks (negative, in both instances), even whether he is married (he is, happily) or has children (he has, two; both boys). Indeed, out of 50 interviews with people who have worked with him over the years, ranging from former CIA directors to his superiors in the Navy, only one knew the name of his wife. It is Nancy, and, like her husband, she is said to be very quiet.

It has been anything but quiet, however, since Inman came to CIA. There have been behind-the-scenes battles, exposés in the press, questions about the agency's links to Libyan-backed assassins, continued conflicts with Congress and calls for director William Casey's resignation. One way or another, they have all involved Bobby Ray Inman. A prime—and, for Inman, revealing—case was the bitter struggle over CIA's new executive order, an engagement that, before it was through, would shake the agency, threaten the Bill of Rights and nearly cost Inman his job.

It all began in early 1981, a few weeks after Inman's confirmation hearings. The hearings themselves had been a love feast, with one Senator after another congratulating Inman on his extraordinary fitness for his new job. The only noteworthy moment came toward the end of the session, when Inman was asked to comment about reports that CIA and the White House would soon seek to undo restrictions the Carter Administration had placed on the agency with regard to domestic spying. Inman's answer was direct; he was against the Administration move. As Inman put it: "I would not elect to carelessly walk away from the safeguards we have so carefully crafted together. These rules are to protect U. S. citizens, not anyone else, and I believe that we need to continue to protect them."

But even as Inman was speaking, plans were afoot to undo those safeguards. They surfaced, finally, in March, with the leak of the draft of a proposed executive order, which, once Ronald Reagan signed it, would allow CIA not only to engage in domestic spying but to infiltrate domestic dissident organizations, carry out clandestine wire taps and conduct "warrantless searches" ("black bag jobs," in agency parlance)—in sum, all the Operation Chaos capers that had gotten CIA into trouble with Congress in the first place. Inman, who'd had a hand in drawing up the Carter protections before going to CIA, was livid. Almost immediately, he was back before Congress, denouncing the new plan as a "third-level working staff paper" and pledging anew that "CIA's job is abroad." Lest anyone miss his point, he then invited reporters to CIA's headquarters and, in a rare, on-the-record briefing, vowed to resign if alterations were made to CIA's charter that he found "personally repugnant." The draft was withdrawn and, shortly thereafter, its author, CIA general counsel Daniel Silver, left the agency.

But that wasn't the end of it. Three months later, another proposal, this one far more protective of civil liberties, was floated and just as quickly shot down, apparently because it was *too* protective. Then, last fall, a third and final draft made its appearance. Less Draconian than the first, more hard-line than the second, it still offered possibilities for domestic spying. Civil libertarians and not a few Senators were alarmed, and Inman shared their concern. At one point, during a secret Senate briefing with CIA counsel Stanley Sporkin, a Casey loyalist, Inman made his feelings deviously plain. According to a Senator who was present, when Sporkin discussed provisions of the order that would allow domestic spying, Inman flashed a "thumbs-down" sign; when the Senators bored in on Sporkin, Inman winked and beckoned with his hand, "More, more."

"Bobby is the conscience of the agency," one Senator said afterward. "Without him, the deluge."

General Keegan, was blunter: Bobby Inman, he said, with admiring relish, "knows how to keep the whores at bay."

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It was an extraordinary performance, but then, nothing about Bobby Inman has ever been ordinary. He is an admiral who grew up on the plains of East Texas. He is a regular career officer who did not attend Annapolis. He is a technician who never studied engineering. He is an intelligence specialist in a Service where, by regulation, only "blue water admirals" can hold the most senior commands. He is, in fact, one of the very rare non-Annapolis, non-blue-water, full, four-star admirals in U. S. naval history, and undoubtedly the only one anywhere who can discuss the rhythms of Thackeray and Swinburne as knowledgeably as he can the exact disposition of the Soviet Baltic fleet.

The only thing about him that is ordinary is his name. It is not Robert but, in the manner of tailbacks for East Central Oklahoma State, plain Bobby, simple and folksy. He lives like a Bobby: strictly no frills. According to the financial statement filed with Congress at the time of his CIA appointment, his only income, apart from his Navy salary and interest from a credit union and a handful of U. S. Savings Bonds, derives from the rental of a modest four-bedroom house, on which the bank holds a mortgage of less than $100,000. Inman himself resides in typical military accommodations in suburban Virginia. The only thing that separates him from his middle-class neighbors is the presence of Navy-supplied stewards. The stewards, who are a perquisite of his rank, assist in the preparation of Inman's sole known passion: the ritual of elaborate, multicourse breakfasts.

He barely has time to eat them. Most mornings he is up at four to begin poring through the remains of the work he has lugged home the night before. By seven, he is at his functionally Spartan office at CIA's McLean, Virginia, headquarters, having read the overnight cable traffic during the chauffeured ride to work. Unless there is a call to the Hill (where he is liked) or the White House (where he is not), he will remain there, without interruption, until well after dark. At which point he returns home

"I understand she opened the other night to mixed reviews."

to begin the process all over again. "Fun?" laughs an old friend. "Bobby Inman has no fun."

Upon first meeting, Inman can seem aloof, almost cold. He is much warmer with friends—likable, engaging, considerate of sensibilities—but even then, there is a distance, a sort of enforced remoteness, as if he's constantly calculating who around him can be told what. It can be unsettling. A man who has known him for years and, like so many others, still claims not to know him well, admits: "You know as much about Bobby Inman as Bobby Inman wants you to know, and that is damned little."

Intelligence accounts for some of the isolation. Inman has spent most of his adult lifetime keeping people from knowing things. But it is the other intelligence, the one spelled with a small I, that keeps him truly separate. His brain is an intimidating storehouse, crammed with every imaginable fact, and, according to every recollection, it always has been. Back in Texas, they still remember that Bobby Inman was one of the renowned radio "Quiz Kids," dazzling adults every week with intellectual pyrotechnics. Give him an impossible equation and, *whir*, he'd solve it. Ask after a fact and, *zingo*, he'd give it to you. The capital of Mongolia? The date of the Council of Trent? The coefficient of the square root of nine over pi? Bobby knew them all—and a lot more besides. He seemed to read everything in sight, which was not unusual for a bright boy in a small town where, after feeding the hogs after supper, there was not much else to do. What was unusual was that he never seemed to forget any of it. He could repeat, verbatim, whole passages of obscure tomes he had digested years before. It was as if his mind were an IBM 360 on which the terminals never closed, and watching it work, all clickety-clack, like some giant parlor trick run amuck, got to be a little frightening.

He must have had few playmates. While visions of playing football for A&M danced in the other boys' heads, young Bobby was off at the library. He was skinny and four-eyed and awkward and along the way, a lot of sand probably got kicked in his face. But it paid off. Because when he got to be an adult, the other boys weren't frightened, they were awed. "I'd tell you he has a photographic memory," says one of them, a senior White House aide, "but it's better than that. A photograph takes time to develop. Inman's like a Polaroid. Instant." They still wanted to test him, though, just as they had on the radio every week: Spell the name of the prime minister of Sri Lanka, Daniel Patrick Moynihan challenged during a Senate hearing. Inman didn't miss a beat. "Mr. P-R-E-M-A-D-A-S-A is the prime minister," he shot back, allowing himself a small, self-satisfied smile, "and Mr. J-A-Y-E-W-A-R-D-E-N-E is the president."

The Navy, fortunately, values such recall, and Inman's climb up the career ladder was m-e-t-e-o-r-i-c. After a wartime tour of sea duty aboard the aircraft carrier Valley Forge, Inman held a series of increasingly important assignments: assistant naval attaché, U. S. Embassy, Stockholm; executive assistant, Vice-Chief of Naval Operations; chief intelligence briefer, CINC-PAC; director, Naval Intelligence; vice-director, Defense Intelligence; director, National Security Agency. His superiors groomed and fussed over him like a prize pupil who, because of his oddity, threatened none of their careers. And so, almost invisibly, he continued to rise.

The turning point came in 1973, during the Yom Kippur war. The outbreak of the war, which initially sent the Israelis reeling back from the Suez Canal, caught U. S. intelligence flat-footed, and, as the battling continued, there was a mad scramble to come up with hard information. At issue was not only the disposition of the Arab armies but also the intentions of the Soviet Union. Inman, then intelligence briefer to the Vice-Chief of Naval Operations, supplied the critical piece of the puzzle. What the piece was remains, even now, secret, but a good guess is that it involved Soviet plans to dispatch two combat divisions to Syria at the height of the conflict. "Everyone else in the community was calling it one way," recalls one admiral. "Bobby was the only one calling it the other. Bobby was the one who was right."

The Soviets, after threats by Richard Nixon, abandoned their plans, and the correctness of Inman's analysis eventually helped win him appointment as director of Naval Intelligence. It was there that he encountered the redoubtable Edwin Wilson, CIA man, shipper of arms, recruiter of assassins.

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Military intelligence, and Naval Intelligence in particular, is a formidable undertaking, involving the tracking not only of potential enemies but of actual allies as well. In the Navy, much of the latter task fell to a shadowy operation dubbed Task Force 157.

Created in the late Sixties, at the height of the antiwar movement, Task Force 157 was perhaps the most clandestine of all military intelligence's operations. Its members wore no uniforms and were outside the regular Navy chain of command. Their cover took various forms. Some operators ran dummy civilian companies. Others, such as a yeoman attached to the National Security staff of Henry Kissinger's, worked within the White House and, without Presidential knowledge, spied on the Government itself. Just who they were spying *for* was always difficult to say. For while the task force was a Navy operation, it was heavily infiltrated by CIA. The Navy yeoman, for instance, was a CIA man; like the other members of Task Force 157, he officially did not exist. So secret was the task force, so sensitive was its mission, that, until a group of its former agents brought suit against the Government demanding pension rights, the Navy refused to acknowledge that there had ever been such a thing.

The task force was real enough, though, and so was the now infamous CIA man Wilson, who was then running one of the task force's fronts, an equally real civilian corporation called Around World Shipping and Forwarding. Around World's legal business was freight handling, and among the items it shipped, quite illegally, were 20 tons of plastique explosive to Libya. But that wasn't Wilson's only enterprise; he boasted of holding controlling interest in more than 100 corporations. The companies laundered spy money for the Navy, secured sophisticated electronics gear, entertained Congressmen, monitored Soviet nuclear-bomb shipments and, according to published reports, helped destabilize the left-wing government of Australian prime minister Gough Whitlam. There was very little, in fact, that Task Force 157 did not do. According to subsequent investigations by *The Washington Post* and the Wilmington *News Journal*, Task Force 157 was involved in almost every major intelligence operation from 1968 until 1975, from overthrowing Salvador Allende in Chile to helping Kissinger fly secretly to Peking in 1971.

Inman put an end to it. The chain of events began in 1975, shortly after Inman's appointment as director of Naval Intelligence. Early that year, Inman appeared before Senator John McClellan's Defense Appropriations Subcommittee and, afterward, a senior committee staffer invited him to lunch. Inman accepted and at the restaurant they were joined by Wilson, who announced, "I work for you, Admiral." Inman was surprised, but not nearly so much as when Wilson went on to tell him that he would have an easier time securing money on the Hill if he steered contracts to Wilson's companies.

There were never any contracts. When he went back to his office that afternoon, Inman ordered an investigation of Wilson instead. It took a year to untangle all of Wilson's various connections and, even then, whom he was working for and precisely what he was doing were

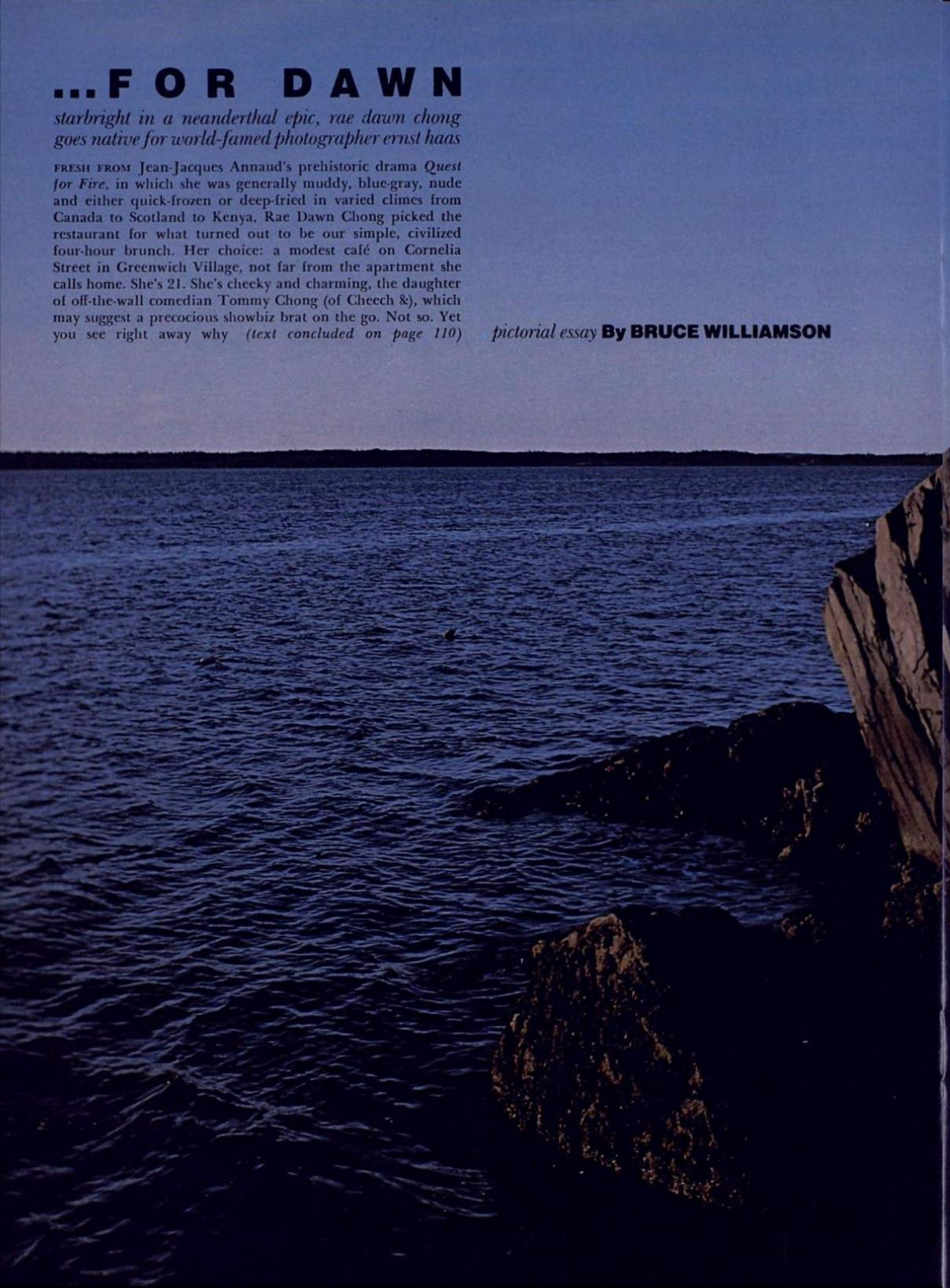
(continued on page 244)

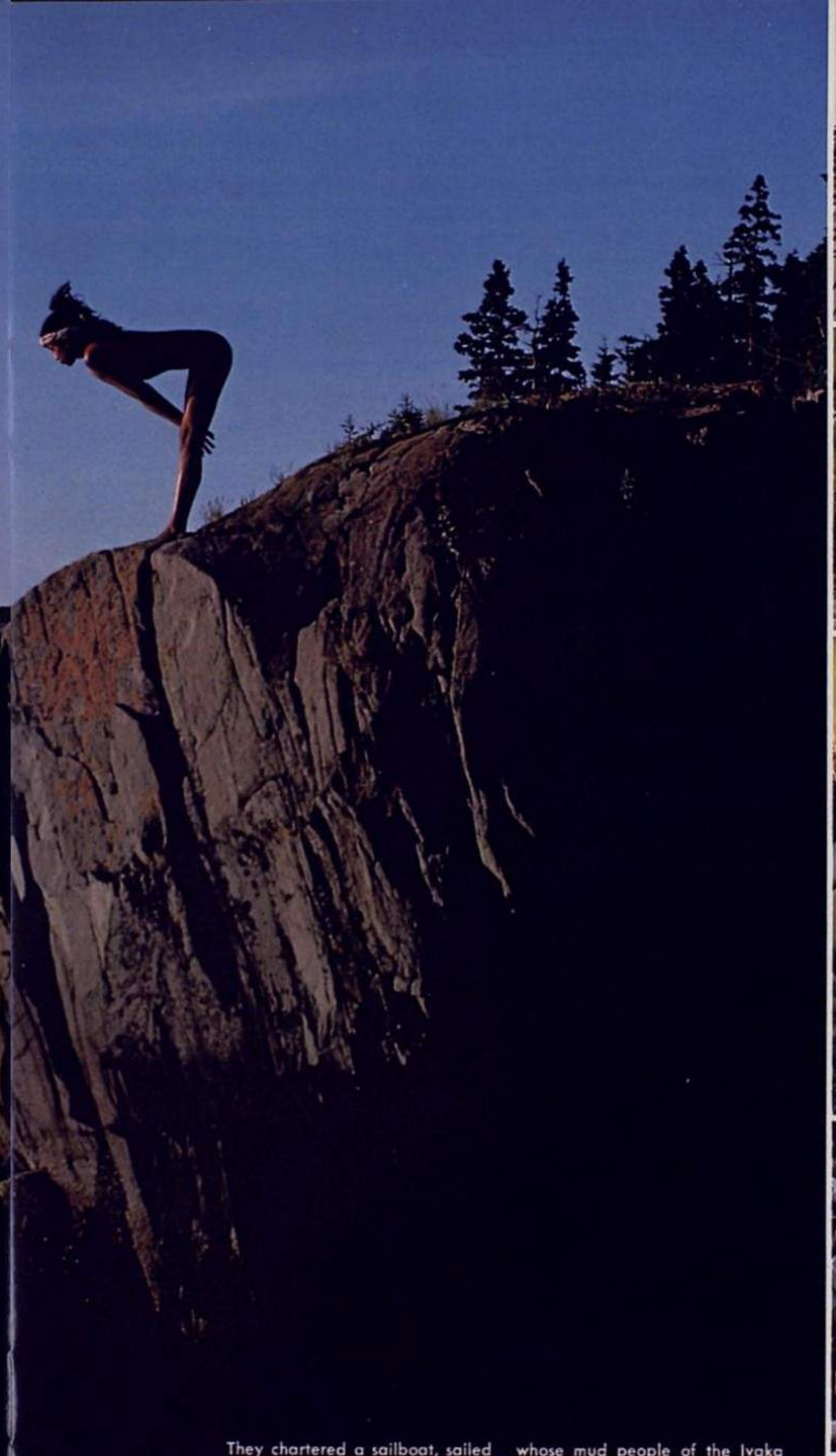
...FOR DAWN

starbright in a neanderthal epic, rae dawn chong goes native for world-famed photographer ernst haas

pictorial essay **By BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

FRESH FROM Jean-Jacques Annaud's prehistoric drama *Quest for Fire*, in which she was generally muddy, blue-gray, nude and either quick-frozen or deep-fried in varied climes from Canada to Scotland to Kenya, Rae Dawn Chong picked the restaurant for what turned out to be our simple, civilized four-hour brunch. Her choice: a modest café on Cornelia Street in Greenwich Village, not far from the apartment she calls home. She's 21. She's cheeky and charming, the daughter of off-the-wall comedian Tommy Chong (of Cheech &), which may suggest a precocious showbiz brat on the go. Not so. Yet you see right away why *(text concluded on page 110)*





They chartered a sailboat, sailed to a private island off the coast of Maine, where Haas did work with Rae Dawn (preceding page and above) that's reminiscent of *The Creation*, his landmark photo essay published more than a decade ago. Haas also shot *Quest* on special assignment (far right), catching Rae Dawn as Ika, whose mud people of the Ivaka tribe find an Ulam warrior, Naoh (Everett McGill), mired neck-deep in marshland. In the last three of the series at right, Ika teaches Naoh how to make fire, heals his painful groin wounds with a herbal poultice, ultimately helps him learn to laugh, love and refine basic man-woman urges.

Water is life, and Rae Dawn revels in it as an uninhibited creature alone on an uninhabited isle. "It was like a birthday gift," she says, "just letting the girl in me come out in such a beautiful setting, pretending adventures, playing, throwing my clothes off and being naked, which I love." Posing for Haas, who has done stills for such film classics as *The Misfits*, *Moby Dick* and John Huston's *The Bible*, made her feel she was "part of an impressionist painting, and to have Ernst shoot me that way for PLAYBOY was fantastic. I'm really excited by these images, the whole experience . . . the water flying over me, frozen in space like beads of glass."

Discovering beauty in its natural state is a habit with Haas, who found Rae Dawn "glorious as a young gazelle." She insists she's subject to "bad, dark, sort of nebulous moods," however, and did not actually relish the bed of seaweed where she struck a pensive pose. "It was very icky and squirmy, reminded me of a monster; I felt as if I were lying on top of a dinosaur. But when I'd get restless or wasn't sure what to do, Ernst would tell me, 'Just *be*.'" Being is hardly a problem for this energetic, nubile chip off the old Chong—a wild child who may find that *Quest* gives her a vantage point from which to ponder exciting new horizons.

Variety called Rae Dawn "unaffectedly radiant," while applauding her for "best performance" in a movie that could well make her but definitely won't break her if audiences prove resistant to an Early Primitive adventure tale laced with touches of moon-June romanticism. The blend is often heady, and Rae Dawn helps a lot.

While munching a salad, she used her fork to emphasize enthusiasm for recent movies she had seen—*Ragtime, Reds, Pennies from Heaven*—as well as movies she had made. Her only previous feature was 1979's *Stony Island*, an unfairly neglected Chicago-bred musical that she calls a labor of love. Shooting *Quest* on location in cold, soggy Scotland as a nature girl whose mono-syllabic dialog consisted entirely of lines such as "*Tho ma bro na me tiz me giz pu*" was far less comfortable and a formidable challenge on several counts. There were more conventional language problems with Oscar-winning French director Annaud, who was supposed to speak fluent English. Rae Dawn giggled, recalling, "For example, he'd often say, 'I'll remember you the scene.' That'll give you an idea. We were freezing our buns off and all thought we were dying every day. But when you're that cold, things become otherworldly. I learned you can *act* when you think you're dying."

She loved the Scots but was not so fond of their national dish, a yummy known as haggis. "It's made from the lining of a sheep's stomach, plus the heart, liver, lungs, all those juicy parts in something like a meat roll—and they bake it. They call it the caviar of sheep. Yeeccch, I wouldn't *touch* it."

A couple of rather explicit sexual encounters oncamera with leading man Everett McGill also rank low among her souvenirs. At one point, McGill as Naoh pushes aside another lusty, rutting cave man and mounts the girl, Ika, dog fashion.

"When they first approached me with that rape scene, I thought, Oh, boy. That was the most degrading. Though we didn't actually make love, of course, Everett's very realistic and he really hurt me. He was rough. He's a splendid actor; he played that mean guy who beat everybody up in *Brubaker*. Then, too, being the only girl among three men and being the only one *naked*, I was a true minority. Still, I loved playing Ika. I couldn't have asked for a better part at this point in my career."

Her early years were as unconventional as you might expect, and when Rae Dawn starts to chatter about her complex family tree, it's easy to get lost in the branches. She is apt to refer to "our moms" when mentioning any of her father's three wives, by whom he has had five children.

"I'm the oldest, the daughter of his first wife, though I was raised by his second wife, Maxine. Maxine is my sister Robbi's mother, and she's black, like my mother. I believe they're even second cousins twice removed, my mother and Robbi's. Robbi is 18, a model, very up-and-coming and *gorgeous*.

"My father's current wife, Shelby, is blonde and blue-eyed, and they've got three blonde, blue-eyed children. My baby brother is only 13 months old. Right now, we're all the closest we have ever been. We support one another . . . emotionally, financially, any way we can. This family is wild, but there's a lot of love between us and that makes you strong."

Ask about racism, and Rae Dawn smiles a wide-screen smile that makes you think—for a fleeting moment—that her creamy mocha complexion must protect her from any particular ethnic labels. "My father is half Chinese, plus Irish and French; his family came from China and Ireland. My mother's black ancestors came from French Madagascar. My blood is beautifully mixed, so I can say, 'Look, folks, I'm just as white as I'm black, just as black as I am white.' I'm sort of a walking example of how ridiculous prejudice is. I'm articulate, I speak clearly, yet I can get right down and talk like stereotyped black people. Nevertheless, when I'm called for a part, it's usually for a *black* girl. That's one of the oldest institutions that Hollywood perpetuates very strongly. In TV, I can tell you, not many black people get leading roles, except in farcical black shows with stupid dialog, mostly written by writers who are white. It's hard for me to deal with racism. Raised with a black mother in a white neighborhood, I never knew I was different until I found out in cruel ways—in school, then modeling."

All Canadian, the Chong kids grew up in Vancouver, where their father operated two night spots—one a strip joint, the other a jazz club.

"Later on, we lived in L.A., and my parents told me I had to start working when I was 12. I mean, I was smart and didn't run around doing stupid things like becoming a drug addict. But I just did as I liked and was basically wild. I saw every night-club act, every concert, every movie. I was hip to everything, ambitious and kind of precocious, I guess. When I was seven years old, I'd be giving you advice about your marriage, things like that. So, at 12, I got a part at the Disney studios and began doing TV sitcoms and stuff. I sing quite well, but a singer's life is pretty crappy and miserable, centered too much on clubs. I think I burned myself out at a young age with that kind of scene."

Inside the exuberant girl, there's a self-possessed young woman who's expecting a baby before June. The proud father, she told us, is a young Manhattan stockbroker, Owen Baylis, a native of California. "Everybody who *should* know who he is already knows Owen," says Rae Dawn, initially more receptive to questions about her previous two-year relationship with wealthy record producer Richard Perry. Finally, though, enthusiasm overwhelms discretion. "Owen and I are engaged, what I think of as indefinitely engaged, living together, every day, all day. First, when we found out I was pregnant, we said, 'Why not get married?' Then I thought to myself, Oh-oh, *reactionary*. No way. I *feel* married, and marriage is just a state of mind. I'm going to give my child his father's name, and I'm just thrilled to be having the baby." [Rae Dawn and Owen were married on Valentine's Day, as this issue was going to press.—*Ed.*]

Rae Dawn notes with a hint of mischief in her manner that their relationship transcends race. "Owen is very white, tall and white, and he's one of the *blackest* men I know. He's got so much soul, he's blacker than me."

While waiting for the baby, Rae Dawn is busy writing a screenplay and a novel "with 63 chapters outlined." She developed a flair for writing, she quips, in early childhood. "Mostly because my father didn't believe in hitting us when we did wrong. As punishment, he always made us *write* something 100 times. So I became very good at writing."

She may have been punished a lot, but her conflicts with Tommy Chong have matured into a mutual-admiration society between Dad and daughter. "I just idolize him now. He left his second wife, you know, when I was about seven, and we fought seriously all the time when I was 12 to 14. But then, you finally learn that your father is just human, so give the guy a break."

That's past. What else is in the future? "If it takes ten or 20 years to do the things I want to do, that's OK. I don't see things being easy. There's no point in being a medium talent in this business. I feel extremely talented, and I'm not in a hurry, because I know in time, I'll get a chance to do what's right for me. You've got to be ready for it when it comes."

"With all the rumors about these being the last days of Pompeii, I'm getting into gold and moving to Switzerland."

fiction

By JOHN CLAYTON

oh, poppa, you knew that lady when. what you gonna do with her now?

POPPA SUPERDUDE

SEEING YOU AGAIN after all these years," she sighed, the lady did, she actually sighed. "Superdude, I can't, can't, cannot believe it."

You think I put down her sugar? I mean, she'd growed herself up a bit. She was one tough lady now. Here in L.A. In the $80,000-and-then-some bracket, head of promotion for the West Coast, no flunky job, and, OK, I didn't need *her*, she needed *me* to push her records over the air, right? But maybe I'd been a d.j. just a little too long. Maybe she could do something for me in the industry. I mean, she had herself a *name* now. And, besides, I could be real nice to tough ladies, especially ladies who have grown up so terrific to look at, with a bony Madison Avenue face and big boobs and a bigger expense account.

I remember Madeline when she was just a pretty, young chicky with a thing for me. Well, in *those* days. Whew. I was one heavy poppa, late Sixties, I was picking it off the walls, I couldn't handle the harvest—rock-band groupies, honeypot singers or just camp followers of the good Poppa Superdude. I'd do a show from some college auditorium and keep my eyes moving behind my shades to figure which lovely young thing gonna make it with Poppa tonight. A couple of joints, some heavy breathing to establish empathy, and then a little music and it be all over, she be all over Poppa Superdude.

That be the way, but Madeline, I recall, she out of luck, because the chicky flights were stacked up over Logan that month, and I never got her landed.

So there we were, sipping martinis, whilst the fancy hotel chandelier shone and shimmered like *Close Encounters* and I was the *old* Poppa Superdude once more, as if I be once again that young stud of some chick's creamy dreams. I mean like the *old* days, when Poppa had nary an ounce of flab on his hairy torso and everything be in *sync*.

So I grinned at Madeline, my fat-wallet grin, and I said, "Lady, you have become one sweet thing. You have become one tough babe. You have become ten thousand times greater, your power-to-weight ratio, your amps, you know what I'm telling you? Why don't we renew and relive over a steak at Ma Maison?"

Ma Maison. Just to show the lady I know my L.A. The industry has expense-accounted Poppa Superdude plenty, you bet. And I figured I may name the place, but Madeline gonna pick up the tab—what's it mean to her? Show she working evenings is all.

"OK. I've got a limousine outside," she said, and laughed, as if to say, Look at my stuff now, Poppa. And, hey, she did got a limo. Big black limo hired by the company for her—and I let her pass through the golden ballroom doors ahead of me and caught the whiff of her hips, the flash of her red high heels.

"My, my, my," I growled at her in my most funky register, "how some people have *changed*."

"Oh, Superdude," she said, as I held the limo door for her, "you always knew how to sweet-talk a girl."

Well, we drove through the night and she caught me up on her marriage, now down the tubes, and I clucked my poppa tongue at the injustice, such a sweet lady like you, Madeline, Friend of Mine, and I began seeing extravagant movies in my inside screening room of Madeline as my West Coast Regular, Poppa Superdude getting too well along to catch his stuff strictly fresh from the Pacific. And Poppa tired of hotels and motels.

Poppa *tired*.

So. So I came on to her over bourbons on the rocks how she had had something Mysterious and Explosive way back then, but *now*, aaah, she was a gold platter, even platinum, and how her combo of brains and powerful sexual stuff was getting through to me this night.

"Poppa Superdude, you knew me when."

"You were something *else*," I said.

"Oh, you can't imagine," she laughed, with her Long Island whine still peeking from under her expensive executive drawl, "how I dug you when I was in college. I used to listen to you at one in the morning, and was I dying to meet you!"

"Well, didn't we?" I said.

"Oh, Superdude," she said, scratching her long, sharp, red nails over my Calvin Klein thigh, "we did. You knew me when." She stared down at the gorgeous steaks the waiter brought, and she toasted me with that good red California vintage wine. "And look at me," she said.

"Uh-*huh*," I said.

"No, really, babe. I'm bored a lot of the time. I handle my work really *well*. I like the limo. I wouldn't give it up. I like it when I'm sitting across the pool at The Beverly Hills Hotel and I see Linda Ronstadt and *she* comes over."

"Hey, you're beautiful. Beautiful."

"And I can get into the fakery. You know the first thing a publicity person has to do, Superdude? Don't tell anybody. *Make themselves a star*. I'm a star. I did it consciously."

"You're a very conscious person," I told her. "A real person. You are Real."

"What I mean by 'consciously,'" she said, "is that I set out to connect my name to a certain image, just the same way I would with a rock group."

"Sure," I said, not liking the serious, high-level tone of this talk. "You're a person with a Name."

"And that was fun. You know it yourself. . . . Sometimes I don't even particularly *like* the image—flamboyant but responsible, shrewd but daffy. It's a game. Like you made yourself into Superdude. Right, Superdude?"

"Another bottle of wine, kid?" I crooned, and she said, "Sure," in a slightly teary voice, and I didn't want the *blues*, so I figured snorting a little of the white powder later on would do us real fine. In the meantime, I took her hand for a little romance. "I knew you when, kid."

"Yeah, Superdude. Sure. It's true."

"Only one thing, kid, one thing I personally regret."

She stroked my hand and I figured to hell with dessert. "What, Poppa? What do you regret?"

"That we *never made it together*, you and me. You know? I mean, *why not?*"

"What do you mean, Superdude?"

"Never *made* it. Something always came up, right?"

"Well, right, but not always——"

"And then," I sugared her, "you were long gone."

"Never *made* it? Superdude, come on."

"You mean it's never too late? Well, now, that's the truth——"

"But we *did*."

"Well, sure," I said. "Oh, sure."

"Superdude, you mean you don't remember? We made it the night I signed out for my first fake overnight from the dorms. And I said I was at my aunt's?"

"A virgin?" I said.

"Oh, come *on*," she said. "Stick it in your ear, a *virgin*. Not since I was a junior counselor at summer camp. But it was my first fake overnight. Oh. Oh, I was so crazy about you. It was after you d.j.'d a live show from the student center. We met because I was organizing the show. Remember? Remember, some of the money went for antiwar stuff?"

"Sure. I was into good causes. And, hey," I said, "that funny hotel we stayed at, right?"

"Oh, Superdude. It was my friend's attic, for God sakes."

"A very pretty place it was."

"We made love all over the goddamned wooden floor. You were showing off."

"Well, well, well."

"We slept on an old mattress and you were nervous about bedbugs. And you kept telling me what a Beautiful Experience it was."

"Well, it *was*. I'm sure it probably was, Madeline."

"Finish your steak," she said. "Just finish your steak, will you?"

"Hey, look," I said, "it's been a long time."

"Hasn't it just?" she said.

You see how things go nowadays for the old Superdude? It is a fallen world, my friend. Nothing be in sync now. A fallen goddamned world.

ILLUSTRATION BY DON VANDERBEEK

a colorful hot-weather treatise
on all the hues that are fit to print

SHADES OF SUMMER

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

WHEN THE SUMMER FASHION WIND comes blowing in this year, it'll be whisking out the last remnants of winter's somber shades and ushering in a welcome new collection of eye-catching light and brightly hued styles. In short, menswear is hitting some new high notes and clothes are becoming more colorful again. Expect to see a rich variety from dusty hues to jelly-bean brights widely represented in such diverse areas as sportswear *and* tailored clothing. Whether you opt for such jazzy trimmings as a knock-'em-dead shirt or just a few simple accessories (socks, ties, belts, etc.), this color renaissance is a welcome expression of dressing for pleasure rather than just for necessity and is evidence of a reviving interest in creative self-image.

Just as this season's leanings are to natural fibers (cottons, linens, silks, etc.), nature has also inspired the primary colors from which to choose. On these pages, we've selected examples from sun shades (oranges and yellows), sea shades (blues) and night shades (black and white). Your adventure along fashion's Technicolor road needn't be limited to these hues, of course, but they are the most prevalent. As you can see by the diversity of items and styles represented here and on the following spread, a new lighthearted, high-spirited approach is pervading menswear, right from the bottom up.

Right: Hot shades to trot include (top left) a fire-engine-red cotton/polyester hooded pullover, by Jantzen, $35; and a knit pullover, from Michael Jordan by Lowell Dreyfuss, about $25. Below them is a pale-orange cotton mesh two-button pullover, by Lord Jeff, about $26. On the pair of hangers at the left side of the page, you'll find a multicolor glen plaid silk sports jacket, by Alexander Julian, $400; a cotton cable-stitched V-neck sweater, by Lord Jeff, about $47.50; and an orange cotton knit two-button short-sleeved pullover, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, $23. On the hanger at center is an orange cotton shirt with snap-front closures, by Sahara Club Streetwear, about $38. Above it: A cotton sateen shirt, by Jean-Paul Germain, $35. On the hanger at far right: A cotton mesh short-sleeved pullover, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, $30; multicolor silk tie, by Michel for Superba Cravats, $17.50; honan silk tie, by Henry Grethel, $15; and a pair of cotton Argyle socks, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, $12. On the hanger below the socks: Multicolor striped acrylic/silk shirt, from Members Only by Europe Craft, $27.50; polyester/cotton walking shorts, by Lord Jeff, about $23.50; and cotton slacks with leather arrowhead trim, by Gary E. Miller Associates for Modigliani, $125.

Below: Blues to dig include (at left) a silk/acrylic pullover, by La Squadra, about $80; hanging above a wing-collar shirt, by Jean-Paul Germain, $35; cotton poplin windbreaker, by The Bert Pulitzer Company, $95; and polyester/cotton slacks, by Wrangler, $28. Next to the windbreaker are a cotton pullover, by Stanley Blacker, $50; and a pullover, by Gant, about $22. Below the pullovers: Nylon trunks, by Head Sports Wear, $27. Center, on the door: Canvas belt, from Polo Leathergoods, $12.50. Next to it: Cable crew-neck, also from Polo by Ralph Lauren, $65. On the hangers at right: Buttondown shirt, by The Bert Pulitzer Company, $38.50; silk tie, by Henry Grethel, $15; knit tie, by John Henry, $9; cotton jacket, by Gary E. Miller Associates for Gio Co., $350; sateen shirt, by Nino Cerruti Shirts, about $30; and cotton slacks, by Alexander Julian, $100. In lower locker: Cotton shirt, from Crash by Marzotto, $56.

Opposite page: Anything-but-basic blacks and whites. On the hangers at near right are a silk tweed sports jacket, by Jhane Barnes, $450; a black-and-white cotton pullover shirt with a band collar, by Basile, $135; and silk double-pleated slacks, by Jhane Barnes, $210. Below the slacks: Black cotton slacks, by Basile, $210; multicolor cotton knit tie, by Jhane Barnes, $35; and a black-and-white urethane-coated-nylon water-repellent windbreaker with a hood, by Breezin' Sportswear, $65. On the hangers at center: Black-and-white Arabic-motif cotton flocked T-shirt, by Kansai Yamamoto, about $120; and a white cotton zippered jacket, by Basile, $475. On the hangers at far right: White cotton double-pleated slacks with straight legs, by Gary E. Miller Associates for Gio Co., $95; and black cotton jeans, by Levi Strauss, about $30. Below the slacks: White cotton viscose pullover with two bellows pockets, by La Squadra, about $95.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHUCK SLACK

when a good ol' writer from texas watches his play become a movie, that's when he learns about the wages of sin

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE GOES HOLLYWOOD

memoir

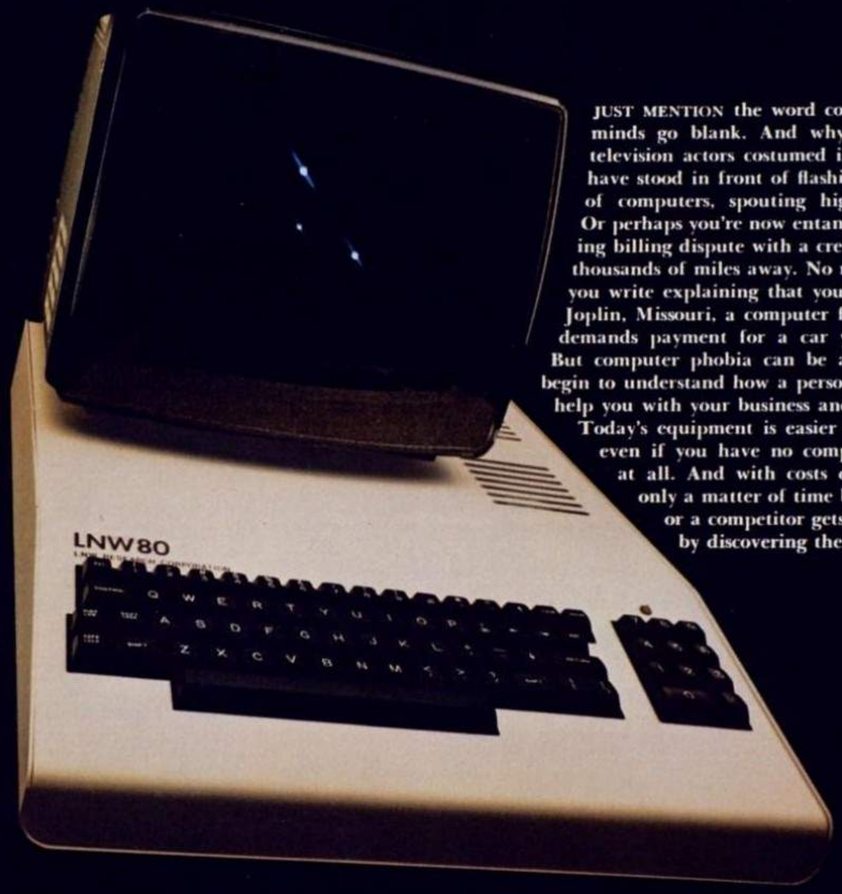
By LARRY L. KING

THERE IS SOMETHING about the thought of being put in the movies that makes the average American turn to Silly Putty and go daft. Somewhere, in some wretched Appalachian hollow or Back Bay drawing room, there must be someone—a black-lunged coal miner, a gentle dowager—who does not wish to be in pictures. I have yet to meet him, however. And if I should and he somehow learned I was even remotely connected with a movie *(continued on page 158)*

THE COMPLEAT PERSONAL COMPUTER

from apple to ibm, here's an easy-to-understand print-out on little wonder machines that are ideal for home or small-business use

article
BY DANNY GOODMAN



JUST MENTION the word computer and most minds go blank. And why not? For years, television actors costumed in white lab coats have stood in front of flashing control panels of computers, spouting high-tech gibberish. Or perhaps you're now entangled in a frustrating billing dispute with a credit-card computer thousands of miles away. No matter how nicely you write explaining that you've never been to Joplin, Missouri, a computer form letter rudely demands payment for a car you rented there. But computer phobia can be arrested once you begin to understand how a personal computer can help you with your business and personal affairs. Today's equipment is easier than ever to use, even if you have no computer background at all. And with costs coming down, it's only a matter of time before a colleague or a competitor gets the jump on you by discovering the efficiencies of the

Above: Portability is the key word if you're considering the Osborne 1; it's a convenient all-in-one unit that's easy to transport, as the monitor, disc drive (just think of it as a turntable), keyboard and other hardware are enclosed in a briefcase-type carrying case, by Osborne, $1795, including $1500 worth of software (Wordstar, SuperCalc and others).

Above: The LNW80, a high-speed color-graphic computer, which accepts a wide variety of disc-type software (including what's on the market for Radio Shack's superpopular Model I), has an 80-character-per-line screen display that's about the same number of characters as a standard typed page, a durable metal case and a fan to avoid overheating, by LNW Research, about $1600, including a video monitor.

Opposite page, top: This little computer, by Logical Business Machines, is appropriately named David, as it's a real slayer of giant machines. Since David is programmed in English—or your choice of 20 other languages—you don't have to learn computerese to operate it, and it can be hooked up to a computer network for greater memory, from Computer Insights, Arlington Heights, Illinois, $8500.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Above: No computer story would be complete without at least one machine from IBM, and its disc-drive blue-chip entry—called, appropriately, the IBM Personal Computer—is ideal for home or small-business use. Base price for the unit is $1565, with that amount increasing in quantum leaps to $3000–$6000 as you add on more memory, etc.

Above: Although the Sinclair ZX81 is little larger than a paperback book, once it's hooked up to your television and cassette recorder, you have a pint-sized computer with a display of 24 lines and a 1K memory (an optional 16K extended-memory pack is available) that's ideal for personal/small-business records. And it's only $150. Buy!

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO PERSONAL COMPUTERS

Manufacturer and Model	Base Price	Typical System Price[1]	Remarks
HOME COMPUTERS			
Atari 400 Home Computer	$ 399	$ 510[2]	Among the best sound and graphics available.
Commodore VIC 20	300	485[2]	Good-value starter system for games and telecommunications.
Radio Shack TRS-80 Color Computer	399	703[2]	Low-cost computer well suited for access to dial-up data bases.
Sinclair ZX81	150	250[2]	Paperback-sized unit.
Texas Instruments TI-99/4A	525	1425[2]	Large selection of quality educational programs.
PROFESSIONAL PERSONAL COMPUTERS			
Apple II Plus	1530	3130[2]	Wide choice of programs and accessories.
Apple III	4690	5760	Superduper Apple with lots of memory.
Atari 800 Home Computer	899	2625[2]	Great expansion abilities for professional programs.
Commodore CBM 8032	1495	4285	Built-in black-and-white video display.
Hewlett-Packard HP-85	2750	7000	Suitcase portable base unit has built-in monitor, small printer and program cassette drive.
IBM Personal Computer	1565	4445	Program manuals written for the layman.
LNW Research LNW80	1600	2050	Compatible with much Radio Shack software.
Logical Business Machines David	8500	10,000–12,000[3]	Very easy for layman to program.
NEC Home Electronics (USA) PC-8001A	995	3645	Great color graphics.
North Star Advantage	3999	5500	Abundant disc storage.
Osborne Computer Osborne I	1795	2095	Powerful and portable, complete with disc programs.
Quasar Hand-held Computer HK2600TE	600	2000	Futuristic computer in a briefcase.
Radio Shack TRS-80 Model II	3899	5098	Serious business machine.
Radio Shack TRS-80 Model III	699	1197	Compact second generation of very popular Model I.
Xerox 820	2995	5895	Basic small computer compatible with many business programs.
Zenith Data Systems Z-90	3195	4790	All-in-one small-business desktop computer.

[1]System prices are based on the total cost of basic computer and accessories desirable to operate most of the programs available for the machine listed. Cost of programs is not included.
[2]System price does not include home color television required for video display.
[3]Price includes custom program development and installation by company representative.

personal computer. A good place to start the learning process is at a computer-specialty store, where you can see the little marvels in action. However, few store salespeople have the expertise or the patience to work with the uninitiated, so you'll be ahead of the game if you arm yourself with the following jargon-free basics.

First, we must distinguish a personal computer from a home computer. That is not so simple, because the categories overlap. A personal computer, generally, is a desktop unit with big-system computing ability that is inexpensive enough for one person to control cost-effectively. If a company's data-processing department won't track sales or maintain personnel files the way you'd like, for example, then let your own personal machine do it. The home computer, on the other hand, is a less sophisticated machine that's ideal for keeping household-budget records and for playing video games. In general, home computers offer color graphics and hook up to your color-TV set much as Atari and Intellivision do.

Our personal-*vs.*-home definition runs into difficulty because several machines fall into both categories, functioning well as business computers and as game or education machines. And many expensive, deadly serious personal computers—small-business systems, actually—are adorning home desktops these days as business people use them as secret weapons to get ahead in their careers or to launch their own businesses on the side.

What is helping more nontechnical people realize the benefits of a personal computer is that the machine is gradually becoming more like an automatic home appliance, though an appliance that deals with intangibles. Instead of putting bread into a toaster and taking toast out, you put disorganized information or numbers into a computer and take your organized information out.

Understanding how a personal computer operates requires little more than what you already know about its close relative, the pocket calculator. If you have some numbers to add, you punch them into the calculator via the small keyboard, press the plus key and—presto!—you have the total appearing in the display. The only thing you probably don't know is that while you're pushing those keys, the microchip inside is shuttling the numbers all about and storing them temporarily until you're done. That's really all there is to a basic computer: (1) a way to get your original info into the machine (keyboard); (2) the shuttling and temporary storage by chip or chips that do all the

(continued on page 216)

"What is the perversion du jour?"

"I've always been lucky," says Miss May, "but luck is preparation and opportunity put together." Using as a springboard a contest that judged hers the one perfect body in Texas, Kym prepares now to jump at her opportunities in the modern-day media. But she insists she won't sell out to those who offer short cuts to stardom: "I fully intend to stay true to myself. Dad-gum it—I'm supposed to be perfect, but I have to be me, too."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

FORGET THE ALAMO!

and remember kym malin, who proves that j.r. is not dallas' lone star

WHETHER SHE'S FILMING a television talk show or measuring muscles in a male beauty pageant, Kym Malin's the star when the tape starts to roll. She's from Dallas, where they write everything in capital letters, but her climb to Southwestern fame and acclaim could fill a prime-time soap opera and leave glitter left over for a Cowboys' half-time extravaganza.

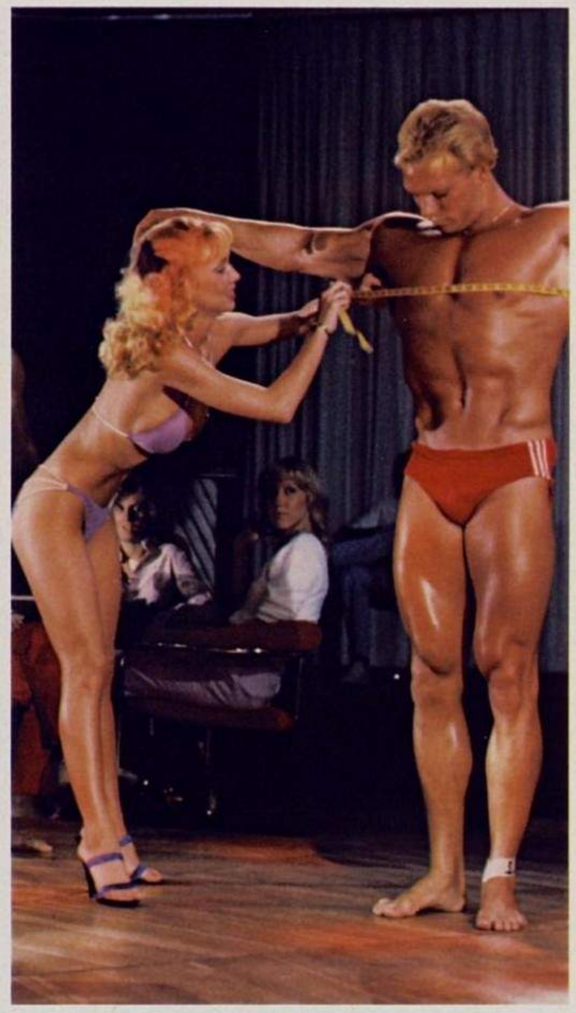
Texas women are known for beauty, ambition and money—they might better

"How do I relax? It's all a part of the training I get from my acting coach. Before I go on the air, I lean back, take a few deep breaths and simply get comfortable—going from the bottoms of my feet up through my knees—all the way up my body. I just release all the tension and breathe."

be symbolized by newly minted Krugerrands than by yellow roses—and this one incorporates all three. Her beauty has always been there. It is what brought her first prize in a pageant called The Most Perfect Body in Texas (Texans in general are known more for their beauty than for their attention to the niceties of grammar). The ambition is present in her plans to make a bigger impact on the movies than Rocky made on Apollo Creed. And surely those two qualities will bring the money. Especially in Texas.

"I've lived in Dallas most of my life," says Kym with a slight twang that calls fellow Texan Sissy Spacek to mind. "Good things happen here. I feel I was born with ability and talent but gifted especially with the mind to know what to do with them. But so far, everything has pretty much fallen into my lap."

The men in Dallas would like to do the same thing. True to her form, a panel of judges made everything official two



Taking the measure of a man, Kym evaluates the tale of the tape with a candidate for Most Perfect Body in Texas, male division (above). The scene is Club Papagayo, the Big D's hottest disco. "Since I won in '80," she says, "they asked me to m.c. in '81. But they didn't tell me anything. The man who ran the contest just handed me the mike and left the stage! Not a very relaxing moment."

"When bad things happen, I just keep my mind straight and think, I know what I want and I'm going after it. I put on blinders to all the stuff outside me and keep plowing. Even if I'm not sure what I want, I follow my instincts. If I do what I feel is right, then good things will happen. My instincts have proven to be good."

years ago and acclaimed Kym's body the best in the state. That planted the seed of her budding TV career and led directly to this appearance in PLAYBOY.

"The contest people asked me to m.c. the next year's pageant," she explains, "and some people from a local television station saw it. I did an interview with them. They liked it so much, they gave me a few other things to do on the air. They couldn't believe it was the first time I'd been on television.

"From that I got a job as co-host on a national scale with a show called *American People*. It's about people who are the best in the country at what they do. It's not on the air yet, but we're going to New York later this month to interview Joe Namath and Calvin Klein. Then we go to Sun Valley, Idaho, to talk with Jack Hemingway, and from there to L.A. for an interview with Baryshnikov—he's going to show me a few dance steps. It's all very exciting. The show could still fall through, but I win in any case; I've gotten a great deal of experience in front of the cameras."

The searchers for the perfect body also sent a few of Kym's pictures to us. "The

message came back: 'PLAYBOY wants to test-shoot you,'" she recalls. "Well, I just took my time and said, 'Oh, really?' Eventually, I went to Chicago for the test shooting, they liked it and here I am in the magazine. A lot of things have happened since that contest."

Kym can, indeed, proffer quite a résumé for someone just 19 years old. But even for a self-described child of destiny, life was not always a bed of yellow roses in conservative Texas. Her youth includes an episode that sounds more like *Reefer Madness* than a chapter of *Dallas*.

"I was brought up in a strict Dallas family," she says with a roll of the eyes, "but I did about what I wanted to do. I wasn't supposed to car date until I was 16."

For those who grew up far from the Alamo, to "car date" means to go out with a gentleman caller, in a car, without benefit of parental chauffeur.

"I'd climb out my window. Then the *(concluded on page 190)*

Kym and fellow dance troupers stretch their capabilities (above) at a popular Dallas disco. In the daytime, she barhops at Bachman Lake Park (left) in an effort to "get busty." Honest.

Yup, as sure as there's flies buzzin' over cow pies, Southfork really exists. They shot the vital title sequence for "Dallas" at this ranch outside the city even before they shot the vitals out of J.R. Not all cowgirls get the blues—Kym can straddle that special Texan confluence of rapacity and pageantry and still be a well-rounded woman (left).

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Kym Malin

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kym Malin

BUST: 36 WAIST: 20 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 105 SIGN: Leo

BIRTH DATE: 7/3/62 BIRTHPLACE: Dallas, Texas

AMBITIONS: To be more in touch & in control of myself emotionally & mentally; to retire at 30.

TURN-ONS: Being naked on a fur in front of a fireplace, with a good bottle of wine and my favorite man.

TURN-OFFS: Jealousy, overpossessiveness, people with no patience, closed-minded people.

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Other Side of Midnight, Notes to Myself, Psycho-Cybernetics, Rage of Angels.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Goldie Hawn, The Eagles, Cloverboy, "The Boss" Billy Squier, Linda Ronstadt, E.L.&P.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Life; Everything I do is a sport.

IDEAL MAN: Sean Connery's Youth, Dudley Moore's Hilarity, Miles O'Keeffe's sensuality, Robert Plant's Hair - I call that gusto!

SECRET FANTASY: In the words of Eddie Money, "Wanna Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star!"

It's a cold world when you're two

Turning my first Trick-or-Treat

Semisweet 17

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

This guy was hard on my heels last night," the girl related to her friend.

"You mean he kept following you and trying to pick you up?"

"Oh, that happened, all right—but then, when we went to a motel, he turned out to be a foot fetishist!"

I haven't been in bed with a woman for such a long time," confided the man, "that I may be a little rusty."

"That's just great!" was the reply from under the sheet. "You'll wake up in the morning with a satisfied smile on your face, and I'll wake up with lockjaw."

I thought you'd be thrilled," the struggling model's roommate scolded, "to have the casting director say you're perfect for that perfume commercial."

"I would be," the girl fretted, "if the fragrance weren't called Bimbo."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *contraceptive* as an heir-traffic controller.

Having experienced little difficulty in persuading the pert little pickup to go to a hotel with him, the man was banging away when his partner suddenly gasped, "There's a guy in the room with us!"

"To hell with the hotel dick," grunted the fellow without breaking rhythm.

"It ain't him," squealed the girl. "It's the truant officer!"

You wanna party with me, mister?" inquired the past-her-prime streetwalker.

"Not on your life!" snapped her target. "You know," he added, "you could get in trouble working like this."

"With the cops? Screw the cops!"

"With Social Security."

Word has reached us about an opinion canvasser who was sent to a university campus to poll the faculty but never got around to it. It seems that, shortly after his arrival, he fell in with a hot little coed—and spent the rest of the day poling that particular student body.

I'm pregnant again!" snapped his wife to the emperor. "Are you sure you haven't been getting your condoms from the same people who made your new clothes?"

I'm going to share a secret with you," the stoned girl murmured dreamily as the sensuous sound swelled from the stereo. "When I was younger, I used to masturbate to this composer's music."

"I've been there, too, baby," responded her equally high date. "I was partway through my teens before I found out his name wasn't Jerkoffsky."

During the weekend," boasted the cocksman to his buddy, "my organ had to work like a Trojan!"

After giving birth to her tenth child, the woman was dozing exhaustedly when her husband slipped into the hospital room, put a bouquet in the vase on the dresser, tiptoed over to the bed and kissed her gently on the forehead. The object of his tenderness opened one eye. "Frank, my dear," she managed to whisper, "I'm glad you're here . . . but do you have to start in again so soon?"

Sympathy is due the chaste young female hitchhiker who innocently told a deliveryman that she wanted to get off at the end of his route.

A romantic attraction has clung
To a chap of whom damsels have sung:
"'Tis the Scourge from the East,
That lascivious beast
Who was known as Attila the Hung!"

It was almost closing time when a male patron who had been getting the frosty treatment from a girl at the end of the bar called to the bartender and said, "Give that bitchy douche bag over there one on me."

"We discourage that sort of language here, sir," the bartender answered sternly.

"OK, OK. Serve the lady a cocktail with my compliments."

The bartender approached the female in question. "The, uh, gentleman at the other end of the bar would like to buy you a drink, miss. What would you like?"

"Vinegar and water," she replied.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"A goddamn troublemaker to the very end!"

humor **By BRUCE FEIRSTEIN**

REAL MEN DON'T EAT QUICHE

(And Other Guidelines for the Modern Male)

"REAL MEN don't eat quiche," said Flex Crush, ordering a breakfast of steak, prime rib, six eggs and a loaf of toast.

We were sitting in the professional-drivers' section of an all-night truckers' pit stop somewhere west of Tulsa on I-44. Flex, a 225-pound nuclear-waste driver, was pensive:

"American men are all mixed up today," he began, pausing to dab a cleaning rag at the 12-gauge shotgun broken open over his knees. "There was a time when this was a nation of Ernest Hemingways. *Real Men.* The kind of guys who could defoliate an entire forest to make a breakfast fire—and then wipe out an endangered species while hunting for lunch. But not anymore. We've become a nation of wimps. Pansies. Alan Alda types who cook and clean and 'relate' to their wives. Phil Donahue clones who are 'sensitive' and 'vulnerable' and 'understanding' of their children. And where's it gotten us? I'll tell you where. The Japanese make better cars. The Israelis, better soldiers. The Irish, better violence. And the rest of the world is using our embassies for target practice."

The entire restaurant was mesmerized. It was so quiet you could hear the day's fresh-caught fish thawing in the freezer.

"Now, I ask you," Flex continued. "Did John Wayne have relationships? Was Clark Gable ever worried about giving his women enough space? Was Bogart ever lonely because he couldn't carry on a meaningful dialog with some dame? *Of course not.* But that's the whole point. I'm convinced things were better in the old days. Men were Men. Women were sex objects. And the rest of the world understood: One false move and we'd nuke 'em."

At that point, Flex excused himself from the table to dispense his own brand of justice to several loutish dress designers who were making a ruckus at the far end of the bar. But while his desire to return to the days of "Me Tarzan, you Jane" may be somewhat impractical, Flex does raise some important questions:

in this feminist-infested, designer-dominated, more-sensitive-than-thou world, the time has come to draw the line

How—in a world in which you're expected to be sensitive, sympathetic and split half the household chores—do you remain a Real Man? Is it possible to have relationships and shared experiences without turning into an Alan Alda? Are we doomed to abandon the principles of Strength, Dignity and Sylvester Stallone forever? Is there a way to accept the concept of the female orgasm and still command the respect of your foreign-auto mechanic?

It made us think. And in order to help the PLAYBOY reader through these emotionally troubled times, we herewith offer a guide to treading the social tightrope that has come to be the special hell

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM INGHAM

of the modern Real Man.

CHAPTER ONE
Defining the Modern Real Man

In the old days, it was easy to be a Real Man: All you had to do was cheat at poker, steal land from Indians, abuse women and find someplace to dump the toxic waste.

Today, men everywhere are under siege. Women are taking our jobs. Robots are replacing us on G.M. assembly lines. And formerly innocent pastimes such as barroom brawling, waging war and whale hunting are no longer smiled upon by polite society.

So what, then, makes someone a Real Man today? What sets him apart from the average Joe who can't find his car in the shopping-mall parking lot? Or the joker who takes his girl out on her dream date—only to have the computer reject his credit card after the meal?

The answer is simple.

A Real Man today is someone who can triumph over the challenges of modern society.

Today's Real Man, for example, can cope with OPEC, video games, cash machines, home computers, the neutron bomb, Phil Donahue and modern psychiatry—all at the same time.

He's not intimidated by the IRS; nor is he afraid of microwave radiation, diet soda, double-digit inflation or the diminishing ozone layer.

Strength and bravery are still the hallmarks of today's Real Man—he's just found modern ways to show them.

Real Men, for example, don't buy flight insurance.

Real Men aren't afraid to leave home without the American Express Card.

Real Men don't count on the United Nations ("After 36 years, all it's proved capable of doing is producing a nice Christmas card").

Real Men are secure enough to admit they buy PLAYBOY for more than the articles.

Today's Real Man is probably closest in spirit to the personality of Spencer Tracy: He realizes that while birds, flowers, poetry, children and French food don't add to the quality of life in quite the same manner as the Super Bowl or a six-pack of Bud, he's nevertheless willing to accept them anyway.

Basically, today's Real Man is unaffected by fads or fashion. In short, there's one phrase that sums up his existence: Real Men don't eat quiche.

CHAPTER TWO
Who's Who Among Real Men

To handle the role of today's Real Man, you need Abe Lincoln's honesty, Thomas Jefferson's intelligence, Harry Truman's courage and the patience and fortitude—not to mention the durability—of plutonium 90.

Essentially, the world can be divided into two categories of men: those who eat quiche and those who don't.

Jimmy Carter, for example, eats quiche. George Bush doesn't.

Elvis Presley was a Real Man; so was Anwar Sadat. John Chancellor, Curt Gowdy, Pelé, George Harrison and Harry Reasoner are Real Men.

Morley Safer probably eats quiche; ditto for Chevy Chase, Howard Baker, Geraldo Rivera, Tom Snyder and Wayne Newton. Paul McCartney eats quiche; no one is sure about Burt Reynolds.

Frank Sinatra—the Chairman of the Board—does not eat quiche. Nor do Lee Iacocca, Frank Borman or Abe Vigoda.

Johnny Carson, Ed McMahon and Doc Severinsen are Real Men; Sonny Bono is not. Tommy Lasorda does not eat quiche, but George Steinbrenner has been known to on occasion.

James Caan is a Real Man, and so are Robert Duvall and Jack Nicholson. Carol Burnett is a Real Man for taking on the *National Enquirer*.

Robert Redford is too sensitive to be a Real Man; Alan Alda and Phil Donahue are terminally sincere quiche eaters. You can forget Halston—Real Men have two names. And Dick Cavett is eliminated simply because Real Men don't begin three out of four sentences with the phrase "When Woody and I. . . ."

REAL MAN QUIZ NUMBER ONE

Q. How many Real Men does it take to change a light bulb?

A. None. Real Men aren't afraid of the dark.

CHAPTER THREE
The Real Man's Credo

Since the beginning of time, men have lived by rules. Moses had his Ten Commandments; King Arthur, his order of the Round Table.

Among Real Men, there has always been one simple rule: Never settle with words what you can accomplish with a flame thrower.

Among today's enlightened Real Men, this rule still applies, but with one minor modification: Never settle with words what you can accomplish with a flame thrower—unless the problem in question is a 240-pound halfback for the New York Giants. In which case, an apology is always the best policy.

(Given today's violent climate, it's always best to defer to lunatics wielding howitzers, tanks, handguns or 2000-pound portable radios. It's a simple fact of life that no matter how tough and strong you are, it all means nothing if you're not alive to show it. This is an example of the modern Real Man's newfound intelligence—otherwise known as survival of the smartest.)

CHAPTER FOUR
The Real Man Vocabulary

Real Men do not "relate" to anything. They do not have "meaningful dialogs." They do not talk about "personal space," "vibes," "karma," "bummers" or "shared experiences."

A Real Man cannot be "hung up" on anything. He doesn't care where somebody's "coming from"; he's not "into" anything, and finds nothing "far out," "cosmic," "super" or "heavy."

Real Men do not "go for it"; they do not "catch rays," "party," "boogie," "get down" or "kick out the jams."

And, most important, Real Men do not talk like Alexander Haig. When a simple yes or no answer is required, you will not hear one of these:

"Well, according to our latest reports, at this point in time, within the usual parameters, allowing for the normal fluctuations and unpredictable variables—and subject to a reassessment in a different time frame—answerwise, I'd have to respond with a definite guarded affirmative: The odds are good that I had quiche for dinner last night." Among Real Men, this is called "bullshit."

CHAPTER FIVE
The Real Man's Wardrobe

When it comes to personal haberdashery, today's Real Man lives by a simple motto: Never dress like you're trying out for a spot in the Village People.

Keeping this in mind, here are ten items of clothing you won't find in a Real Man's closet:

1. A satin jump suit
2. Gold-lamé disco roller skates
3. An Italian cyclist's uniform
4. A pith helmet
5. Anything with more than four zippers
6. An admiral's cap
7. Bikini underwear
8. Athletic shoes (Real Men wear sneakers)
9. Camouflage gear
10. Anything made of polyester

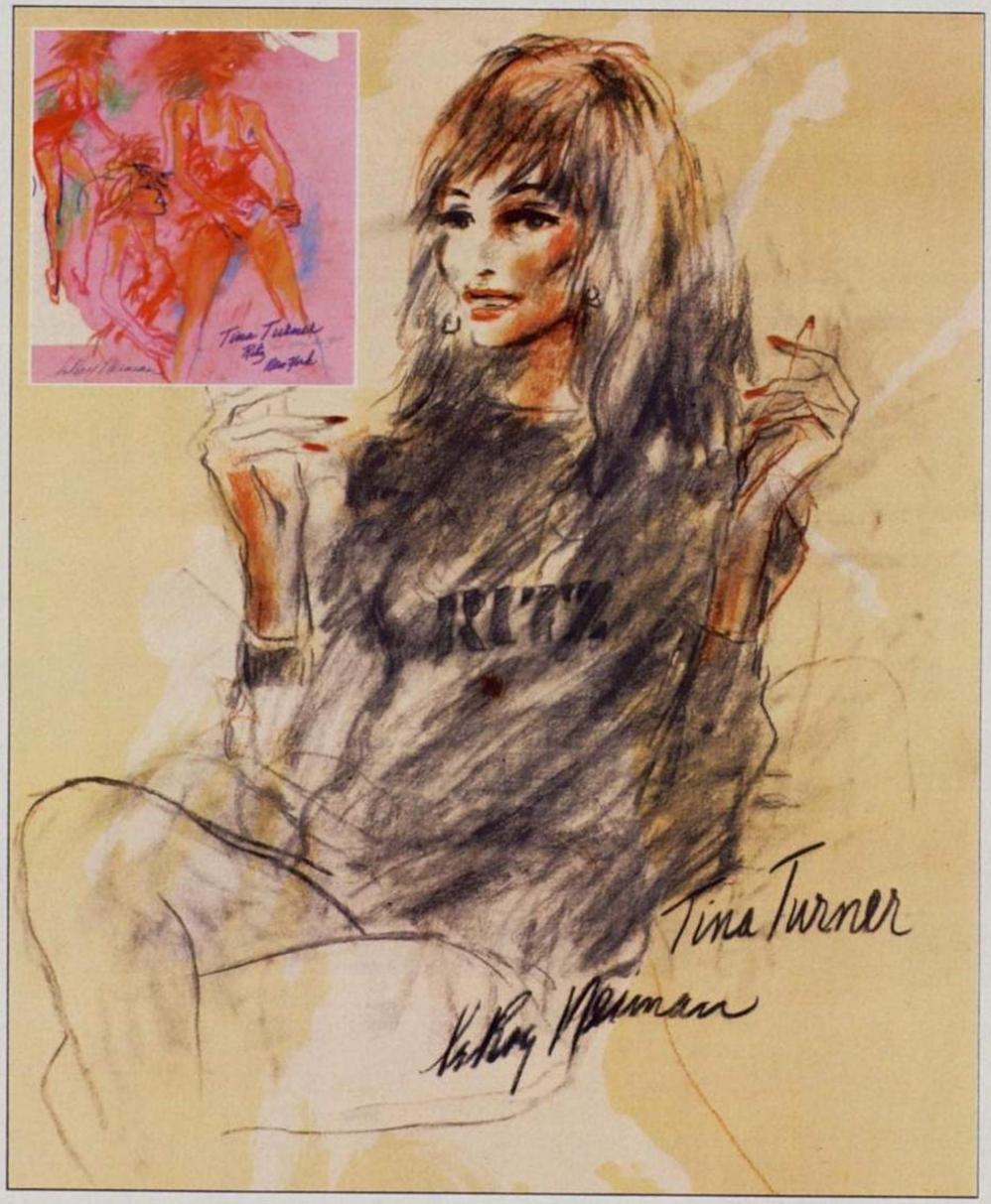
(Given the fact that polyester is a petroleum-based substance, Real Men have always wondered why there wasn't a polyester shortage during the early Seventies—complete with double-knit rationing and panic buying at K mart and Woolco. At the very least, Real Men surmise, it might have forced people into more sensible modes of dress—though the official word is that many Americans actually *enjoy* wearing attire derived from Arabian oil. It's the imported clothing of the masses.)

CHAPTER SIX
The Modern Real Man on Wheels

Remember when being a Real Man meant flying down the highway at 100

(continued on page 184)

LEROY NEIMAN
•SKETCHBOOK•



ONSTAGE, Tina Turner's incredible body is in constant motion. You wonder how she has enough energy to finish a performance without falling on her wonderful face. She exudes a sexuality that has been attracting huge audiences for two decades. Offstage, she undergoes a personality metamorphosis; she sits quietly, radiating a soulful quality—a study in sensuality and sensitivity. Her laugh is warm, frequent, contagious. Her dark eyes sparkle with good humor; her long legs are still. She appears to be at peace with herself and the world. Altogether, she's one of the loveliest individuals I've ever sketched. —L.N.

article

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

TOUR DE FORCE

A LOT OF US ride motorcycles—around town. For some, the highway never ends. They get their act together and take it on the road. Sometimes their lunch hours end three states later. What does it feel like?

You are riding a BMW through France, past hedgehogs and stone walls, along tree-lined roads, through towns where the buildings move in close to the road, where old men sit in chairs leaned against sunlit walls and nod their approval at the motorcyclists sweeping past. Five miles outside Avignon, the walled city that once housed Popes, you pass a police car, a Peugeot, parked on the side of the road. Your eyes glance down at the speedometer. You convert kph into mph and figure you're well on the interesting side of 100 mph. The gendarmes wave. At the next rest stop, your guide, a factory rep, asks if perhaps the pace is excessive. Would the group like to go slower—perhaps enjoy the *(continued on page 223)*

the loveliness of the long-distance cruiser

The Yamaha XV920J Virago (opposite page, far left) is a long, lean and sexy V-twin that echoes the appeal of Harley and Ducati. It features a computerized instrument system, six-position adjustable handle bars and shaft drive. The price: $4441. The Honda Aspencade (opposite page, near left) is the full-dress version of the Gold Wing 1100—probably the most popular touring bike in America. It is a mobile home on two wheels, with all the creature comforts (including a radio and leather-bound owner's manual) one needs to go from here to there and back. Cost: $6798. The centerpiece is a BMW R100RT—the grand old machine of touring. The RT features a fairing designed in a wind tunnel for ultimate touring comfort, and a self-leveling suspension system. This bit of Bavarian craftsmanship costs $7300. Below left: The Kawasaki KZ1100 A2 combines the patient power of a long-distance runner with the performance punch of a sport bike. The space cruiser costs $5575. You can pick up the Suzuki GS1100GZ (below right)—with touring accessories—for $4733. It's a superbike in sheep's clothing.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD SMITH

20 QUESTIONS: SCTV

video's wild bunch waxes witty about sex, satire, networks and the things they can't do on television

The seven people who make up the critically acclaimed "Second City TV" write, produce, direct, perform and edit their 90-minute show from an otherwise normal TV studio in Toronto. We sent Robert Crane into that center of creative chaos to talk with the talented group and to see if he could survive their pace for a week. He reports: "The energy from this cast could light up much of Canada. They tape here because they don't want to be part of the scene in New York or Los Angeles—the very places where the shows they satirize are made. Here are some brief impressions: John Candy is the lovable bear, a warm, funny man; Andrea Martin is the least inhibited and the most accommodating; Eugene Levy is careful and the most precise; Rick Moranis may be the best impressionist; Dave Thomas is the most opinionated and thought-provoking; Joe Flaherty is the most shy and introverted offcamera; Catherine O'Hara has the most changeable appearance and has the best bod in the group."

1.

PLAYBOY: OK, who's the funniest performer in the group?

LEVY: I don't think there is one person who's the funniest.

MARTIN: I do. I think there're some weak people. If you want to be honest, I don't like——

FLAHERTY: Physically, John is the funniest. Rick is the quickest. Catherine makes me laugh. Gene makes me laugh, but he's not the funniest.

THOMAS: The way to find out would be to get all of us in front of 1000 people. I think I'm funnier than Rick.

2.

PLAYBOY: Some people think your show is pretty outrageous. How do *you* think it stacks up against the rest of what's on the tube?

FLAHERTY: I can't believe *Three's Company* is on television. But there are tons of bad shows. I find Norman Lear offensive under the guise of being a television messiah. Let's face it: A sitcom is a sitcom. He claims it's relevant or hard-hitting. He took himself so seriously. I remember that terrible thing he did, *All That Glitters*. It was like a real bad propaganda thing: "Look, I believe in the women's movement, I'm Norman Lear."

THOMAS: When I look at *The Dukes of Hazzard* and try to attack it from the standpoint of satire, I don't know what to do. What do we do, wreck cars? I don't understand the level at which it operates.

CANDY: I can't believe *The Richard Simmons Show*. And Richard Dawson—one of my all-time favorites. He's so obnoxious. He has everything going for him—the accent, the charm—and he blows it by being insulting. He isn't allowed in my house.

3.

PLAYBOY: It's conceded that you folks are the best imitators on TV. But are there people or shows that are off-limits to satirization?

CANDY: It's hard to do close friends. You know, they're nice people. I'm very political that way. I kind of do them, but it won't be a full-out version.

MARTIN: I was thinking that Sissy Spacek would be a great person to imitate, and then I thought, No, she's too good and I like her too much.

O'HARA: I don't want to do some people, not because it would hurt them but because it would be too much of a compliment to them.

CANDY: On the other hand, we tried to do *Laverne & Shirley* one time. We shot a scene and it looked just like *Laverne & Shirley*. No matter how shticky we got with it, how bad we took it, it just looked like one of their regular shows. There are some shows you just *can't* do.

4.

PLAYBOY: What's the best drug to take before watching your show?

MARTIN: A nice glass of warm milk.

LEVY: Johnny Carson is the best drug to take before viewing our show. But some of the shows are unconsciously better appreciated if you've had a couple of tokes.

O'HARA: All I can think of is my mom reading this.

LEVY: I think a lot of people interpret the show as stoned humor, but it's not. You won't find a straighter bunch of people than us doing a late-night show.

MARTIN: I picture our audience drinking a cold glass of white wine.

MORANIS: With some spinach salad and nice Venetian blinds behind them.

LEVY: Egg-salad sandwiches and a milk shake.

O'HARA: Rusty nails and cigarettes.

THOMAS: I think grass is the best, because it will keep you from being too fidgety. It will allow you to revel in the subtle nuances of what we do. I recommend sinsemilla above other types of grass, because that keeps you up a little longer.

5.

PLAYBOY: What's the most fun you can have with your clothes on?

MORANIS: Eat at a five-star restaurant with Eugene.

LEVY: Yeah, having a lovely *paillard* of beef that is beautifully seasoned and a nice tall Coke.

O'HARA: Come on, bar hopping and parties are better.

MORANIS: Wait a minute. I've changed my mind. I think the most fun you can have with your clothes on is a dry fuck.

CANDY: Yeah, I've got to go along with Rick on the dry fuck. Time is short and you're just in a hurry, like we are on this show a lot. A lot of that happens—the zipperless fuck.

THOMAS: Nah, the most fun to me is picking my nose. No question about it. It relaxes me in a way that Rick has to take his clothes off and do things with someone.

6.

PLAYBOY: Why isn't there more sex on the show?

FLAHERTY: Sex, like drugs, is a very easy laugh, so you tend not to use it. Catherine and Andrea won't dress up in panties and see-through bras just for a laugh. They're much better than that. I did do *Dr. Tongue's 3-D House of Stewardesses*, though. I thought it would be real risqué to have them strip to their bikinis. But it was silly, it wasn't sexual.

O'HARA: Also, we don't waste our time working on *(continued on page 238)*

Clockwise from top: Catherine O'Hara, Eugene Levy, Andrea Martin, Joe Flaherty, John Candy. In the TV monitor: Dave Thomas (left) and Rick Moranis (right).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PENNY WOLIN-SEMPLE

INTERSTELLAR PIGEON

the natives didn't name their planet casino for nothing—the crew members of galactic spaceship hopeful were losing their shirts

fiction By DONALD E. WESTLAKE

FROM THE BEGINNING *of Time, Man has been on the move, ever outward. First he spread over his own planet, then across the Solar System, then outward to the Galaxies, all of them dotted, speckled, measled with the colonies of Man.*

Then, one day in the year eleven thousand four hundred and six (11,406), an incredible discovery was made in the Master Imperial Computer back on Earth. Nearly 500 years before, a clerical error had erased from the computer's memory more than 1000 colonies, all in Sector F.U.B.A.R.3. For half a millennium, those colonies, young and struggling when last heard from, had had no contact with the rest of Humanity.

The Galactic Patrol Interstellar Ship Hopeful, Captain Gregory Standforth commanding, was at once dispatched to re-establish contact with the Thousand

ILLUSTRATION BY RON VILLANI

Lost Colonies and return them to the bosom of Mankind.

Why me?

Watching Captain Gregory Standforth sit at his desk and stuff yet another bird—this one a blue-beaked yellow-backed Latter Sneezer from Degeb IV—*Why me?* wondered Ensign Kybee Benson, not for the first time. What flaw is there in me that I don't suspect? *Why did they choose ME?*

There was no question why the Galactic Council had chosen Captain Standforth to lead this one-way trip into obscurity. Just look at him now: a tall, skinny, mild-eyed fellow with his nose and fingers jammed up that dead bird's ass, tamping the excelsior in real tight. "Got to get it in real tight," the captain said, "or the wings'll sag." *Why me?* thought Ensign Benson. *I'm no misfit.*

Captain Standforth was, and would be the first to admit it. Were it not for the seven generations of glorious Standforths preceding him in the Galactic Patrol, he never would have joined up, nor would they have taken him. Taxidermy was the only thing he really cared about, which was why strange stuffed birds from all over the known Universe pervaded the Hopeful like an eighth plague. Everywhere you looked, plastic eyes looked back, surrounded by feathers.

"Captain," Ensign Benson said, "we really should talk about Casino."

"In a moment."

Ensign Benson, a social engineer, an expert in comparative societies, the man whose job it was to *define* each of the lost colonies once it was found, to study it and describe what it had become in its 500 years of solitude, brimmed to overflowing with facts about Casino, the first colony they were to visit. The name itself, Casino, had been a brave irony; the colonists had been a group of compulsive gamblers, who had joined to flee the temptations of society. What had they become in the past 500 years?

"Captain——"

"This is the most delicate moment, Ensign Benson." The captain inserted a glittering green eye; balefully, one-eyed, the Latter Sneezer glared at Ensign Benson.

Why me?

•

"There's a spaceship coming!"

"Six to five it crashes."

•

Astrogator Pam Stokes, beautiful, brainy and blind to passion, entered the captain's office to find the captain stuffing yet another bird and Ensign Benson hopping up and down on a nearby chair, rather birdlike himself. "Captain," Pam said, "we're about to land, sir."

The captain looked up, startled, the one-eyed bird impaled on his right hand. "Land! Why?"

"Because we're here, sir."

"Here?" The captain looked at the bird, which looked back.

"Casino, Captain," Ensign Benson said. "I've been trying to tell you."

Pam nodded. "That's right, sir. Fourth planet of the star Niobe." Whipping out her ever-present slide rule, she said, "Fifteen sixteenths Earth's size, one point oh oh seven six Earth's density, fifteen point one six——"

Rising, the captain said, "Yes, yes, yes, Astrogator, thank you very much."

"Just trying to keep you informed, sir. I may say, as astrogator, I had quite some time finding this spot. Celestial drift, you know."

The captain, removing the bird from his fingers and edging toward the door, said, "Is that right?"

Absorbed in her slide rule, Pam said, "Given a mean deviation of point oh seven five——"

"I'll just go supervise the landing," the captain said and left with the bird.

"Alter for nebular attraction," Pam mumbled, working the math, "on a scale of——"

Ensign Benson was beside her now. Stroking her smooth, tanned forearm with the tiny golden hairs all along its rounded length, he said, "I know a couple of mean deviations myself."

"Oh, hello, Kybee," she said, gave him a distracted smile and went away to think about the math.

•

On a grassy field not far from town, the spaceship landed, light as a feather (automatic pilot). A dozen citizens of Casino approached the great gleaming sausage and watched in admiration as an oval door in its side slid away to permit a ladder slowly to descend. Down that ladder, smiling heroically in the sunlight, resplendent in his Galactic Patrol uniform, came Lieutenant Billy Shelby, Hopeful's handsome, idealistic second in command. Pausing two steps from the bottom, he raised his hand like a Roman centurion and cried, "Hail, Casinomen! We come in peace!"

A citizen approached. "Seven to two," he said, "you don't know what day it is."

Billy's smile went lopsided. He said, "What?"

"Do we have a bet, stranger?"

Billy shook his head. When things confused him—as they frequently did—he just went on doing what he was supposed to do. "I'm here to find out if you're warlike," he explained.

The citizen frowned. "What's 'warlike'?"

"It's OK, Captain," Billy called.

The captain appeared, birdless, looked at the far horizon and fell down the stairs. Billy helped him pick himself up as Ensign Benson also emerged from the ship, accompanying stout Galactic Councilman Morton Luthguster, who came massively down the ladder as though down a grand staircase to his coronation.

"So this is Casino," the captain said, dusting himself off, looking around at a tree-studded landscape that looked much like northern Wisconsin in late September.

The citizen sidled up to him. "Seven to two *you* don't know what day it is."

The captain looked at his watch. "It's ten minutes to six in the morning. Greenwich time, on Earth."

"What *day* it is."

With another look at his watch, the captain said, "August seventh, eleven thousand, four hundred and six."

Of the citizen's patience, not much was left. "Not the date," he said. "The *day*."

"The day?" The captain shook his head. "Where?"

"Here!"

"Back on Earth, it's Tuesday. Unless my watch stopped."

Councilman Luthguster, having reached the second step from the bottom, now spread his arms wide and declaimed, "Welcome, Casinomen! Welcome to the bosom of Mother Earth! *I* am Councilman Morton Luthguster; I am here among you to represent the Supreme Galactic Council, and I have *full* treaty-making powers."

A citizen standing beside the ladder said, "Guess your weight."

Luthguster looked down askance: "I *beg* your pardon."

The citizen said, "Ten lukes says I can guess your weight within five kilograms."

"I would prefer if you didn't," Luthguster told him. Looking around himself, realizing there was no one responsible here, that these were all layabouts and scalawags, he said, "Take me to your leader."

•

It was a normal day in the main plaza of downtown Casino. At benches and tables and grassy patches on the plaza itself—a large round area rather like a roulette wheel—pairs and small groups contested together, using various kinds of dice, cards, paddles, marbles, game boards, magnets and lengths of string. Some needed no equipment at all: "Bet you two lukes *that* cloud passes the hill before *that* cloud." Next to three employment buses, potential fruit pickers,

(continued on page 195)

if you can't make the running of the roses, ride home a winner anyway with your own genial julep party

EVEN IF ONE is not a connoisseur of horseflesh, the Kentucky Derby is still the most exciting two-minute spectacle in the annals of sport. Seats are snapped up a year in advance, going on a renewal basis. But if your heart is set on a Derby experience, don't despair. There's an equally delightful way to enjoy the action, thrills and romance of this equine classic. Come the first Saturday in May, stage your own horsy fling and invite friends to a day at the Derby. You can guarantee them a perfect view of the race—on the tube, of course—even better than that of the governor's party, ensconced in a box at Churchill Downs. Louisville during Derby week is saturnalia; a collage of Mardi Gras, urbane sophistication and antebellum *kitsch*, climaxed by 120 seconds of delirium—the mile-and-a-quarter Run for the Roses. But for some, the mint juleps are a greater

***drink* By EMANUEL GREENBERG**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

attraction than the ponies.

Upwards of 60,000 are sold at the track on the big day—made from a prepared mix and served in souvenir glasses. Your *true* julep is presented in a frosted sterling-silver cup and consists of but four ingredients: bourbon, mint, sugar and ice. The bourbon should be top quality and potent, the mint fresh, sugar extra-fine and ice finely crushed. (Purists beat it into granules in a heavy canvas bag.)

Considering its station in Kentucky social life and Derby lore, the julep is a controversial quaff, with almost as many "authentic" recipes as there are *aficionados*. Note that our own mint julep skirts convention—using simple syrup in place of sugar, for its easy mixability, and a dash of bitters as an added flavor nuance. Among other variations on the julep theme are such inviting additions as a float of Jamaica rum or cognac, a dollop of peach liqueur, crème de menthe or peppermint schnapps and a generous splash of champagne. Regional rivalries abound. Peach-flavored brandy and even ripe peaches appear in Georgia juleps. Californians insist on using the native brandy. Embattled Virginians dispute the Kentucky claim to originating mint juleps and mock the effete Bluegrass custom of wrapping a napkin around the icy silver cup. They grasp it firmly, just below the rim, and to hell with frozen fingers. Mint is another point of contention between the states. "Muddle," say Kentuckians, to the horror of Virginians. Novelist Frances Parkinson Keyes, a daughter of the Old Dominion state, once wrote that the last instructions a Virginia gentleman murmurs on his deathbed are: "Never insult a decent woman, never bring in a horse hot to the stable and never crush the mint in a julep."

There's one item on which these foes close ranks: A julep *must* be made with bourbon whiskey—the native American spirit. Besides the legendary julep, Kentuckians are also partial to the smash, toddy, southside, highball and bourbon over rocks. But as the strains of *My Old Kentucky Home* summon the thoroughbreds to the post, there's only one choice. Hand each guest a crisp, fragrant mint julep with the traditional salutation, "Have a winner!" And if you've done it right, he will.

THE ULTIMATE MINT JULEP

4 young, fresh mint leaves
2 ozs. bottled-in-bond Kentucky bourbon
½ tablespoon simple syrup (recipe below)
Dash bitters, optional
3 or 4 mint sprigs, for garnish

Prechill sterling-silver julep cup. Place mint leaves, bourbon and simple syrup in bar glass. Add bitters if you like and muddle lightly, barely bruising leaves. Gently massage interior of chilled julep cup with sprig or two of mint. Discard mint and pack cup with finely crushed ice. Slowly strain bourbon mixture into prepared cup. Jiggle contents with long-handled spoon to frost exterior. Add more ice as necessary and top with float of bourbon or Jamaica rum. Plant 3 or 4 mint sprigs in ice crevices. Insert straws, cut short so that you can sniff the mint as you imbibe your julep.

Simple syrup: In saucepan, combine 2 cups sugar and 1 cup water. Bring to boil, then simmer 5 minutes without stirring. Cool; pour into jar. Syrup will keep almost indefinitely in refrigerator.

PARTY JULEPS

This is the more or less "official" Derby Day recipe. Very useful when entertaining a herd of enthusiasts.

2 cups sugar
2 cups water
Large bunch fresh mint
Bourbon

Prepare mint-flavored syrup: Combine sugar and water in saucepan. Bring to boil and simmer 5 minutes without stirring. Cool. Loosely fill quart jar with mint and add cooled syrup. Cap jar and refrigerate 12 to 24 hours. Discard mint.

To make one julep, pack highball glass with finely crushed ice; pour in ½ tablespoon mint syrup and 2 ozs. Kentucky bourbon. Stir gently to frost exterior. Top with mint sprig and add straws.

To get a jump on things, you can make up the first round of drinks in advance. Prepare drinks as described above, including straws but sans garnish, and place in freezer for up to 2 hours. Garnish with mint sprigs and serve. If contents solidify, let glasses stand at room temperature 10 to 20 minutes before serving.

BLUEGRASS MINT JULEP

2 teaspoons simple syrup (recipe above)
5 or 6 fresh mint leaves
3 ozs. bourbon
Finely crushed ice
Mint sprigs, for garnish

In 10-oz. glass or silver mug, muddle simple syrup and mint leaves. Pack glass with finely crushed ice. Don't let ice go to mush. Slowly pour in bourbon. Stir gently with long-handled spoon to frost exterior. Plant several mint sprigs in ice crevices. Add straws and serve.

KENTUCKY TODDY

A popular drink in Bluegrass country.
2 ozs. bourbon
½ oz. simple syrup (recipe above)
Lemon slice
Ice water
Nutmeg or cinnamon

Combine bourbon and simple syrup in 6-oz. tumbler or goblet. Stir well; add ice cubes and lemon slice. Pour in ice water to fill, or to taste; stir quickly. Sprinkle lightly with nutmeg or cinnamon.

CALIFORNIA MINT SMASH

A smash is, essentially, a short julep. Here's one with a Western twist.

1 fresh mint sprig
½ teaspoon superfine sugar
2 teaspoons cold water
1¼ ozs. California brandy
½ oz. pear liqueur
Mint sprig, for garnish (optional)

In old fashioned glass, lightly muddle mint, sugar and water. Add ice cubes, brandy and liqueur; stir. Pop on mint garnish if desired.

SOUTHSIDE

6 fresh mint leaves, removed from stem
1 teaspoon superfine sugar, or to taste
2 ozs. bourbon
1 oz. lemon juice
Pineapple stick, for garnish

Shake all ingredients, except garnish, briskly with cracked ice. Strain into sour glass or over ice cubes in wineglass. Decorate with pineapple stick or other fruit, if desired.

SCHNAPPSY JULEP

2 ozs. bourbon
2 teaspoons peppermint schnapps
¼ oz. lemon juice
Mint sprigs

Shake bourbon, schnapps and lemon juice briskly with ice. Strain over fresh ice in small tumbler. Pop on mint sprigs and serve.

GEORGIA PEACH JULEP
(For two)

Ripe peach or 2 canned freestone-peach halves
4 ozs. bourbon or corn whiskey
1 oz. peach liqueur
Sugar, to taste
1 sprig fresh young mint
Mint, for garnish

Skin, halve and pit fresh peach, or drain canned halves. Place in small jar. Combine all other ingredients except garnish and pour over peach in jar; marinate for an hour or more. Place ice in two large old fashioned glasses; add peach half to each. Strain bourbon mixture equally into each glass. Stir; garnish drinks with fresh mint sprigs. Serve with small spoons.

Bluegrass wisdom has it that only two things can harm a julep, the first being too much sugar and the second too little whiskey. We'll drink to that.

"I may not look any younger, but I feel a hell of a lot hornier!"

once again, we revere the best, revile the worst and reprise the weirdest moments that passed before our eyes

THE YEAR IN MOVIES

EVERY YEAR, just after the holidays, we start preparing the feature we call *The Year in Movies*. Our alternative Oscars. It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it. We recall a calendar's worth of date nights, compare notes, resurrect brilliant dinner conversations. We become Monday-morning movie critics. This year, it was a piece of cake. Pop culture presented itself in three forms: *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, William Hurt and Lawrence Kasdan. Still, there was a great deal of hairsplitting. The first 15 minutes of *Raiders* was the best short subject ever filmed. (The still at right shows Indiana Jones in a guest appearance on *Bowling for Dollars*.) The rest wasn't bad. Fans debated whether or not the movie they saw the first time was as good as the movie they saw the fifth time. Harrison Ford was the hero of the year, in a year in which Hollywood tried to launch legions of larger-than-life leading men. Karen Allen was the kind of woman we dream about and lust after, a catalyst for the incredible.

We are not about to engage in a heated debate over which scene from *Raiders* is the best piece of celluloid ever created by man; it seems obvious: Indiana Jones, run ragged and reckless by the villains who kidnaped Marion, confronts the turbaned swordsman in the bazaar; the ayatollah draws his scimitar with a flourish. Jones draws his gun and drops the sucker. Moralists may complain that the scene instills in Americans a craving for the pre-emptive strike. We say: Lighten up.

Nineteen eighty-one was characterized by the eccentric, the unpredictable. *Body Heat* had great sex, great dialog and great characters, especially Mickey Rourke as the lip-sync arsonist. *Chariots of Fire*, a come-from-behind English film, was a vision of a totally different world, gorgeous, with a sound track by Vangelis, Gilbert and Sullivan. Some old-timers came back and showed us how it should be done: We give a Lion in Winter Award to Burt Lancaster in *Atlantic City*; Henry Fonda in *On Golden Pond*; James Cagney in *Ragtime*. The notion that Hollywood did not even nominate Cagney for an Oscar is one reason we have this feature.

In short, it was a very good year. We got our money's worth. If you feel, as we do, that a good movie is worth more than an hour of foreplay, you probably had the time of your life.

IT'S NOT HARD TO GET GOOD HELP THESE DAYS

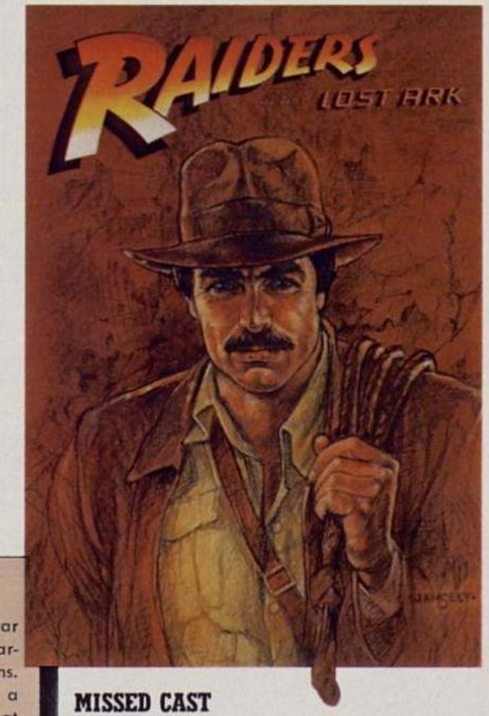
Forget the Oscars. In 1981, the stars and superstars did little to earn their celebrity. The movies belonged to newcomers and sidemen, the names that get lost in the Best Supporting Actor category. We have our own awards, counterclockwise from 11 o'clock: The dwarfs in *Time Bandits* get our vote for Best Side-kicks. They give Harrison Ford a run for the money for Best Hero. Bob Balaban gets a Silver Gavel for Best Bit of Business (the rubber-band trick in *Absence of Malice*). In 1981, he portrayed three lawyers (in *Prince of the City*, *Absence of Malice*, *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*). Enough already. Ian Holm, the coach in *Chariots of Fire*, gets a bronzed running shoe—the James Fixx Achievement Award—for Best Coach. Robert Preston deserves a silver syringe, personally autographed by Dr. Nick, for his totally engaging performance as the boozy Dr. Feelgood in *S.O.B.* Laughter is the best medicine, and for not giving Preston an Oscar, Hollywood should go cold turkey on Quaaludes. If there were any justice in the world, there would be separate Oscar categories for different characters, like job descriptions. John Gielgud created a character in *Arthur* that will live forever. He gets our vote for Best Butler and Best Friend. And now for the bad guys. (We'll save the rogues' gallery for your local post office.) Henry Silva, the PCP-crazed assassin in *Sharky's Machine*, almost took the prize—for endurance; 20 years ago, he was a villain in *The Manchurian Candidate*. But, in the end, we had to give our Best Bad Guy black hat to Gene Hackman (above), for his portrayal of Lex Luthor in the *Superman* flicks.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, CRAZINESS

Movies have a special place in our collective imagination. They amuse, they astonish, they show just how far someone will go to secure a place in show business. Over the years, we've come to rely on the Bond movies for a maintenance dose of the incredible, the death-defying. We weren't disappointed. *For Your Eyes Only* featured a chase—by bobsled, skier and cyclist (above left)—down a bobsled run that boggled the mind. The whole scene was captured by Willy Bogner (heir to the stretch-pants fortune), who wore a full hockey suit, in case of a crack-up. Cut. We also count on the movies to mystify, to capture impossible transformations. It may be make-up, but it's amazing. The Lon Chaney Wolfman Award goes to Rick Baker, the genius who put hair on the chest of the hero in *An American Werewolf in London* (above). We thought it was an educational film on the effects of masturbation.

AND TO LAWRENCE KASDAN WE GIVE A SPECIAL LAWRENCE KASDAN AWARD

If Lawrence Kasdan hadn't already existed, we would have invented him. The year in movies belongs to the 32-year-old screenwriter who gave us, in quick succession, *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Continental Divide* and *Body Heat*. Not bad for an overnight success (never mind that it took almost ten years, six or so rejected screenplays and what seemed like a possible life sentence writing ad copy. When his agent suggested he write for television, Kasdan reportedly answered, "Why? I already have a job I hate."). He describes a career in writing as being "like having homework for the rest of your life." He wrote the story for *Continental Divide* over lunch. Lines such as Belushi's "It's so quiet up here, you could hear a mouse get a hard-on" came later. Without doubt, some of the best lines of the year belong to Hurt and Kathleen Turner: "Maybe you shouldn't dress like that." "This is a blouse and a skirt. I don't know what you're talking about." "You shouldn't wear that body." Turner: "My temperature runs a couple of degrees high, around a hundred all the time." Hurt: "Maybe you need a tune-up." Turner: "Don't tell me—you have the right tool." Hurt: "I don't talk that way." Kasdan does, thank God, talk that way.



MISSED CAST

There but for the Grace of God and Central Casting Go I Department: We learned this year that Steve (*Hercules*) Reeves turned down the part of the Man with No Name in the Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns. The winner: Clint Eastwood. And as the boys in the White House are fond of pointing out, Ronald Reagan was originally slotted for the Humphrey Bogart role in *Casablanca*. Can you believe that Harrison Ford was the second choice to play Indiana Jones? Here's a poster—of Tom (*Magnum, P.I.*) Selleck—to show what might have been.

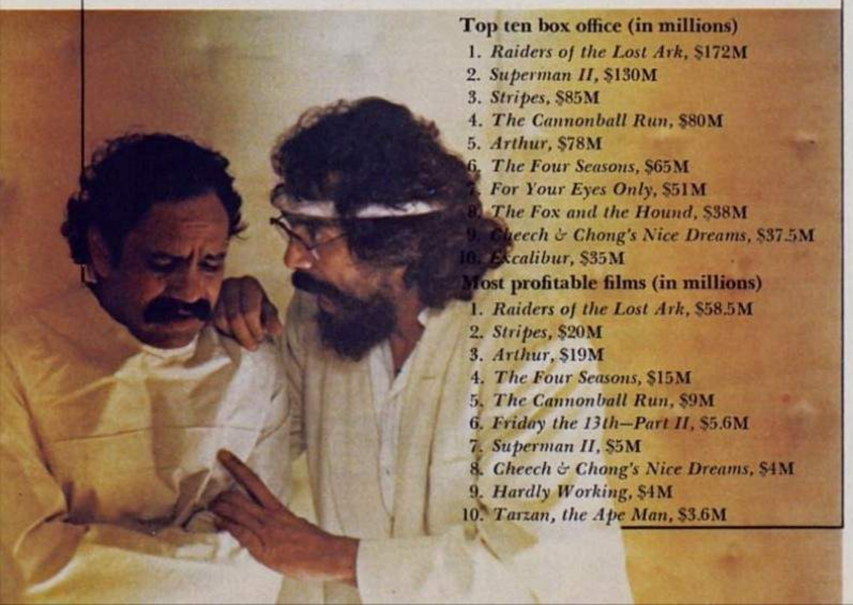
"IT IS A JOY TO WATCH!
FUNNY, RUEFUL, MODEST, UTTERLY ENGAGING – ALIVE!... SAYLES HAS A REMARKABLE TALENT"
-Richard Corliss—Time Magazine
Return of the Secaucus 7
A film by John Sayles

WHERE DO THEY GET THOSE IDEAS, ANYWAY?

John Sayles's low-budget *Return of the Secaucus Seven* featured a get-together of old friends, some noisy sex, a bit of skinny-dipping and a casual but competitive ball game. So did Alan Alda's *The Four Seasons*. Lawrence Kasdan's *Body Heat* had a dose of *Double Indemnity*. Brian DePalma's *Blow Out* was to eavesdroppers what *Blow-Up* was to photographers. That's called a tribute.

MONEY-MAKERS OF 1981

Everybody loves a list. On the opposite page, we present our movie critic's top ten (and bottom ten). That takes care of the art. There are other lists—the people's favorites, the industry's favorites. The movies that sold the most tickets at theaters across the continent last year were not necessarily the most profitable for the people who made them. Here are trade reports on the winners.



Top ten box office (in millions)

1. *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, $172M
2. *Superman II*, $130M
3. *Stripes*, $85M
4. *The Cannonball Run*, $80M
5. *Arthur*, $78M
6. *The Four Seasons*, $65M
7. *For Your Eyes Only*, $51M
8. *The Fox and the Hound*, $38M
9. *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams*, $37.5M
10. *Excalibur*, $35M

Most profitable films (in millions)

1. *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, $58.5M
2. *Stripes*, $20M
3. *Arthur*, $19M
4. *The Four Seasons*, $15M
5. *The Cannonball Run*, $9M
6. *Friday the 13th—Part II*, $5.6M
7. *Superman II*, $5M
8. *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams*, $4M
9. *Hardly Working*, $4M
10. *Tarzan, the Ape Man*, $3.6M

THE CUTTING ROOM

Now that Bill Murray no longer does his Rona Barrett routine on *SNL*, the task falls to us. From the top: Meryl Streep, listen. Hey, you're beautiful, but really, what are you trying to do? Win the Faye Dunaway If It's Neurotic It Must Be Good Acting Award? We would like to give *Rich and Famous* a special award for the least realistic depiction of our chosen profession—journalism. Do you really believe that a staff writer for *Rolling Stone* could end up with someone like Jacqueline Bisset? (And, to cap it off, he leaves with Candice Bergen's daughter, saying that the *Stone* gave him enough money to hire an assistant for an interview. Puhleese.) A special Conduct Unbecoming to a Superhero Award to Christopher Reeve. At the end of *Superman II*, it is obvious that during their loving interlude, Lois Lane has been knocked up. The Man of Steel gives her a special amnesia kiss and she forgets everything. This is the way they practice birth control on Krypton? And finally, a They Must Be Turning in Their Graves Award to the copyright notice for *Reds*, a movie about communism.

BEST LINES

Dialog most often repeated at cocktail parties:
Dudley Moore (in *Arthur*): "I'm going to take a bath."
John Gielgud: "I'll alert the media."

•

Moore (again): "Are you a hooker? . . . I just thought I was doing great with you."

•

"Do you want to dance or would you rather suck face?" (Henry Fonda, in *On Golden Pond*)

•

"That's who you were having affairs with? Hat-check girls?"
"No, they were all intelligent, worthy women—the top women in their field. I can't tell you all their names, but two of them were Margaret Thatcher and Indira Gandhi." (Alan Alda and Len Cariou, in *The Four Seasons*)

•

"No more wire hangers, ever!" (Faye Dunaway, in *Mommie Dearest*)

•

"I'll leave this office with somebody's ass in my briefcase." (Wilford Brimley, in *Absence of Malice*)

BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S HIT LIST

THE TEN BEST

Arthur: Imperfect, but a better screwball comedy, with snappier dialog, would be hard to find—this year, anyway.

Atlantic City: Louis Malle's bet on the Jersey gambling mecca pays off in a jackpot of goodies.

Body Heat: Hot stuff as of yore, one of those memorable crimes of passion for profit fastidiously re-created by writer-director Lawrence Kasdan.

Chariots of Fire: The year's best, bar none.

Pennies from Heaven: A bold, mostly marvelous MGM musical tragicomedy set in the Great Depression.

Prince of the City: Police corruption on such a grand scale, it's classic. Fine direction by Sidney Lumet.

Ragtime: By Milos Forman out of E. L. Doctorow's rambunctious best seller, exuberant Americana.

Raiders of the Lost Ark: All the hair-raising adventures a kid ever saw, rolled into one gigantic cliff-hanger.

S.O.B.: To Hollywood with malice toward all, the bitchiest showbiz comedy since *All About Eve*.

Whose Life Is It Anyway?: For once, a movie version that improves on the Broadway play.

THE TEN WORST

All Night Long: Having floundered as a blonde suburban sexpot, Barbra Streisand reportedly changed agents.

Back Roads: 1980 Oscar winner Sally Field—this was not her year—lost out as a whore.

The Cannonball Run: Another Burt Reynolds road movie; money in the bank but otherwise nil.

Carbon Copy: Racism made cutesy poo.

Circle of Two: Tatum O'Neal and Richard Burton stunningly mismatched in a May-December romance.

Ghost Story: A best-selling shocker turned into a bomb.

The Legend of the Lone Ranger: Klinton Spilsbury so bad as the masked man that his dialog had to be dubbed by James Keach.

Neighbors: More evidence that *Saturday Night Live* alumni can't save screen comedy by themselves, even if their names happen to be John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

Taxi zum Klo: Frank Ripploh's homosexual home movie ain't Art just because it's in German.

Zorro, the Gay Blade: George Hamilton's Zorro batted zero in this cloak-and-bragger comedy.

CUTE COUPLES

Our award for cutest couple goes to William Hurt and Kathleen Turner in *Body Heat* (left), Hurt and Blair Brown in 1980's *Altered States* (below), Hurt and Sigourney Weaver in *Eyewitness* (bottom). Some guys have all the lust.

ODD COUPLES

Top prize was going to go to the giant caterpillar that made love to a naked blonde in *Galaxy of Terror*, but we couldn't get the picture in time. The award for Best Buddies goes to David Naughton and the undead in *An American Werewolf in London* (top). C.J., the orangutan in *Tarzan, the Ape Man* (above), wins the Best Interspecies Savoir-faire prize. And Elisabeth Brooks, from *The Howling* (right), is the lycanthrope we'd least enjoy oral sex with.

WHAT WOULD THE REAL INDIANA JONES THINK?

Do you really need another reason to see *Raiders of the Lost Ark*? Here goes: The eagle-eyed may have noticed that on the wall behind the ark of the covenant were pictographic characters bearing a remarkable resemblance to R2-D2 and C-3PO. Shades of Alfred Hitchcock.

In the matter of real-life artifacts, we have the glass act of 1981—the Miss Piggy souvenir from McDonald's. We are still one glass short of a complete dinner set. If you have one to trade, please contact this magazine's editors. We'll give you first choice of Playmates.

CAPSULE CRITIQUES

Sometimes the best reviews of a movie are overheard while leaving the theater. Here are a few unpublished reviews caught by PLAYBOY staffers during the past year:

The Postman Always Rings Twice: "Jesus, that was longer than the book."

Taps: "That makes sense. Timothy Hutton was a problem kid in *Ordinary People*, so they sent him to military school. But where was the shrink when he needed him?"

Reds: "Gee, I liked the first feature."

Absence of Malice: "That Sally Field sure is something. Do you think her knees shook when she kissed Paul Newman?"

"Come on. She dated Burt Reynolds for a couple of years."

"That's Burt Reynolds. I'm talking Paul Newman."

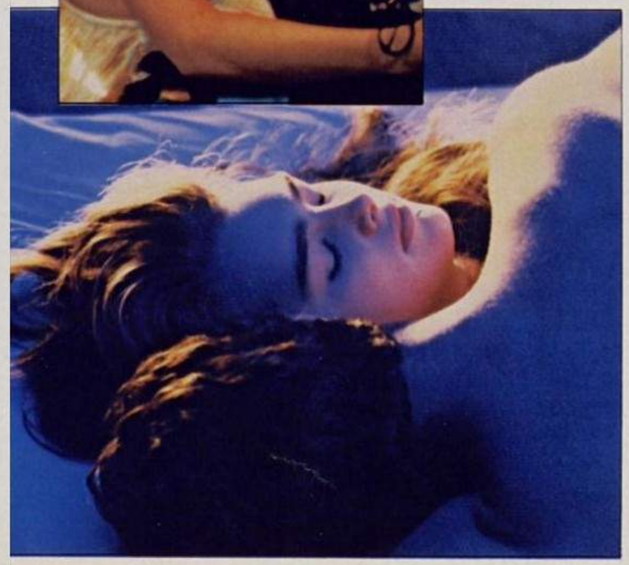
It's almost enough to make us believe that *People* magazine has a role in American culture.

JOY OF SEX IN CINEMA

Usually, we learn secret Oriental sex techniques from our Toyota mechanic; but this year, Hollywood came through with some killers. Bill Murray and P. J. Soles (right) found a novel use for a pancake turner in *Stripes*. If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen.

In *Atlantic City* Susan Sarandon (below), our choice for the most sensuous woman in cinema, did something with lemons that won our award for Girl We Would Most Like to Have Living Next Door. She did it early and often, too. In the movie, Burt Lancaster was the lucky fella. Some guys wait their whole careers for a moment like this. We're *still* waiting.

Our This Is How It's Done? Award for clumsy sex goes to *Excalibur* (left), in which Uther, in full armor, gets it on with Igrayne—my kingdom for a can opener—and to *Endless Love* (bottom left), for which Franco Zeffirelli produced Brooke Shields's orgasmic look by pinching her big toe. Least expected turn-on came from *Heavy Metal* (sequence at right), *not* a Disney cartoon.



BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE

(continued from page 119)

"I wanted old Texas outlaw Willie Nelson to play Sheriff Ed Earl Dodd."

scheduled for production, he doubtless would change his mind.

I came to be associated with a movie when Universal Pictures bought the screen rights to a hit Broadway musical—*The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*—that I had more or less accidentally written with Peter Masterson and Carol Hall. The play was based on a piece I wrote for PLAYBOY way back in 1974.

From the moment it was indicated that there just *might* be a *Whorehouse* movie off in the distant future, I was besieged by friends, relatives and strangers wanting to be in it. I don't know why that should be so. Not many people seriously consider themselves or their protégés ripe prospects to sing and dance on Broadway, but transfer the same story to film and suddenly everybody's an actor. "I'll take a small part," people would volunteer, as if we might otherwise draft them for the leading roles, "or I'll even be an extra. But I've *got* to be in that movie." People I had not heard from since the Truman Administration wrote or telephoned or looked me up to tout this old girlfriend or that cousin or somebody's in-law as "exactly right" for roles that did not yet exist, because no screenplay had been written. Never mind that the would-be new stars were by trade milkmen or computer programmers and had not acted since their fourth-grade Christmas pageants. The amateurs, indeed, were more insistent than the professionals—and, Lord knows, *they* were bad enough.

It goes without saying that almost every player in all of the *Whorehouse* stage versions campaigned for screen tests to one degree or another; just about every other actor I knew, and many I did not know, mailed résumés and pictures or begged for personal appointments. It did not do one smidgen of good to tell either the amateur or the professional hopefuls truthfully that I would not be involved in casting, had no authority to cast, had no qualifications to cast and did not wish to cast the movie. Nor did it help to say—again, truthfully—"Listen, if I could get anyone a part in that movie, I would get *myself* a part in that movie." These truths were seen as clever evasions or heartless disclaimers and were received in disbelief, anger or an accusing silence.

Although I had no idea who would actually do the casting for Universal, I ultimately adopted the tactic of sicking people on Pete Masterson or Bonnie Champion in Stevie Phillips' office. Stevie had originally bought *Whorehouse* for the stage, and she had produced it with Universal money. On days I felt playful, I solemnly assured the aspirants, "Don't take no for an answer. He [she] can do it if he [she] really wants to." The recipients of such assurances were almost pathetically grateful.

The earliest and most persistent campaigner was the actress Shirley MacLaine, seeking the role of Miss Mona. Not that Miss MacLaine ever got in touch with me; no. I don't know that she once got in touch with anyone from Universal, for that matter. But if one read the gossip columns, one could not help but suspect that Miss MacLaine wanted the role badly. She was forever being reported as "having the inside track" or being "favored" to play the *Whorehouse* madam. I had learned enough of press-agentry to suspect that Miss MacLaine had not ordered her flack to cease and desist. Actually, I was rather enamored of the idea. I liked Shirley MacLaine's acting, considered her a bright talent and thought we'd be lucky to have her. When I mentioned that to Universal bigwigs, however, I was told she was not big enough box office. I got the same answer when I plumped for Jill Clayburgh, Carlin Glynn and Dyan Cannon.

Early on, it turned out, Universal had Dolly Parton in mind. "Jesus," I said on hearing the news. "Too obvious. She *looks* like she might run a whorehouse or work in one." Some Universal nabob, however, had become enchanted with the idea of Dolly Parton and I don't believe anyone else was seriously considered. She is the only actress I know of who was squired to the play by Stevie Phillips and a half ton of assorted Universal brass.

The night Miss Parton was at the 46th Street Theater, by the way, our irrepressible steel-guitar man, Lynn Frazier, leaned over during the warm-up music and said to the band, "Don't anyone mention tits!" Frazier did not realize, until it was too late, that a microphone had shared his remark with much of the audience—including Stevie, who was furious. Fortunately, Miss Parton thought it funny, so Frazier did not get handed a sandwich and a road map.

I wanted old Texas outlaw Willie Nelson to play Sheriff Ed Earl Dodd. Although that suggestion was made long before Nelson had filmed either *The Electric Horseman*, with Robert Redford and Jane Fonda, or *Honeysuckle Rose*, in which he played the starring role, Universal officials seemed more than ordinarily interested. Indeed. Willie was flown up from Texas to see the stage play. Stevie called me to go up to New York for that event, on the grounds that I was the only one connected with making the show who knew Nelson.

When I walked into the swanky hotel suite in midtown Manhattan that night, I could not believe my eyes. On one side of the room sat Universal's *mafiosi*, in tuxedos and black ties; on the other side of the room stood Willie Nelson, songwriter Hank Cochran, harmonica player Mickey Raphael and the rest of Willie's outlaws wearing bandannas around their heads, scuffed boots and ragged blue jeans. Everybody was sipping white wine. *White wine*, now! It was as quiet and tense in there as a funeral parlor where two ex-wives have shown up to outmourn each other and each has brought her own claque.

"God's sakes, Stevie," I said, "send somebody out to get these boys a decent drink of whiskey." Cheers from the raggedy-ass side of the room. Soon the party was in full sway.

Willie was allowed to drink in his box seat during the show. At intermission, we repaired to a limousine Universal had rented for him, which was parked directly in front of the theater. We smoked a bit and ate some stuff I guess was baking powder.

"How much you reckon I can get from these sumbitchers?" Willie asked.

"Ask for two million," I said. "You probably won't get it, but you might get a million or more."

"That right?"

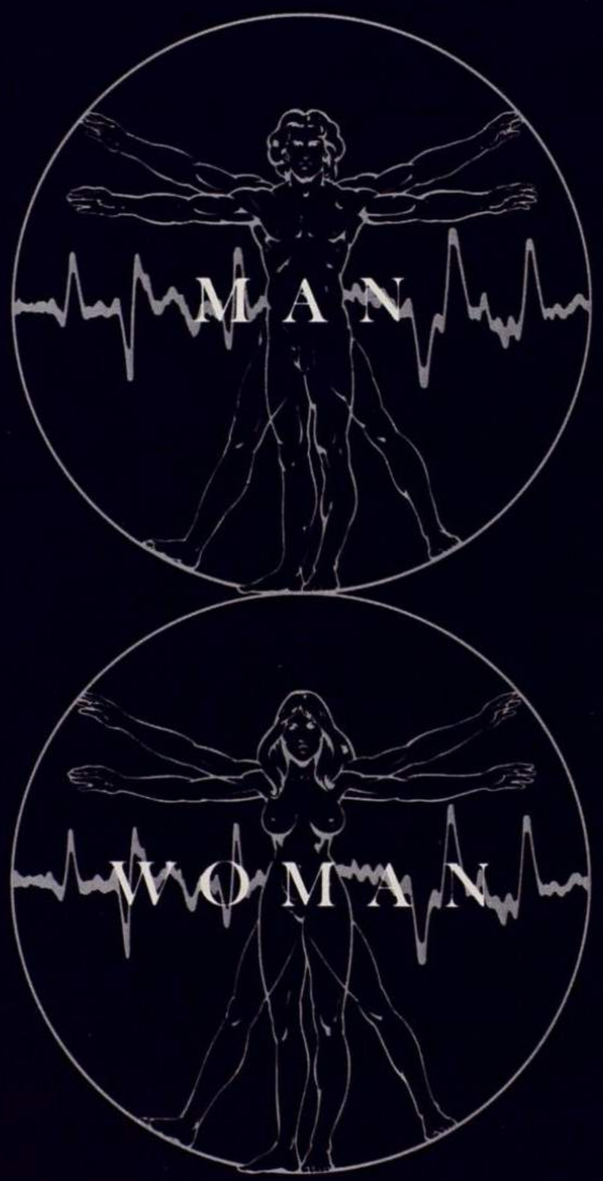
"Damn sure is."

"Shit," Willie said, "that sure beats playing in beer joints."

We began talking music and trash and such. Suddenly, I looked up to notice the intermission sidewalk was bare of folk. Inside the theater lobby, Stevie and a dozen tuxes stood peering anxiously at the limo. "Oh, shit, Willie," I said, "we've missed ten or fifteen minutes of the second act."

Afterward, they took us to Sardi's. The maître de originally looked askance at Willie—hair in braids, bib-and-gallus

(continued on page 230)



part five

MAN and WOMAN

from the frontiers of sex and science,
an unprecedented playboy series on what makes
man man and woman woman

THE PERILS OF PAUL, THE PANGS OF PAULINE

male aggression? female depression? scientists are finding answers to these and other behavioral questions—answers that may set psychiatry back 100 years

article

By JO DURDEN-SMITH and DIANE DESIMONE

THE BACK PAGES of the paper contain some amazing items these days: There's almost always something such as "GENE FOUND FOR DEPRESSION"; "CRIMINAL BEHAVIOR THOUGHT TO BE INHERITED"; "MURDERESS ACQUITTED: PSYCHIATRIST POINTS TO PREMENSTRUAL TENSION"; "BRAIN CHEMICAL TIED TO SCHIZOPHRENIA." And: "IS THERE A GENE FOR MATH?"

We read the items separately, not seeing how they hang together. And so we fail to realize that, buried in those small headlines, there is a revolution going on—a revolution that will soon change, once and for all, the way we think about human behavior. That revolution involves everything we have written about in the past three articles: evolution, genes, sex hormones, abilities—the separate inheritances of men and women—and something more, the chemistry of the two hemispheres of their brains. And it takes us far out, to the leading edge of the science of men and women. Right at the edge, there are few landmarks, few things known for sure. But such landmarks as there are have already prompted one scientist to say, with some glee, "This research has probably set psychiatry back 100 years." And another has been encouraged to suggest that "culture, personality and brain chemistry are really the same. They're just different ways of viewing the same thing."

What does that mean for men and women? It means that at precisely the time we're most avidly rushing to psychiatrists and other practitioners of the spirit, science is quietly announcing that the game is off, a new die is cast, the rules have changed. We're not the purely "psychological" creatures we thought we were, fraught with psychological problems that, if they are to be cured, demand psychological understanding. Instead, we are the creatures, to an extent not yet fully known, of *biological* forces. Our mood disorders, our madness and, perhaps, even our crime are biological in both origin and expression—in the brain. That goes for not only the major problems that bedevil this society—the one percent of people who suffer from schizophrenia, the five percent who are crippled by illnesses of mood, the two percent who commit almost all of the crime and the billions of dollars such aberrations cost each year. It goes for the minor problems that bedevil our families and our relationships—the mood swings of parents, the hyperactivity and aggressiveness of children, the come-and-go depressions of women and the irritability and instability of men. At the mysterious heart of *all* these things lies biology—set up by the genes, mediated by the sex hormones and expressed in a different chemistry in the ultimate home of our personality, our brain.

For the moment, then, forget psychology—all the assumptions you've learned about a mind that you inhabit and that you alone can control. Ignore the effects of the environment on who you are and the way you behave. Fix your gaze, instead, on the biological and genetic core of yourself, as a member of one sex of the human species—differently made, differently programed, differently wired and with a different chemical design, differently "juiced," as one scientist recently put it. For, if you do, you'll begin to see why the small newspaper headlines combine into a radically new view of men and women. You'll begin to piece together the causes of many of the misunderstandings and tensions between us. And you'll begin to understand, as science is just beginning to, why the bewildering strengths and weaknesses of each one of us, man and woman, seem to come packaged together. Why a woman's immune system is superior to a man's but more likely to attack the body it's supposed to protect. Why men, in general, are superior in math reasoning but are much more likely to be sexual deviants or psychopaths. Why women are strong in areas of communication but are preferentially attacked by phobias and depression. And why there are more males at both ends of the intellectual spectrum—more retardates but *also* more geniuses.

If you think that psychiatrists, psychologists and all those who've made a professional commitment to the effects of the environment will be horrified by this altered gaze of yours, you're right. But if you think that their spiritual father, Sigmund Freud, would be equally horrified, you're wrong. Freud treated all sorts of personalities and disorders, among them psychosomatic illnesses, schizophrenia, hysteria and

depression. And he said many times that despite all his theories, one day a "constitutional predisposition" would be found to be responsible for our problems. "A special chemism," he predicted, would be discovered at their heart. And he was right. By inference and indirection, such a chemism has been found at the core of our nature as men and women. And we are at the beginning of a road through that chemism that will lead us to a full explanation of why we are differently gifted, differently protected and differently at risk. For the complete story, you'll have to wait 20 years or so; 20 years marked—if one can judge by present signs—by controversy, battle, arguments about free will and radical new approaches to education, health and the treatment of violence, mood and madness. In the meantime, here are the landmarks—and the paths that science is tracing between them.

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART

Let's start with heart disease and heart attacks. Forty million Americans have some form of heart disease, and this year, about 1,500,000 will have heart attacks. The majority in both categories are men. "Ah-ha!" the men among you will no doubt say. "That's the environment. That's stress. Just wait until the same number of women go out into the world and start pulling the same weight that we do. They'll soon be dropping like ninepins from the effects of stress, just as *we* are."

Sorry, guys. That's almost certainly untrue. The connections between the stresses of the brain and the problems of the heart aren't well understood—and that's something you'll have to remember throughout this article, that science knows not a lot but very little. From what science *does* know, however, three things stand out. First, working women are healthier, in general, than their nonworking sisters. Second, women are protected against the most common form of heart disease by their primary sex hormones, the estrogens. And, third, they seem to respond to stress—both chemically and behaviorally—quite differently from men.

Human responses to stress are mediated by a group of brain structures known to control emotion and what scientists fondly call "the four Fs"—feeding, fleeing, fighting and . . . sex. Those structures direct the body's immediate responses to danger—the accelerated heartbeat, the heightened senses, the rush of adrenaline, the raised blood pressure, the preparation for a quick burst of energy. During stress, the hormonal mechanisms by which they do this become more or less continuously activated. A little stress isn't bad for you—it's a necessary part of life and it may, indeed, be pleasurable. But, in the long term, it can have several nasty effects. It can make the body less resistant to infections and, conceivably, to certain forms of cancer. (The dim connection between stress and the defensive immune system should be borne in mind for later.) It can cause heart disease, because the heart, among other things, is forced to work too hard. And it can so excite a center high in the brain that the heart is sent by it into a fatal overdrive—a fibrillation, a full-blown attack. Whether or not those things happen seems to depend on the individual's genetic make-up.

But it also depends on gender. So-called Type-A people—who have a chronic urgency about time and are hard-driving, competitive, extroverted and aggressive—are said to be particularly at risk from the damaging effects of stress. But it's now beginning to appear that this is true of only Type-A *males*. Studies in Sweden have recently shown that Type-A females, when solving work-related problems, simply don't show the increase in heart rate, blood pressure and adrenaline flow that Type-A males do. Even when their over-all health picture is the same, they don't have as many heart attacks.

That doesn't mean, of course, that women aren't responsive to stress. It simply means that their chemistry is different in some way. They seem to find different things stressful, and they seem to react in a different way to the stress in their environment. If there is a word that can sum up this difference in their make-up, it's emotion. Women tend to be put into stress by the emotional coloration of their lives—not by paper problems but by people and communication problems. And when they experience setback, failure or emotional pressure, they don't go into overdrive the way men do. They respond emotionally or fall back into depression. You may not like that, ladies, but it's probably a good thing. It certainly doesn't cause as much wear and tear on the body.

The next question is, *Why* should there be that over-all difference? And the answer is really anybody's guess. It probably has to do with the different evolutionary pressures that affected the development of men and women—men, the hunters and competitors for sex, were more likely to need elaborate stress mechanisms in the presence of danger; and women, the nurturers and centers of social groups, were more likely to need fine-tuned emotional responses and skills. Depression and the effects of continuous stress may be the different prices men and women pay for those legacies—an integral part of our maleness and femaleness.

That that is true—at least for poor males—is suggested by a few pieces of evidence. Scientists working with male laboratory animals have shown that dominance (sexual success and the successful maintenance of a large piece of turf) is associated with high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries, telltale signs of the effects of stress. But they've also found that the animals at the top of the heap have high levels of testosterone, the hormone most essential to maleness. The plot thickens. For it's testosterone that makes hardening of the arteries such a problem in *human* males. It causes the production of a liver protein that ties up cholesterol in the arteries' lining, causing the formation of fat deposits called plaques. The bigger those plaques, the more difficulty the heart has in pumping blood. The more difficulty the heart has, the greater the risk of heart disease.

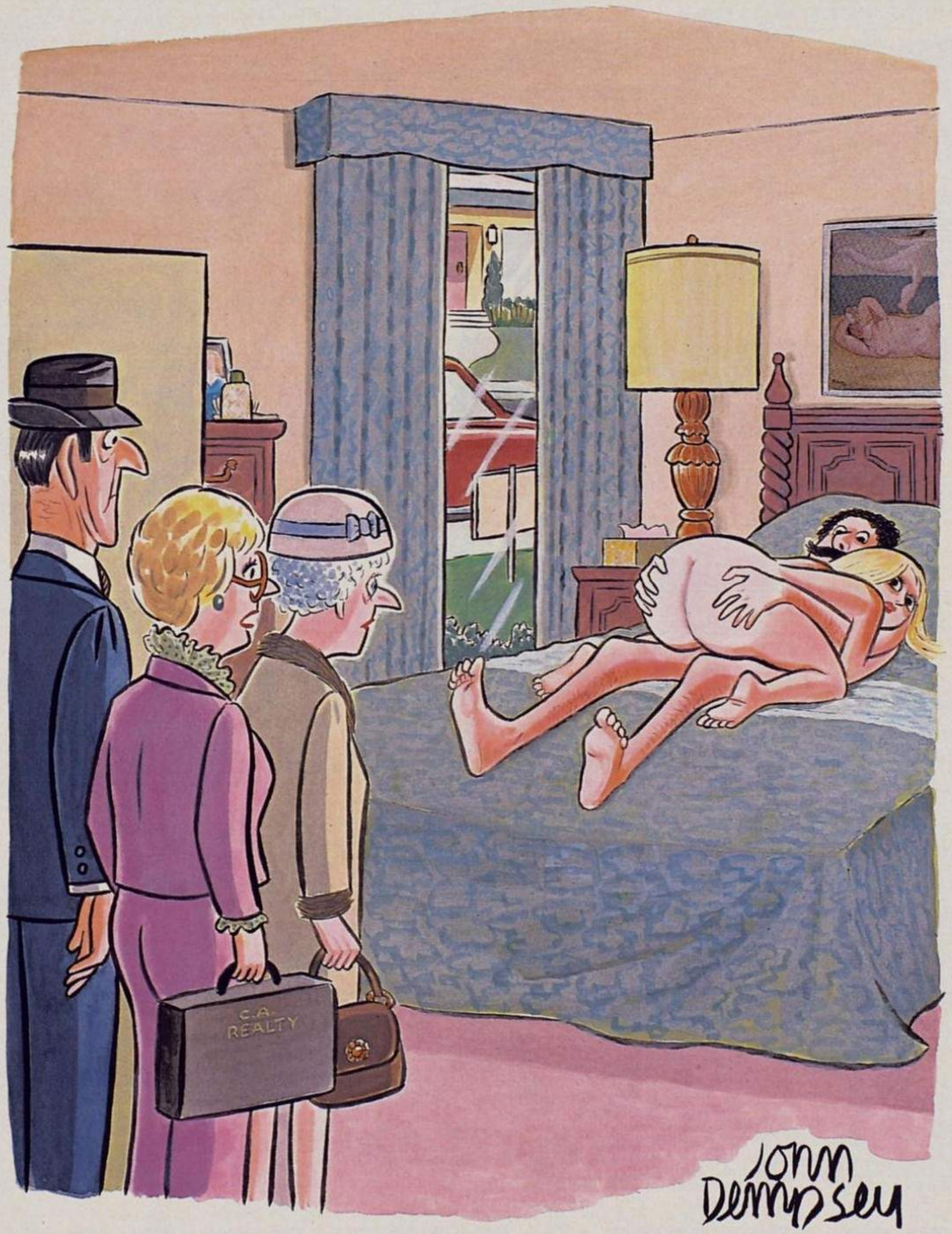
Findings of this sort are, again, only landmarks in an otherwise empty landscape. But they make it plain that in stress, behavior, emotion, genes, sex hormones, the body and the brain are all interlinked. And they point the way toward the discovery of a more general connection between emotion and disease, the brain and the immune system. For the moment, there are only a few curious straws in this area. Laboratory animals, for example, don't get the hardening of the arteries scientists try to inflict on them if they're handled a lot—if they're loved. And married people are generally happier and healthier than unmarried ones. They have less heart disease. So it goes.

FROM THE HEART TO THE HEAD: AN AFFAIR OF THE INTELLECT

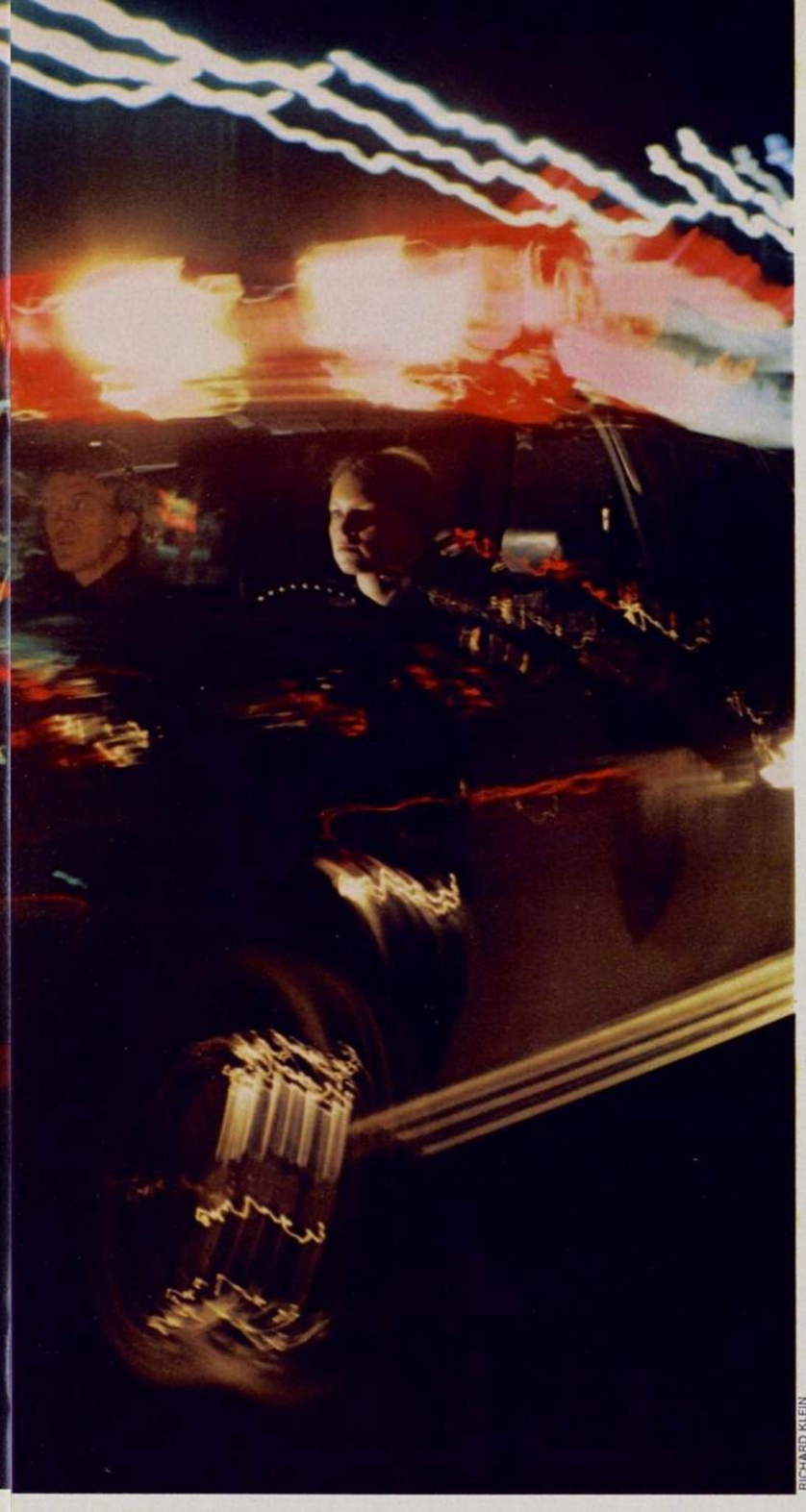
Having left the men among you deeply worried about an area in which you seem to be at a disadvantage, let's turn the tables on the women—let's move upstairs to an area in which *women* seem to be at a disadvantage. It, too, involves anxiety, and it involves an ability—mathematical-reasoning ability. Is that, too, part of a special chemism?

"There you go again," you women will no doubt say. "Everyone knows that's the environment. Girls are taught from the beginning that math is for boys. They're given no encouragement. They have no role models, no expectations, no self-confidence and no support. And a lot less is demanded of them. It's no *wonder* that they become anxious about math. And it's no wonder that

(continued on page 180)



"Say, you occupants aren't supposed to be home this time of the day."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

"Men and women approach and handle situations differently. I didn't come onto this job to copy men. I came onto this job to see what a woman could do with it; and though my outlook may differ from the men's, the important thing is that the work gets done."

RICHARD KLEIN

BEAUTY & THE BADGE

sexy in any line-up, policewoman barbara schantz promotes law and ardor

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, dozes under gun-metal skies this morning, an aging Middletown waiting for a train that never comes. Mornings are timeless in Springfield. The self-centered Seventies never groped this far into the cornfields; the Eighties have yet to arrive.

Most of the structures in Springfield are made of crumbling brick. They

Hearts, holster and handcuffs: It's the single woman's perfect dressing table (above). Even Ohio's criminal element calls Barb (coming out of the closet at right) an arresting officer.

huddle around a new utilitarian town square that is the only bow to modern architecture in all of Clark County. It is seven A.M. The town is silent except for the squeals from a fat man's squeegee as he scrubs the windows at the Steak 'n Egg Kitchen, which stays open 24 hours. A conservative black-and-white police car glides past, headed east toward the square. The patrolman at the wheel is 5'3" tall, weighs 107 pounds and wears a delicate gold chain around her neck.

A crackling dispatch from the radio directs Barbara Schantz back to the north side. She acknowledges, makes a U turn without signaling and accelerates up North Street to the day's first disturbance of the peace.

Patrolwoman Barb Schantz feels no quickening pulse. She knows this call is much more likely to involve an angry bride than homicide. "There's always a potential for violence when you go out on a call," she says. "But most times, you have to calm down a domestic argument or take a dogbite report."

A dogbite report? Angie Dickinson never did dogbites. Barb shrugs her blue-

It may be fixing a flat (above left) or settling a spat (above right); a policewoman's work is never done. But workwoman's compensation includes relaxing on a Sunday (left).

uniformed shoulders. "This is a pretty quiet town. You have to follow a dogbite through to the very end. Usually what happens is that the people who called in just ran across a dog and pissed it off in some way—they got too friendly with it. That's no problem. The easiest dogbite of all is when somebody's own dog bites him. You can get all the information right there."

She pulls to the curb in front of a peeling white house in a run-down section of the northeast side. She punctuates her deliberate walk to the door with unhurried glances to both sides.

"This is supposed to be a theft that didn't even happen here," she says quietly, "but you never know."

It turns out somebody has orchestrated the theft of a flute from a school locker. The thief is probably interested in the instrument's silver plating; Springfield has only one professional flutist and he *has* a flute.

After interviewing the fluteless student's mother, Barb takes ten minutes to fill out the report she'll turn in at the end of the day. There have been no

The long legs of the law (left) carry Barbara through Pontiac citations (above) and briefing encounters with fellow cops (below left). When she's not planning strategy or writing tickets, Barb goes home and stretches out to write letters (right); sometimes she gets behind in her correspondence (below right).

further calls for her, so she'll cruise this sector of town until the next insistent static from the radio.

Barb worries that the public sees policework as an exercise in muscle and blood. She seldom has to break down doors or tackle fleeing criminals; in three years on the force, she has never fired her service revolver except in practice.

"All people think of is the violence. Nobody asks me, 'Do you write good reports?' 'Do you keep an eye on your businesses?' That's a lot of what I do.

"The fighting that *does* happen isn't 'You punch me, I punch you.' It usually

involves trying to put cuffs on somebody while he's resisting, pulling his arms away. Well, we don't want to take on anybody one on one—one officer will put a choke hold on while the other locks the cuffs. The choke hold is a really good method of subduing a person. It doesn't injure him, but he'll go 'Llllggg!' and think he's dying. He'll stop the resistance."

She pulls the car over and offers to demonstrate the choke hold to the reporter who has been following her around. She grips his left arm at the wrist, pinning it behind him, then reaches up and pushes her right forearm firmly into his Adam's apple. He goes "Llllggg!" and nearly dies.

"That's usually all it takes," she explains as the writer rubs his neck. She jumps back into the patrol car and resumes her north-side cruise.

Born in the village of Enon, Ohio, Barb Schantz *(concluded on page 192)*

"Some of my co-workers don't think I'm such a good police officer. Well, I'm not some supercop, whatever a supercop is. I'm no better and no worse than any of the guys."

"I need a very loving man—one who can allow me freedom to go out and challenge the world yet is always there, so that if I fall on my face, I can run to his arms."

"And a good morning to you, Monsieur Lautrec!"

one good eye from the *Contes Philosophiques* of Voltaire, 1760

POSSESSING two eyes does not give us any great advantage. One of them serves to show us the good things of life and the other, its evils. Many people have fallen into the habit of shutting the first eye—hence a great deal of our present discontent. Lucky the man who has been blinded in his evil-seeing eye! And of this Mesrour was an example.

He had been born that way, but he was so contented with his condition that it never occurred to him to wish for another eye. It wasn't that fortune had compensated him in any way—he was nothing better than a street porter. But he worked hard, ate enough to live on and slept well at night. He never gave one thought to the future until a certain day.

On that day, he happened to see a grand princess pass by in a splendid carriage. Now, a one-eyed porter has no business falling in love with a beautiful princess, but fall he did. And he trotted along behind the carriage for four leagues, trying to catch another glimpse.

At that time, in this kingdom, it was quite the custom for ladies to drive their own carriages. This was a view much supported by husbands, some of whom had heard disgusting rumors of what happened when wives or daughters drove out into the country in carriages served by handsome footmen or brawny coachmen.

In any case, as Mesrour kept running alongside the wheels, a huge wildcat burst from the bushes and frightened the horses. They swerved at a gallop toward the precipice. Mesrour, quick as an arrow, sprang forward and cut the traces with his knife. The horses thundered on over the cliff, but the lady was saved.

"Ah!" she cried. "I owe you my life. All that I own is at your disposal."

"On my part," he replied, "I offer you all that *I* own. Perhaps you look at me and think that is not very much—my one eye is about what it amounts to. But remember that a single eye that beholds your beauty is far more blessed than two eyes that do not."

She smiled, because a compliment is a compliment, even if it comes from a one-eyed man. "I wish I had it in my power to give you another eye," she said, "but only your mother could do that. Nevertheless, we must now walk and you may be my escort."

Thus, they began their journey back along the stony road through a hilly and deserted countryside. Mesrour offered the lady Melinade his arm, but she saw how covered with dust he was and she did not accept.

Pretty white feet do well on a sofa and gold-embroidered slippers are excellent for polished parquet floors, but neither is meant for a stony road. They had walked about a quarter of a league when Melinade fell down from exhaustion and sank under a hedge at the roadside. She fell asleep immediately and Mesrour watched over her for a long time. He noted the little buds of her breasts under the dress of a light, silvery material; her hands whiter and more delicate than lilies; her flaxen hair in plaits. He thought of his own sinewy, rough hands, his mop of frizzy black hair and his one eye. But, as time passed, he forgot those differences—because he was a lover. Dusk settled down. He drew Melinade into his arms. He began to make love to her.

And what did she do? For the sake of morality, I shall tell you that she wailed and told him to desist. She struggled and tried to get free. She was so shocked that she fainted.

But more truthfully, I shall tell you that Melinade simply lay back and relaxed, blessing the fate that provides a silver lining for every dark cloud. Far into the warm night, they tasted all the rapture of perfect lovers.

As, for the fourth time, Mesrour was being wafted upward to paradise, he prayed, "Great Mohammed! Grant me but one favor more—make me as fine in the sight of Melinade as she is in mine."

At the first golden rays of dawn, Melinade opened her eyes, but she saw out of one only. Lying with her was a handsome young man with rosy cheeks, coral lips, tender and passionate eyes. His long hair floated freely down his back. A tunic of transparent stuff, embroidered with pearls, did not conceal the beauty of his person. A golden quiver filled with golden arrows hung from his shoulder and two rings were on his fingers.

"Where am I and who are you?" Melinade asked.

"You are with the wretch who had the happiness to save your life," he said.

"You might have put on your real looks a little sooner," she replied as they started on their way.

Soon they approached a splendid palace on whose gate Melinade saw the inscription: YE WHO ARE UNWORTHY, WITHDRAW. I OPEN ONLY FOR THE MASTER OF THE RING. But Mesrour read the same inscription as KNOCK AND FEAR NOT.

He knocked, the doors flew open, they entered. They walked across the floor of Parian marble to the music of 1000 instruments. They passed into a magnificent hall where a delicious banquet had been awaiting them for 1250 years without any of the dishes' having grown cold. At the table, 100 slaves of exquisite beauty waited on them. After the repast was over, the gorgeous genii came in ordered ranks to take the oath of fidelity to the master of the ring.

•

Now, there was in Baghdad a very devout Moslem who was not able to go to the mosque and so had water brought from the mosque in which to purify himself. He had just performed his 50th ablution, to prepare himself for his 50th prayer, when his maidservant threw the used water out the window.

It descended on an unfortunate wretch who was sound asleep and he woke up drenched. It was Mesrour. On his way back from the enchanted kingdom, his beautiful tunic had been changed into a ragged blouse and, worst luck of all, he had lost both Solomon's rings and the sight of one eye again.

He yawned, sat up, shook the drops off his face and began to remember that he seemed to have drunk a great deal of brandy the night before.

Any other chap—you or I, for instance—would have been depressed to find himself a dirty porter with only one eye after just having been a prince with a sparkling pair. Or downcast to be yelled at by the slut who sweeps the street after having lain with a princess more beautiful than all the concubines of the caliph. Or morose to be ordered around by the shopkeepers in the bazaar after having commanded all the genii.

But not Mesrour. He had only one eye again, and it was the eye that looks on the bright side of life.

—Retold by Charles Malot

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

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Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.
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Only 5 mg. tar.

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The Tales of Baron Von Furstinbed — By Creig Flessel

COME, BARON, MEIN NEW KING-SIZE BED HAS MIT DER BOX SPRINGS!
PUFF! PUFF!
VOT I DO FOR LUFF!
VE GIF IT DER DRY RUN-YAH?
LOOK-DER BARON UND QVEEN CLITORIA IZ IN DER SACK GETTINK!
HO, HO! FURSTINBED IZ FURST AGIN!
VUNDERBAR! DIS IZ F-F-FUN!
GRRR! QVIK-VE RUSH IN UND GRAB EM!
YAH-F-F-FUN! BUT MIT ALL DIS BOUNCIN' DER IN-PUT IZ KAPUT!
VATCH IT, QVEEN! VE IZ OFF DER BED GOINK!
VOOOP DE DOO!
?
ACH! DEY IZ VENT!
YAH, BUT VHERE DEY IZ VENT?
HIMMEL! DEY GERBOUNCED DER VINDOW OUDT!
-UND DEY IZ DROWNT IN DER MOAT!
CREIG FLESSEL

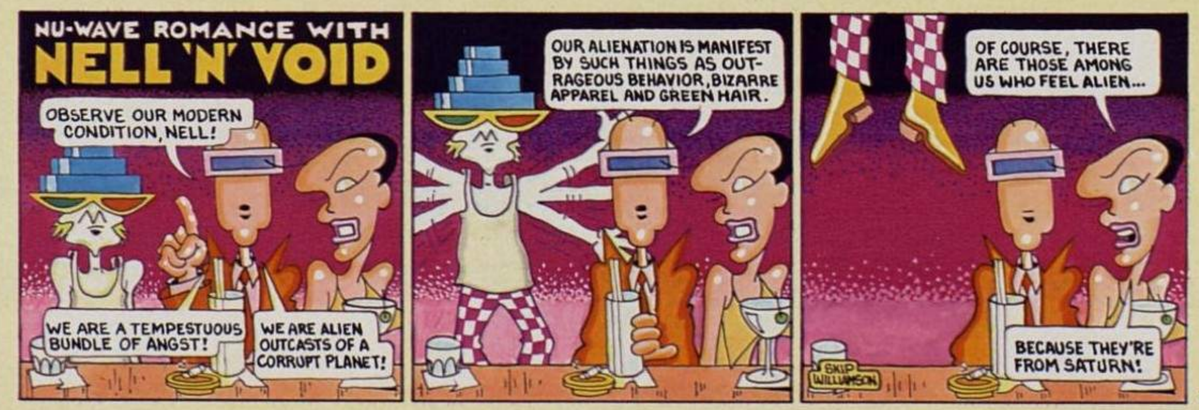
5 CENT MARY — BY E N Q S

SAY, SWABBY, HOW MANY DAYS HAVE YOU BEEN AT SEA?
TWO MONTHS, MA'M!
OH, MY, YOU MUST BE READY FOR A LITTLE FEMALE COMPANIONSHIP!
I SURE AM, MA'M. GET IN LINE... WE'RE GOING TO MY HOTEL ROOM!

MEATY MYTHS — by FRED SCHRIER

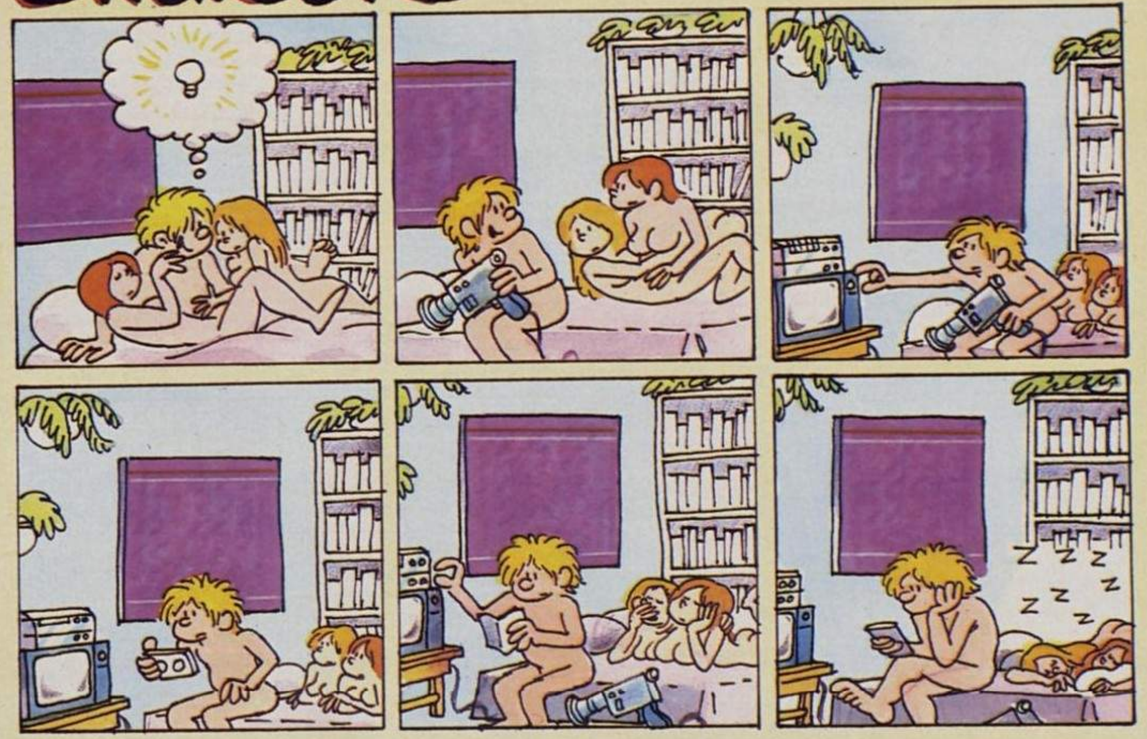
OLDE SAYING: DO RIGHT AND FEAR NO MAN. DON'T WRITE AND FEAR NO WOMAN.
LOOK AT THIS ONE... 'WANTED, VIRILE MAN TO SATISFY NEEDS OF HIGH-SOCIETY WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE.'
FLESH FORUM
GEE... THERE ARE PROBABLY A LOT OF GOOD-LOOKING WOMEN OUT THERE JUST DYING FOR ATTENTION AND TOO SHY TO ASK...
I'LL BET IF SOMEBODY WROTE ONE OF THOSE ADS WITH AN ARTISTIC FLAIR THEY'D BE SWAMPED WITH REQUESTS... HEMINGWAY WOULD HAVE BEEN SCREWED SILLY!
HELL! I COULD WRITE AN AD NO WOMAN COULD RESIST! I'LL WALLOW IN A UTOPIA OF SKIN!
WOW
UTOPIA
CULTURED MIDDLE-AGED MALE WITH WELL-HUNG TONGUE DESIRES RELATIONSHIP WITH WOMEN OF GOOD BREEDING WANTING TO EXPERIENCE ALTERED SEXUAL STATES.
I'LL JUST PUT IN MY ADDRESS... POSTBOXES ARE TOO IMPERSONAL
SLORB
DAYS LATER
KNOCK HEY STUD!
WHOOPEE SUCCESS IS AT MY DOOR!
OPEN UP!
YOWP
WOOF
YOWL
SNARG
YAHHH!
SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE DENSE BRAZILIAN JUNGLE...
IS IT SAFE TO COME OUT YET? I NEVER REALIZED WHAT DANGERS LURKED FOR THE CREATIVE WRITER! THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PENIS!

NU-WAVE ROMANCE WITH NELL 'N' VOID


OBSERVE OUR MODERN CONDITION, NELL!
WE ARE A TEMPESTUOUS BUNDLE OF ANGST!
WE ARE ALIEN OUTCASTS OF A CORRUPT PLANET!
OUR ALIENATION IS MANIFEST BY SUCH THINGS AS OUTRAGEOUS BEHAVIOR, BIZARRE APPAREL AND GREEN HAIR.
OF COURSE, THERE ARE THOSE AMONG US WHO FEEL ALIEN...
BECAUSE THEY'RE FROM SATURN!
SKIP WILLIAMSON

CRUISER

Christopher Browne



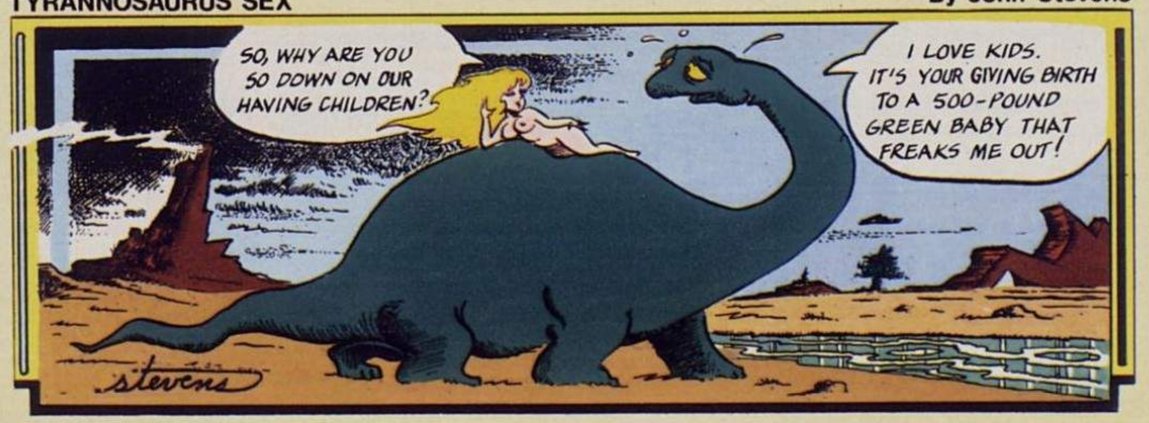
annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard

Ahhh, BERT! 'S GOOD T'SEE YA, BROTHER-IN-LAW!
YEAH- YOU, TOO, SLIM.
SAY- NICE LITTLE PLACE YA GOT HERE, BOY-
KINDA SMALL AN' CRAMPED, THOUGH ... NOT LIKE MY SPREAD BACK IN TEXAS!
HELL- BACK ON TH' RANCH, I CAN GET IN MY CAR AN' DRIVE THREE DAYS AN' STILL BE IN MY OWN FRONT YARD!
YEAH, SLIM- I GOT A CAR LIKE THAT, TOO.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

By John Stevens


SO, WHY ARE YOU SO DOWN ON OUR HAVING CHILDREN?
I LOVE KIDS. IT'S YOUR GIVING BIRTH TO A 500-POUND GREEN BABY THAT FREAKS ME OUT!
stevens

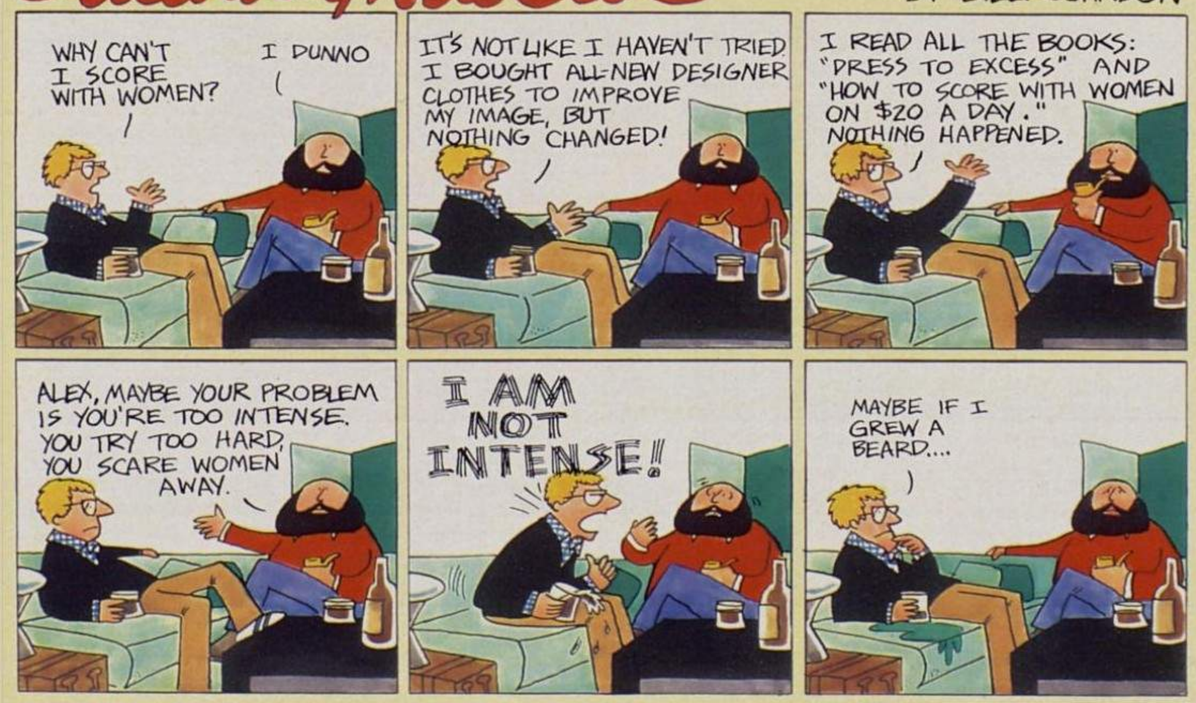
GIVE 'EM AN INCH... by JAY LYNCH

SMEDLEY'S GAL WON'T TOLERATE ANY PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF AFFECTION.
BUT... I ONLY WANTED TO HOLD YOUR HAND!
PUH-LEEZ, SMEDLEY! CONTROL YOURSELF! AFTER ALL, WE ARE IN A PUBLIC PLACE! DON'T EMBARRASS ME! IRRESPONSIBLE PUBLIC DEMONSTRATIONS OF LUST LIKE THAT ARE WHAT LED TO THE FALL OF ANCIENT ROME! REALLY, SMEDLEY!
SMEK

SO OUR LOVEBIRDS ADJOURN TO HER PAD, WHERE...
AT LAST, SMEDLEY, WE ARE ALONE!
?
GLUB··· GLUB··· GLUB
PURRR···
PANT, PANT, PANT!
HIII-YO!
THANX, AND A LIFT OF THE LYNCH LID, TO···
BOB DOBBS — OF DALLAS, TEXAS.

Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON


WHY CAN'T I SCORE WITH WOMEN?
I DUNNO
IT'S NOT LIKE I HAVEN'T TRIED I BOUGHT ALL-NEW DESIGNER CLOTHES TO IMPROVE MY IMAGE, BUT NOTHING CHANGED!
I READ ALL THE BOOKS: "PRESS TO EXCESS" AND "HOW TO SCORE WITH WOMEN ON $20 A DAY." NOTHING HAPPENED.
ALEX, MAYBE YOUR PROBLEM IS YOU'RE TOO INTENSE. YOU TRY TOO HARD, YOU SCARE WOMEN AWAY.
I AM NOT INTENSE!
MAYBE IF I GREW A BEARD....

MAN and WOMAN *(continued from page 162)*

"'Human males like to manipulate things—from Tinkertoys to the cosmos.'"

they seem to be less good at it than boys."

Sorry, ladies. But that, too, is almost certainly untrue—and it surely isn't the end of the story. Do you begin to see how controversial this theorizing about the differences between men and women can get? Johns Hopkins' Camilla Persson Benbow and Julian Stanley most assuredly do. Three months after those scientists merely *suggested* that there might be real, "endogenous" differences in math ability, they were seen at a conference looking pale and haggard—drained by the often-unreasonable attacks launched against them in the wake of their December 1980 report.

"You have to understand," Benbow says softly, with a distant trace of a Scandinavian accent, "that we didn't start out looking for sex differences in mathematical ability. The Johns Hopkins Study of Mathematically Precocious Youth—S.M.P.Y.—simply conducted six talent searches in the mid-Atlantic states between 1972 and 1979. We were looking for gifted seventh and eighth graders who, though they hadn't usually been taught any higher mathematics, could still manage a very high score on the math part of the Scholastic Aptitude Test—a test designed for bright, college-bound high school seniors. What we were looking for, in other words, was a natural aptitude for mathematical reasoning. We found about 10,000 children in those six years.

"But we also found something that rather shocked us: There were more boys than girls among our kids. On the average, the boys scored much higher than the girls. And on no occasion was a girl tops on the test. Well, we were bound to ask why. So we studied the boys and girls on every variable available that could possibly account for the discrepancy—preparation in mathematics, liking for math, the encouragement given them, and so on. And we could find no difference at all—except the one in over-all ability, mathematical-reasoning ability. Since 1979, we've looked at another 24,000 children and have found the same sex difference in ability. And we've conducted a nationwide talent search for children at the top end of the scale. We found 63 boys—and no girls."

Benbow, a striking woman in her mid-20s, is clearly still surprised, a year after the publication of her and Professor Stanley's paper, by the controversy it generated. She's reluctant to say that the chemistry governed by the sex chromosomes is at the root of that sex difference, and she would love, she says, to find an environmental difference that has been overlooked, to find it and correct it. But she quotes a follow-up study completed on a group of girls who were specially taught and specially encouraged. And even *that*, she says, seems to have made no ultimate difference. At the root, still, is the difference in mathematical-reasoning ability. When the time comes for girls to use it formally in class—in calculus, differential equations and analytical geometry, for example—they seem to fall even further behind the boys, even when they're gifted and have no anxiety about the subject.

"All this," says Benbow carefully, "suggests that there may be a biological basis to the difference, after all. And, if so, then it's likely to be connected to the male's right-hemisphere superiority in visual-spatial tasks. You see, females tend to use their stronger *left* hemisphere—their superior verbal skills—in their approach to problems. I know I do. And there's a certain level at which the verbal approach is inefficient in math—look at the way mathematicians are forced to talk to one another, via symbols on a blackboard. Now, that approach may be something that actually *suits* males. From the beginning, they're less verbally oriented than females—more oriented to things, to objects in space. They're less dependent on context. They're more abstract.

"This may help explain, too, I think, why men are overrepresented in certain disciplines in science—something we've also been studying. To be a good physicist or engineer, for example, requires not only mathematical-reasoning ability but also skill in three-dimensional visual imagery. And that probably makes most women unfit. To be a good scientist at all, in fact, seems to require a set of qualities more characteristic of men than of women—spatial ability, independence, a low social interest and an absorption in things. Let's face it, human males like to manipulate *things*—from Tinkertoys to the cosmos." She laughs. "Females are more dependent, more communicative, more sensitive to context and more interested in people. Perhaps that's why there are so many women in psychology. Like me."

How mathematical-reasoning ability and stress are interconnected may not be clear at first sight. There are, however, a number of threads that do, in fact, connect them. One can be seen intuitively, at the level of personality and problem solving: independence versus interdependence; absorption in abstract problems—things—versus absorption in people; fixated men versus emotional, communicative and less stress-prone women. Another can be seen at the level of the sex hormones. For from various bits and pieces of evidence, men's superior visual-spatial—and, hence, math—ability seems to be related to their testosterone, just as are a number of their problems in stress. Chemism lies at the heart of both and, therefore, may explain why there have been many more male composers and painters—not to mention architects and town planners—in history. Hormones, visual-spatial ability, application, abstraction. *For every strength, there is weakness, though.* Visual-spatial men are better organized on the right side of their brain, verbal women on the left. But they are both comparatively weak on the side where the other is strong.

That fact takes us deeper into the differences between us. It takes us to the embattled core of our civilization. To crime. To mood. To sudden changes in personality. To madness. And to the problems of our children.

A TALE OF TWO HEMISPHERES

If you've ever given a party for four-and-five-year-olds (or even 11-and-12-year-olds), you may remember that you've known instinctively that girls develop faster and are more mature than boys. They're less shy, more verbal and readier to join the group. They have puberty earlier. And, until then—to use a favorite Monty Python phrase—they're "all-round less weedy." The reason, as you probably sensed at the time, has nothing to do with environment or with the circumstances of your party. It is that boys, *from the beginning*, are more precarious—an altogether more iffy proposition—than girls.

To begin at the beginning: Sperm carrying the male sex chromosome seem to swim faster and have more staying power than sperm carrying the female sex chromosome. That's good. And between 120 and 140 males are conceived for every 100 females. Also good. From there on in, though, it's downhill all the way. More males are spontaneously aborted during pregnancy, and although they retain a slight edge at the time of birth—106 to 100—the decline continues.

(continued on page 206)

SOFA, SO GOOD

they've invented a new late-night sport down in houston. it's called couch dancing

The high point at Caligula XXI is something called the Titty Titty Boom Boom Show (above)—from 50 to 70 girls dancing at once.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY R. SCOTT HOOPER

YOU WALK PAST a line of white, long-wheel-base limousines, with chauffeurs waiting, talking, smoking cigarettes. This is Houston, where people have money to burn—or, to use the old term, discretionary income, and, for that matter, indiscretionary income. It is the home of a new form of erotic entertainment in the fine tradition of topless go-go dancers and mud wrestling. Something called couch dancing.

A sign at Sugar's entrance explains:

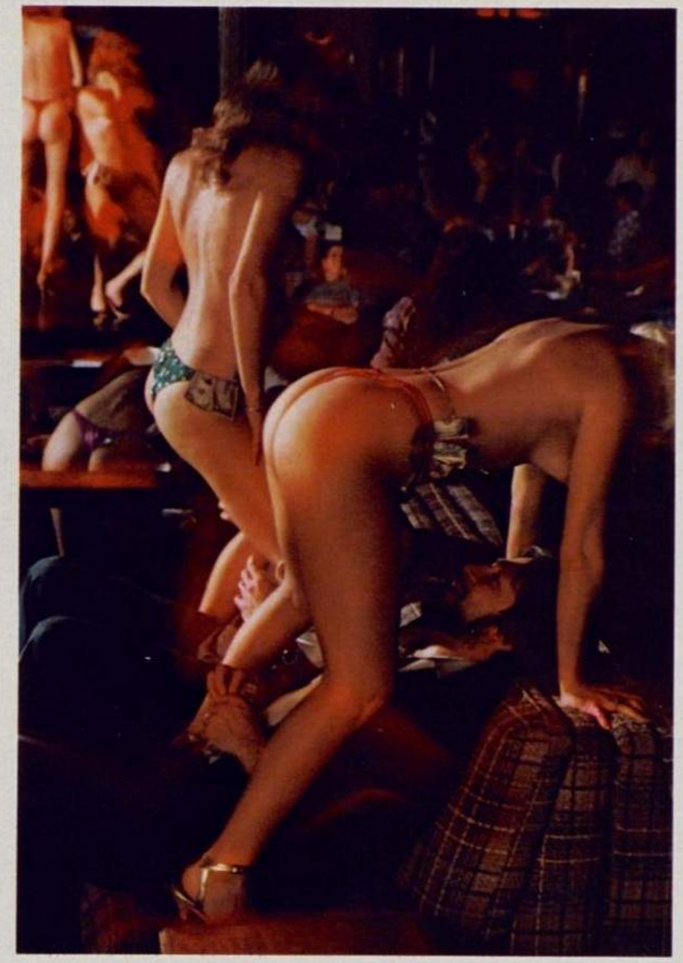
YOU MAY NOT TOUCH, HANDLE OR FONDLE YOUR COUCH-DANCING LADY. IF SO, SHE WILL BE FIRED IMMEDIATELY AND YOU WILL BE BARRED FROM THE CLUB. HAVE FUN AND ENJOY OUR EXCLUSIVE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT. COUCH DANCERS DANCE FOR GRATUITY ONLY.

THANK YOU, THE MANAGEMENT

You enter the door and are almost thrown back by the rock 'n' roll. Who

needs a bouncer when you can just turn up the bass? The d.j. is hot and hustling: "Let's hear it, you animals out there. Coming out with a little bebop deluxe. La! Di! Da! She glows in the dark, fellas. Time to party, get a little couch dance. The ladies will give you the details. *Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir?*"

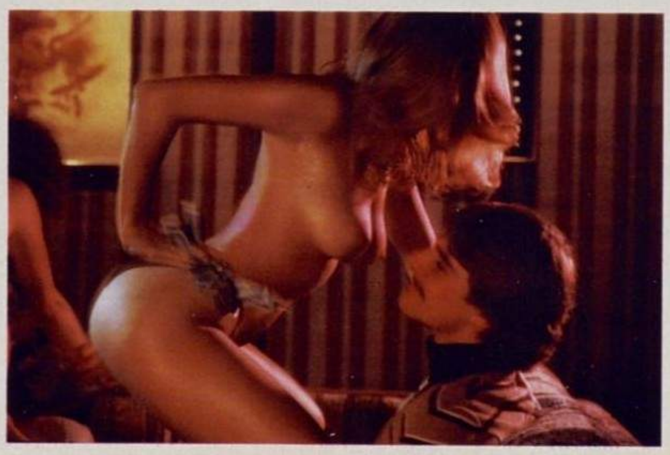
The photos on these pages, taken by our eyewitness news team of Robert Scott Hooper and Theresa Holmes, show the ladies "giving the details" to clients at Caligula XXI, one of the largest and most luxurious of the couch-dancing clubs in Houston. There are at least three others—Sugar's Déjà Vu, Sugar's Club Cheetah and Sugar's by the airport. The rules are fairly simple: Customers cannot touch a girl above the knee. Usually, a guy holds on to her ankles. Girls are not allowed to touch the guys or they face a charge of lewd and lascivious behavior. A girl simply asks a customer if he would like to dance, and if he asks how much, she must say, "My good customers usually give me a ten-dollar tip." What happens after that is art. The girls average between $200 and $500 a night. Somewhere in those figures lurks a lesson in supply-side economics, trickle-down theory, Reaganomics. There has not been a more interesting, or therapeutic, use of couches since Freud practiced his craft in Vienna all those years ago. It makes us wonder—if *Dallas* is the number-one show on television, can a cable show called *Houston* be far behind? We'll leave you alone with these pictures for a while. Now, about that business trip you were planning for next month. . . .

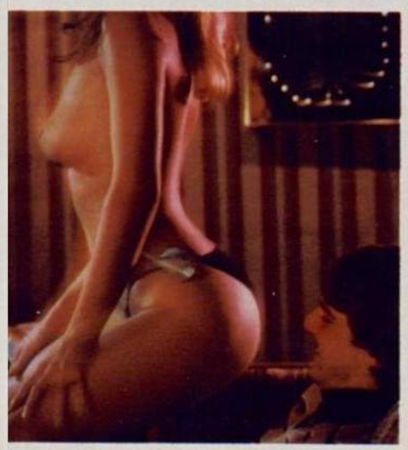


Some of the girls who couch dance have legitimate jobs during the day. Among the dancers at Caligula are dental technicians, computer operators and a legal secretary. Tammy and Tess (above) dance because they enjoy it ("It's like working out at a health club, only better") and it's lucrative. The standard dance is ten dollars, but many girls won't settle for less than $20.

In the photo above, two couch dancers practice their craft at Caligula XXI. (That's Linda in the foreground and Brandy in the background.) Most of the girls have worked at several clubs in the Houston area. They have regular customers who follow them from club to club. Some of the girls actually have business cards printed with their names and hours. We don't know where they keep them. That's not a three-piece suit they're wearing, you know. That's Linda again in the small picture (opposite page) accepting a tip from a client.

The couch-dancing phenomenon has actually drawn girls from other states. Hooper and Holmes re-encountered Brigitte Corvaisier (in the sequence below and at right) at the Caligula. She was one of the women featured in *The Girls of Las Vegas*, a pictorial our two photographers produced in February 1979.





REAL MEN

(continued from page 140)

"Today's Real Men are secure enough to let their gears be shifted automatically."

mph stone-drunk, with one hand on a 17-year-old blonde and the other wrapped around a bottle of Schlitz?

Fortunately, some things never change—and the automobile remains the sacred shrine of Real Men everywhere.

But while Real Men still drive too fast and generally reject such obtuse concepts as bridge tolls, fuel economy, environmental controls and the 55-mile-per-hour speed limit, there *are* several new twists in their rules of the road:

1. Today's Real Men don't drive Corvettes. Period. Despite being able to squander gas with the best of them, today's Real Men find the notion of a 15-mpg, $19,000 plastic car with no trunk totally absurd. Real Men like to drive cars made of good, solid steel—with enough storage space to carry around wine, women, shotguns and all the other paraphernalia they find essential on the open road.

2. Today's Real Men don't require stick shifts; they're secure enough to let their gears be shifted automatically.

3. Real Men—who live in cities—do not drive jeeps.

4. Real Men do not have vanity plates.

5. Real Men don't have toy dogs that bounce up and down in the rear window; they don't use lifters, air dams, fog lights, racing gloves, musical horns, mirrored windows or cruise control.

And, most important, Real Men don't drive vans with landscapes or pictures of naked women painted on the sides.

What *do* Real Men drive?

It's simple: Chryslers—massive, hulking, gas-guzzling Chryslers. Indy 500 specials. With four-barrel carburetors, automatic transmissions and 5,000,000 cubic inches under the hood.

Real Men, after all, are realistic:

How are you ever going to lose a state trooper in a Honda?

REAL MAN QUIZ NUMBER TWO

Q. How many Real Men does it take to cross a river?

A. It takes 5000: 4999 to build the suspension bridge and one to drive across in a tractor trailer.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Great Moments in Real Man Literature

" 'Strike a match,' I said to Tex. . . . I put the unburned outside of my left forearm directly over the flame."

—G. GORDON LIDDY
in his autobiography, *Will*

CHAPTER EIGHT

Great Moments in Real Man History

1440 B.C. Moses parts the Red Sea.

1107 B.C. First singles bar opens in Egypt. Debut of pickup line "How'd you like to come over and see my etchings?"

62 B.C. Roman government completes highway system and issues first road map for summer vacationers. Real Men promptly start tradition of ignoring the map and refusing to make bathroom stops. A Roman gladiator on holiday explains to his son: "Real Men can hold their urine."

927 The first extramarital affair; coincides with establishment of hourly hotel rates in Paris.

1096 The Crusades begin. First large-scale singles-only cruises.

1162 Genghis Khan develops role of Genghis Khan for Charles Bronson.

1484 Leonardo invents the tank.

1533 Henry VIII divorces Catherine of Aragon and marries Anne Boleyn; introduces concept of disposable wives.

1618 Thirty Years' War begins.

1762 First poker game.

1773 Boston Tea Party. Real Men throw tea into harbor, demanding black coffee.

1818 Brooks Brothers opens.

1856 Twelve-billionth original sin is committed.

1862 First martini.

1866 Jack Daniel's introduced.

1880 Dodge City, Kansas: First use of phrase "This town isn't big enough for both of us."

1923 Chuck Yeager born.

1930 Clarence Birdseye introduces frozen food.

1933 Prohibition repealed.

June 6, 1944 156,000 Real Men storm French beaches at Normandy.

1946 First bikini appears on same beaches.

1948 Invention of the chain saw.

1955 *The Honeymooners* airs.

1961 Roger Maris hits 61 home runs.

1961 *ABC's Wide World of Sports* premieres.

1962 First pop-top beer can.

1964 The Pontiac GTO is introduced.

1967 Super Bowl I.

1971 The Main Event, Part I: Sinatra announces his retirement.

1972 The Main Event, Part II: Sinatra comes out of retirement.

1974 Ali beats Foreman in Zaïre.

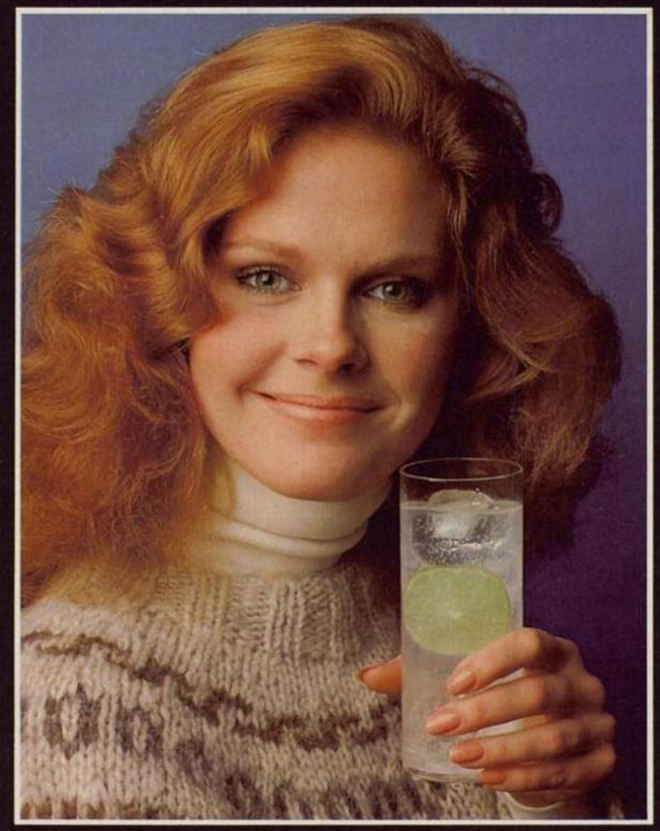
1979 Lee Marvin wins palimony case brought by Michelle Triola.

CHAPTER NINE

Sex, Romance and the Modern Real Man

After 20,000,000 years of choosing a mate by knocking a woman on the head and dragging her home by the hair, even today's most traditional Real Man has come to realize this is no longer an effective dating technique. Today's Real Man has cleaned up his act. No more wrestling matches in the back seat of a '63 Buick (thanks to a combination of the sexual revolution and Detroit's downsizing program, making it all but

If somebody tells you Sambuca Romana is only an after-dinner drink, tell him you weren't born yesterday. You just look that way.



Enjoy a White Cloud (Sambuca Romana with club soda) and 57 more delicious recipes. Write Palmer & Lord, Ltd., Syosset, NY 11791. 84 Pf.

impossible for anyone but midgets). No more lines like "It won't go down unless you touch it." And, faced with unassailable medical proof, today's Real Man has even come to recognize the existence of the female orgasm. He has even learned not to be threatened by women who have successful jobs and careers—as long as they don't make as much money as he does.

In short, today's Real Man is charming, enlightened, kind and understanding—at least until he knows a woman long enough to take her for granted (say, three weeks).

A few other notes:

1. Real Men don't like to "do it" on the first date. It makes them feel cheap.
2. Real Men are no longer looking for a girl just like Mom—because Mom had no idea about S/M, bondage or the more interesting uses for a video camera.
3. Real Men offer to provide birth control.
4. Real Men have actually learned to enjoy it on the bottom.
5. Real Men are quieter than most Real Women.
6. Real Men still ask if it was good.
7. Real Men still send flowers the next day.

What the old-style Real Man looked for in a woman: Trust funds. Big breasts.

What today's Real Man looks for in a woman: Personality, intelligence, kindness, a sense of humor, a good job, a good game of doubles and the ability to figure out how to take depreciation allowances on the IRS 1040 long form.

CHAPTER TEN

Real Men and Television

When Vladimir Zworykin invented television in 1923, his goal was far greater than the mere transmission of moving pictures.

He wanted to invent something that would allow Real Men to avoid having to talk to their families after dinner. In its early years, television did just that. There were countless hours of Real Man value-confirming sports, violence and homicides.

But, gradually, things changed. Left-wingers preached that television could educate and enlighten the masses. They claimed it could advance our culture. And what was once a gold mine for Real Men quickly became a vast wasteland—filled with fluff like *The Dick Cavett Show, Donny and Marie, Family Feud, Masterpiece Theatre, The Mike Douglas Show, The Tony Orlando and Dawn Rainbow Hour,* the *Barbara Walters Special* and *Little House on the Prairie.*

In short, stuff with no guts. Programing that can't possibly hold up to *Gunsmoke, Rat Patrol* or anything produced by Jack Webb. It's easy to understand why Real Men have deserted the tube in droves during the past few seasons. This isn't to say they're lost forever; but it'll take some ingenious programing to get them back. The line-up you see on this page isn't perfect, but it's a start.

THE REAL MAN'S TELEVISION UTOPIA

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Daytime	Football						Baseball
7:00 P.M.	*Dragnet*	*Adam-12*	*The Mod Squad*	*The Untouchables*	*Combat*	*Hogan's Heroes*	*The Rat Patrol*
7:30	*Kojak*	*Emergency*	*The Rifleman*	*Columbo*	*Rawhide*	*The Twilight Zone*	*The Rockford Files*
8:00		*S.W.A.T.*	*Highway Patrol*		*Racket Squad*	*Mannix*	
8:30	*Mannix*	*Hawaii Five-0*	*Supertrain*	*Bonanza*	*Hill Street Blues*		*Cannon*
9:00						*The Fugitive*	
9:30	*Gunsmoke*			*Vega$*	*You'll Never Get Rich*		*Anything starring Lee Majors, Bob Wagner or Robert Vaughn*
10:00		*ABC's N.F.L. Monday Night Football*	*TV Movie: Brian's Song*		*The World Series*	*Maverick*	
10:30	*Star Trek*			*Naked City*		*Have Gun Will Travel (Paladin)*	*The F.B.I.*
11:00							
11:30	*Mission: Impossible*	*The Tonight Show; Guest Host Burt Reynolds*	*Professional Wrestling*	*Sports Update*			*The Love Boat*
12:00				*Super Bowl Minutes*		*Movie: Viva Las Vegas (1964) Ann-Margret, Elvis Presley*	
12:30 A.M.				*Tomorrow: New Kennedy Assassination Theories and The Clash*			*Fantasy Island*
1:00							

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Real Man Film Festival

Patton	*Taxi Driver*
Citizen Kane	*Ben-Hur*
Raging Bull	*The Warriors*
Spartacus	*Love Story*

GREAT LINES FROM OTHER REAL MAN MOVIES

"I stick my neck out for nobody."
—HUMPHREY BOGART in *Casablanca*

"I love the smell of napalm in the morning."
—ROBERT DUVALL in *Apocalypse Now*

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Real Man and His Music

If you ask ten Real Men what kind of music they like, you'll probably get ten different answers—not to mention a half-dozen fistfights. But they all will agree on at least one thing: There's nothing quite like the sound of the ocean at night, a roaring campfire on the beach, a giggling 16-year-old cheerleader and—for atmosphere—the Beach Boys singing *Good Vibrations.*

Beyond this piece of musical heaven, here are several other observations:

Real Men weren't upset when the Beatles broke up; they don't believe Barry Manilow wrote the songs that made the whole world sing; and they don't want to sound like the Bee Gees.

Real Men don't own albums by the Hollywood Strings.

The *Anvil Chorus* is the Real Man's theme song.

Luciano Pavarotti is a Real Man; Burt Bacharach is not. Bob Dylan definitely eats quiche; George Benson and Bruce Springsteen definitely do not. Kenny Loggins, Bread, Air Supply and Don McLean are all certified quiche eaters.

Real Men don't buy 45s. They don't buy disco mixes.

And they don't order records late at night from K-tel. Actually, the whole notion of commercials that begin, "Do you remember those fabulous Sixties?" bothers Real Men. They worry that we've been so busy remembering the Sixties during the Seventies and Eighties that no one has bothered to write any new music. Which means that 20 years from now, the commercials will begin, "Hey . . . do you remember remembering the Sixties in 1982? Now, from K-tel, you can get this. . . ." Ordinarily, Real Men aren't afraid of the future—but given the choice of a future filled with this or quiche, they'll probably opt for the quiche. *(concluded overleaf)*

Why listen to the first names in music, on anything less than the first name in high fidelity.

Fisher presents the 8500. The ultimate matched component system.

One of the nicest things about the Fisher System 8500 is that it allows you to hear the original performance without having to attend it.

With a full 100 watts of power per channel and almost zero distortion,* the amplifier delivers exceptional reproduction even at concert level volumes.

Equally exceptional, are the rest of the components.

Our AM/FM tuner, for example, is quartz digital—so it locks precisely on frequency. (For added convenience, there's even 12 station pre-set memory.)

The cassette deck, too, is extremely sophisticated with direct drive, Dolby,† and the ability to handle the latest metal tapes.

And for the finest possible reproduction, the System 8500 also features a remote control turntable with automatic track selection.

A 10-band graphic equalizer.

A digital timer—all housed neatly in a handsome rack and accompanied by Fisher's finest 900 Series 3-way speakers.

All together, it looks as impressive as it sounds. And for about $3,000.00, we think it's the ideal system.

For those not satisfied with anything less than everything.

FISHER

The first name in high fidelity.

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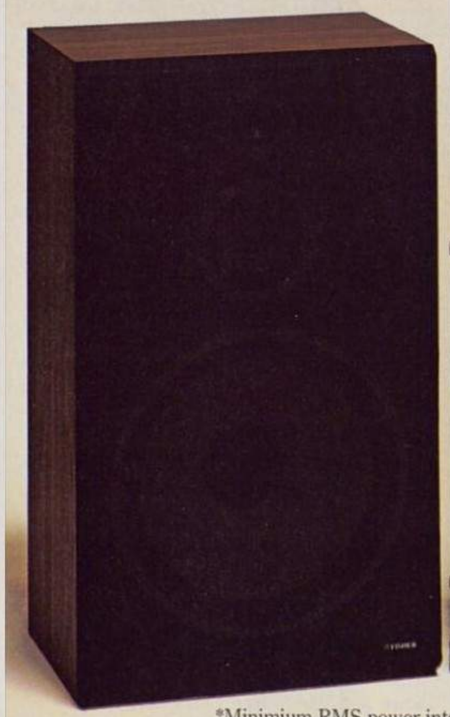

*Minimium RMS power into 8 ohms, 20Hz-20kHz, with no more than 0.01% total harmonic distortion.
†Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN
Four Things You Won't Find in a Real Man's Pockets

1. Lip balm
2. Breath freshener
3. Opera tickets
4. Recipes for quiche

REAL MAN QUIZ NUMBER THREE

Q. Why did the Real Man cross the road?

A. It's none of your goddamn business.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN
Real Men and Sports

Real Men don't play games. They do, however, participate in baseball, football, basketball and tennis. But it's the manner in which they play that separates the Real Men from the quiche eaters.

As a basic rule, Real Men don't bunt. Real Men don't use a designated hitter. They also don't sacrifice fly, foul out or settle for ground-rule doubles. Real Men show up for spring training on time; they don't moan and gripe about making $1,000,000 per season. A Real Man would rather strike out than take a base on balls.

In football, Real Men don't run out the clock. They don't punt; they don't call for a fair catch or dance after scoring a touchdown. Real Football Players don't take drugs: They *relish* the pain. Real Men don't smack each other on the ass, hug after winning or retire to do the play-by-play for NBC. And, needless to say, there's nothing a Real Man finds more enjoyable than sudden-death overtime.

In basketball, Real Men don't goal tend. They don't break the backboard. They don't miss foul shots. And surely they don't go for an easy lay-up when there's the possibility of making a three-point play.

When it comes to tennis, the following rules apply:

Real Men still play with white balls. They don't blame their mistakes on court surface, equipment failure, crowd noise or bizarre athletic diseases. A Real Man can win a tennis match in the middle of a race riot; he doesn't say things like, "Sorry, but I can play only on grass"; "The racket wasn't strung to 85 pounds"; or "I used to be ranked, but then my elbow went."

As far as clothing goes, Real Men don't amble onto the court attired in anything but tennis whites. Real Men subscribe to tradition; they don't believe in tennis blues, tennis greens or tennis pinks—and they take great pains to avoid looking like a walking advertisement. (As an aside, Real Men don't trust anyone who wears a HEAD sweatband across his forehead; they figure it doesn't say much for the player's innate intelligence if he has to label his extremities in this manner. They can't help wondering if his socks say, FEET.)

Real Men also feel that the Olympics are slightly out of date. They question whether or not contests that test such antiquated skills as running, jumping and throwing things have any place in the modern automated world.

Consequently, they've started a movement to create the "Urban Olympics," complete with events such as "the four-mile broken foreign-car push," "social climbing," "800-meter free-style traffic dodging," "bus catching," "bureaucracy hurdling," "the 3000-mile cross-country rumor relay," "the 100-yard mad dash in a thunderstorm with freshly dry-cleaned clothes" and the "Ghetto Decathlon," in which junkies race against one another to (1) break into an apartment, (2) terrorize the residents, (3) steal their television set, (4) run two miles and (5) climb a chain-link fence with it, (6) find a pawnshop, (7) score the dope, (8) break into a tenement, (9) run up four flights of steps and, finally, (10) shoot up.

Unfortunately, as of this writing, the U. S. Olympic Committee has yet to recognize the validity of any of those events.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN
The Real Man at Work

Not everyone can be a Red Adair today—there just aren't enough oil-rig fires in exotic places to go around. And, besides, somebody's got to be left to sell cable TV, run the Pentagon and fix shoes.

That doesn't mean you can't be a Real Man, though; the trick is finding the right occupation. Here's a chart to help:

JOBS HELD BY REAL MEN *vs.* JOBS HELD BY QUICHE EATERS

French chef	French maître de
Airline pilot	Travel agent
Brain surgeon	Guru
Secretary of Defense	Secretary of Urban Development
Garbage man	Sanitation engineer
President of Lockheed	President of the Ford Foundation
Editor of *The Wall Street Journal*	Editor of *US*
Fry man in McDonald's	Fry man in La Crêpe
Appliance salesman	Consumer advocate
Porn star	Game-show host
Heavyweight champion of the world	Secretary-General of the United Nations

CHAPTER SIXTEEN
The Real Man's Nutritional Guide

By now you're probably wondering: If a Real Man doesn't eat quiche, just what does his diet consist of? Each day, Real Men try to eat something from each of the five critical Real Man food groups:

PROTEIN
Steak
Hamburger
Cheeseburger
Bacon cheeseburger
California burger
Pizza burger
Chili burger
Big Mac
Whopper
Kentucky Fried Chicken
Ham and Swiss on rye

CARBOHYDRATES
Spaghetti
Macaroni and cheese
French fries
Home fries
Hashbrowns
Potato chips
Pretzels

LIQUIDS
Beer
Imported beer
Imported dark beer
Gatorade
Jack Daniel's

NOURISHMENT
Ring Dings
Devil Dogs
Cheez Whiz
Twinkies
Mallomars
Double-stuffed Oreos
Baskin-Robbins Pralines 'n Cream

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES
Corn on the cob
Orange soda

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN
Are You Today's Real Man?

A short test for those who still aren't sure.

1. A certain low-rent Middle Eastern nation grabs 52 Americans and holds them hostage. Do you (A) negotiate, (B) nuke 'em, (C) send quiche?

2. Phil Donahue is interviewing Alan Alda on Channel 2; Dick Cavett is interviewing Woody Allen on Channel 4; Geraldo Rivera is interviewing himself on Channel 5; and the movie of the week on Channel 7 is about a blind 18-year-old rape victim who can't decide whether to have an abortion or join the women's professional-golf tour. Do you (A) go bowling, (B) smash the tube, (C) send $25 to Jerry Falwell, (D) rerun *Deep Throat* on the Betamax?

3. How many pairs of bikini underpants do you own? (A) none, (B) one (received as a gift), (C) more than one.

4. Your girlfriend announces she's having an affair with another woman. Do you (A) nuke her, (B) send quiche, (C) ask if you can watch?

5. How many women have you slept with in the past year? (A) 100–300, (B) 300–1000, (C) more than 1000?

Scoring: To be honest, the perfect score is 0; Real Men don't take quizzes in magazines.

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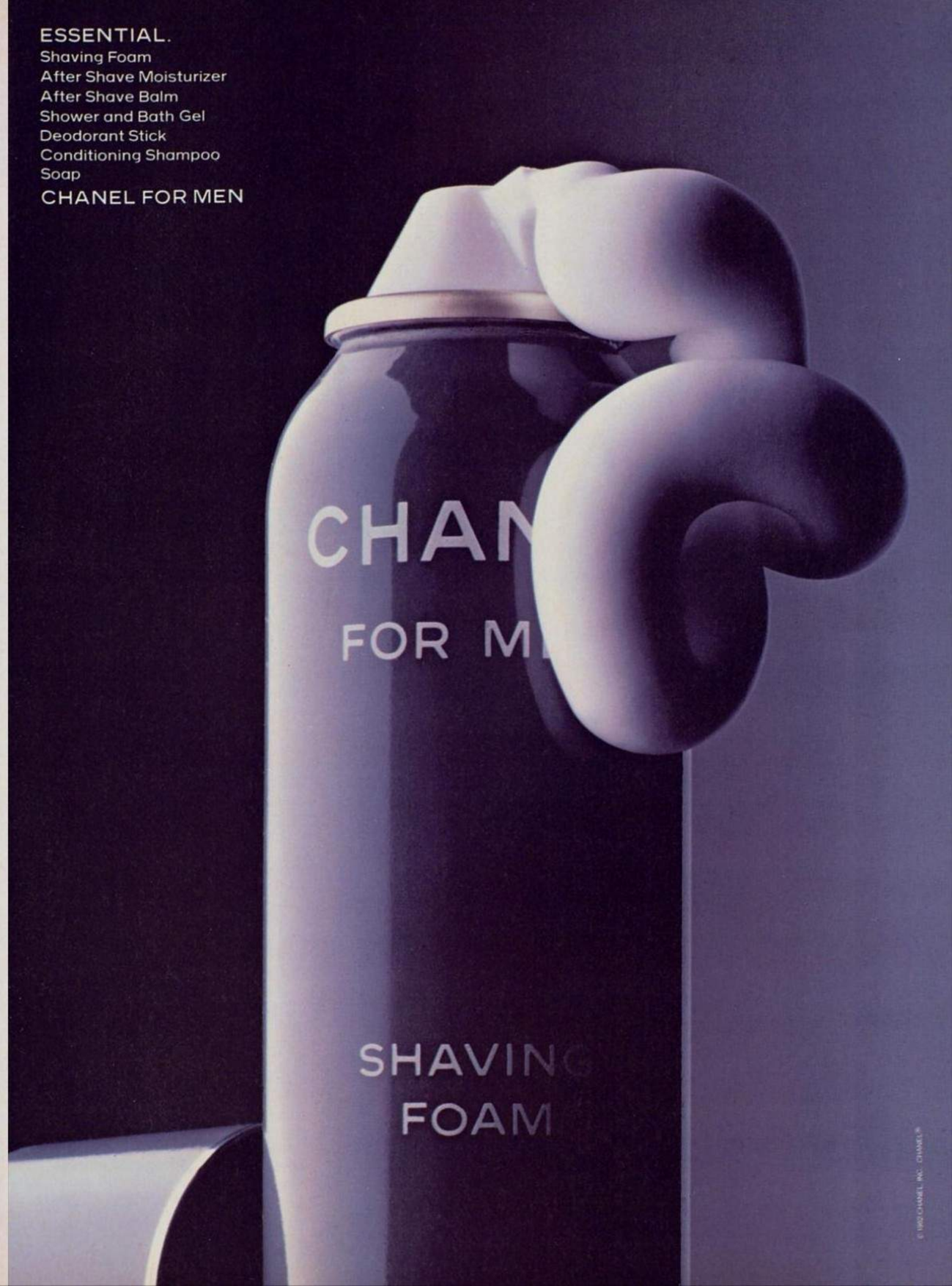

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FORGET THE ALAMO!

(continued from page 131)

window was screwed shut. I got a screwdriver and undid the screws. Then my parents cemented the window, so I climbed out the *bathroom* window."

She and her car dates would only go dancing or to dinner, but Kym was still considered something of a hell raiser for her age. She smoked a little pot, too—but "just a little."

"When I was 15," she recalls, "my mother went to a group called P.D.A.P.—the Palmer Drug Abuse Program.

"They told Mom that I was wild because of 'mind-changing chemicals.' 'If we can just get her off the beer or pot or whatever,' they said, 'she'll be fine.'

"They'd get long-haired hippies to say, 'I shot up for five years and I was sent to prison and I killed, then I found this program *and now my life is wonderful.*'

"My mother put me in the program. There were ten guys to every girl. They had a rule—if you talked to the opposite sex more than to your own, you had a problem. Of course, they told me I had the biggest problem they'd ever seen.

"One day, I was at one of their meetings and my mother and this man came to pick me up. They took me to the program's lockup hospital. It was bad. They'd put you in 24-hour room seclusion if your lights weren't out at 11 o'clock. They wouldn't even let me talk with my mother. Finally, I got word to a friend, who said he'd come to get me.

"The only door that wasn't locked was a fire exit. I took all my stuff and ran out through it. The alarm went off. I jumped into his truck and took off.

"And that was my experience with P.D.A.P. I never did drugs at all, except to smoke a little pot, and these days I don't even do that. Now my mom and I are the best of friends. I turned what might be considered a bad experience into a learning experience."

Kym thinks something good is bound to come of everything she does. Some of that is the unbroken confidence of the 19-year-old, but some is her awareness that there actually is something special about her.

Today, in Dallas, her picture adorns an 18-foot poster, matches and hatpins—all the result of her first modeling job, on which some sharp businessman is now capitalizing. All those items are advertisements for a country-and-western club, Rodeo Dallas. On the poster, Kym's face is almost as large as it would be on a movie screen.

"And that's where I want to be, eventually—in films," she says. "I've acted all my life. Life is a game, and you've got to learn how to play it."

"This is about a dynamic young commodities broker—his speculative ventures, his search for investment opportunities and the heartbreak of an uncertain world money market and runaway inflation. Ain't nothin' but the blues. . . ."

BEAUTY & THE BADGE *(continued from page 171)*

"'I've been a police officer three years. So far, I haven't gotten my ass kicked.'"

was 17 when she married "the first boy who ever liked me." They were divorced less than two years later. She packed up clothes and an infant son and moved to the big city of Springfield—population 72,253. She was only intermittently employed. The two of them lived for a year and a half on the $3.72 an hour she made as a secretary at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, a half hour's drive away.

In 1979, she ignored the advice of friends and family and joined the police force. She is now one of two women in the ranks. There are 148 men.

She believes only two percent of the men are in favor of women police. "Then there's the 48 percent who think policework is not the place for a woman, but they'll work with you," she says. "I can live with that. But then there's the other 50 percent. They're out-and-out against women in policework. They go out of their way to screw with you if they can; they don't want to work with you; mostly, they talk behind your back.

"The police thing is a *macho* image. They're the last of the cowboy heroes. Women look up to them; they've got uniforms and they carry guns. Suddenly, having a woman be able to do the job is kind of a put-down for them."

She makes a sharp left at a ramshackle intersection, squealing the tires as she responds to another call.

"I'm glad I'm not working tonight—Friday night. The drunk-and-disorderlies will be spilling out all over the street."

Asked if the work is worth all the tension and backbiting, she touches the badge over her breast. "I've been a police officer three years. From the very first, they told me, 'You're gonna get your ass kicked, you're gonna get yourself killed.' So far, I haven't gotten my ass kicked. I haven't gotten anybody else's ass kicked. It's been worth it.

"I don't want it to sound like I don't like the job. I do. There's a camaraderie on the force and I'm part of it. All the ass cutting is like that in a big family. They'll talk about the girl behind her back, but they'll protect her, too, if they can."

The new dispatch has taken her into one of the city's better sectors. She drives a little faster than the speed limit, staring out at the road as it curves into an affluent neighborhood.

"I'm happy I joined the force. I've always been one to 'go for it,' to do something that took a little courage. Being a policewoman is part of that. So is being in PLAYBOY.

"The whole thing with the magazine has been an exciting surprise for me. I wrote to PLAYBOY a few months ago and sent them some pictures of me, suggesting they do a pictorial on women in policework. They called back to say they were interested in doing a pictorial on *me*!"

She is reminded that being in PLAYBOY could cost her her job. "Yeah, it could. When I told my chief about it, he read me the riot act. I went home and cried. I won't cry where people can see. . . .

"Proceedings could be brought against me, and I'd have to go before the Civil Service Commission. The chance is there that I might be fired, even though being in PLAYBOY doesn't have anything to do with being a good police officer."

She finds the right address, parks and gets out. There is no activity in front of the house, no lights on inside.

"I've been unemployed before," she says. "Really down and out. And I'm still here. The worst that can happen is that I'll wind up on the street again. I know I'll survive."

The large house sits quietly behind a front lawn littered with dandelions. She is a patch of blue on a field of green and yellow. Looking left, then right, she walks up to the door.

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INTERSTELLAR PIGEON

(continued from page 148)

"The prosperous citizen said, 'It's a fine game, my friend, and very easy to learn. Care to sit in?'"

meat packers or assembly-line button pushers played 14-card monte against the employment agents; the winners took their ten lukes' wages and went elsewhere, while the losers climbed, muttering, aboard the buses, resigned to a six-hour workday for no pay. Through the crowd passed a ragged beggar, limping, rattling something in a tin cup and whining, "Gimme a break, will ya? Gimme a break."

A prosperous-looking citizen counting out a recent handful of winnings turned toward the beggar his self-confident eye: "What's your proposition?"

The beggar rattled his cup. "Dice. High number. Two lukes against a kick in the shin."

"You're on."

As they bent over the cup, the Earthmen arrived in the plaza, escorted by several of the citizens who had watched them land, one of whom pointed across the plaza at a large white wooden structure that looked rather like an old Mississippi riverboat. "That's the chief tout's mansion there."

"Ah," Luthguster said, nodding his pompous head. "The man I must see. Captain Standforth, you and your men wait here. We don't want to startle the head of government with a show of force."

"Yes, sir."

Luthguster waddled off with several citizens toward the chief tout's mansion. Billy Shelby and Ensign Benson gazed around at the citizenry, many of whom gazed back in a rather predatory fashion. Captain Standforth, head back, mouth open, gaped skyward in an abstracted fashion, till all at once he whipped out his stun gun and fired into the air.

All around the plaza, losers ducked for cover while winners crouched protectively over game boards, card layouts and die tosses. A large, big-bellied bird, with a pink tuft on top of its orange head and a lot of bright scarlet feathers on its behind, fell out of the sky and landed dead at the captain's feet. Admiringly, the captain picked it up by one green claw, while its fleas hurriedly packed their bags, left a note for the milkman and went leaping away. "Wonderful specimen," the captain said, turning his prize this way and that. "Never seen anything like it."

A cautious citizen approached, saying, "What did you *do*?"

"Taxidermy is my passion," the captain explained. "I stuff birds."

"Where do you stuff them?"

"In the ship."

The beggar, limping worse than ever, approached the captain, rattling his tin cup. "Gimme a break, sir," he whined. "Gimme a break, will ya?"

The captain, embarrassed, took a coin from his pocket and dropped it into the cup. "Here you are, my good man." The beggar stared into his cup, dumfounded.

Billy Shelby said, "Shall I take the bird back to the ship, Captain?"

"Thank you, Lieutenant, thank you."

Off went Billy with the bird.

Another citizen, pointing after the bird, said, "Even money you can't do that again."

Scratching his wrist, the captain said, "Eh?"

"Even money's the best I can do," the citizen warned him.

The captain looked slowly around the plaza, at last registering the human activity here. "Are they," he said, pointing at one pair of dice players, "are they *gambling*?"

"They're all gambling," Ensign Benson assured him. "Fascinating, fascinating."

"My goodness," the captain said.

"They've turned their weakness into strength," Ensign Benson went on. "Their vice into virtue. Their swords into—— Well, no."

They strolled together over to a group playing cards around a cement table. "Pardon me," the captain said, "but is this a game of chance?"

"That depends," said one of the players.

"I mean a gambling game."

Another player—the prosperous citizen, in fact—said, "It's a fine game, my friend, and very easy to learn. Care to sit in?"

"No, no. I'll just watch."

"Then come sit by me," said the citizen, hospitable as a spider. "Name's Scanney. I'll explain it to you as we go."

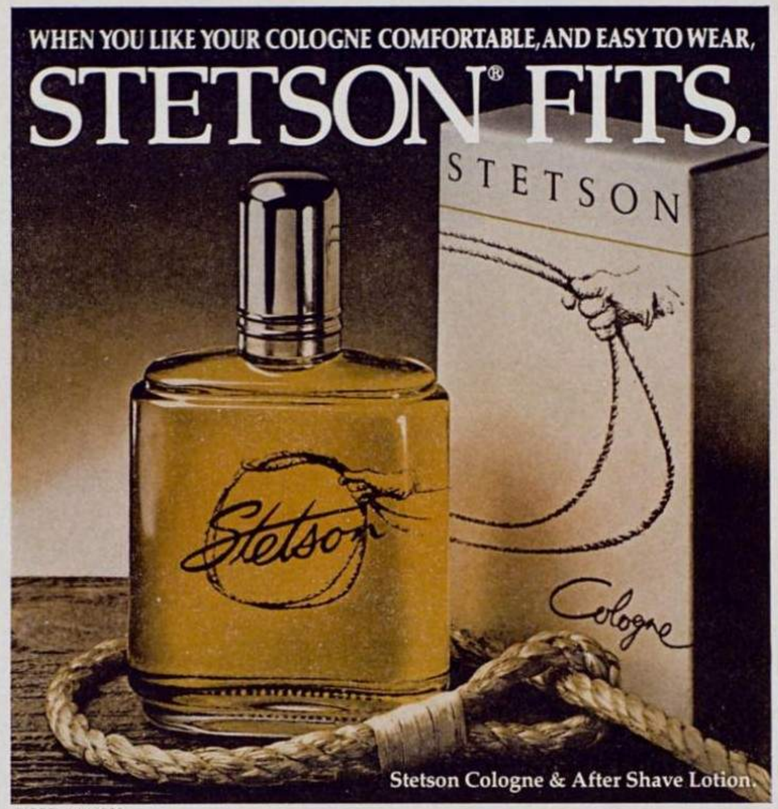
•

In the chief tout's office, the chief tout himself, in appearance a cross between a distinguished politician and a sleazy gambler, sat at a desk playing a board game against himself. It looked something like Monopoly but was much more complex, being spread over several layers of boards, with ramps, elevators and slides. The chief tout held two dice cups, one in each hand, and played one hand against the other. It had been years since anyone—not even Scanney—would play against him.

He looked up from his left hand's predicament as his secretary—that is, the loser in that day's steno pool—came in to say, "Three to two you don't know what Earth is."

"Original source of mankind," the

"You see, you worried needlessly. It's morning, and I do respect you . . . what did you say your name was?"



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chief tout immediately responded. "They brought us here five hundred years ago, said they'd be right back, haven't been heard from since. Why?"

"They're back," the disconsolate girl said, counting out three hard-won lukes onto the chief tout's desk. "There's a fat one outside."

"Send him in," the chief tout said, smiling from ear to ear and rubbing his competing hands together.

A moment later, the fat one himself was ushered in, accompanied by two wolfishly grinning citizens. They'd be demanding a finder's fee later on; the chief tout could tell just by looking at them.

Meanwhile, the fat one was in voice: "I am, Your Honor, proud to announce that I am Councilman Morton Luthguster, representative plenipotentiary from the Supreme Galactic Council, and it is my esteemed pleasure to welcome you back to the Confederation of Earth."

"Haven't heard from you people in quite a while," the chief tout said.

"I am empowered," Luthguster said, puffing himself up, "to negotiate with you on several fronts. Mutual defense, for instance. Trade agreements, technical advisory personnel. Earth can do much for you now that you're back in the Confederation."

"Trade agreements, eh?" Gesturing toward the game board, the chief tout said, "That's what this game's all about, in a way. Familiar with it?"

Luthguster gave the board a suspicious look. "Uh, no," he said. "I don't believe so."

"Sit down here," the chief tout said, making room for a chair beside himself. "I'll show you how it works."

•

"I'm going to take a stroll around town," Ensign Benson said. "You'll be all right here, Captain?"

The captain nodded in a distracted way; most of his attention was on his new friend Scanney's explanation of this fascinating card game. "I'm fine, Ensign Benson; you go ahead."

"Now, if you get two alike," Scanney was saying, "that's good. But three alike is even better."

Vaguely worried, Ensign Benson said, "You won't *play* or anything, will you, Captain?"

"No, no, no, I'm just observing. Now, Mr. Scanney, what are those cards with the nooses?"

•

In the main corridor of the Hopeful, Billy Shelby passed Astrogator Pam Stokes, still too involved with her slide rule to notice either him *or* the bird he carried. "Hi," he said, nevertheless, believing it good manners—and good for morale—to greet crew members when spotted. Unanswered, he went on

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to dump the dead bird in the captain's office, then to make a quick round of the interior, reassuring himself that everything was spaceshipshape. In the main engine room, he found Chief Engineer Hester Hanshaw whamming away at a pipe with a hammer. The sound was awful. "Hester? Something the matter?"

"No," Hester said. "I'm just keeping my arm loose." Fortyish, stocky and blunt-featured, Hester was blunt in manner and personality and rather blunt in brain as well.

"Our very lives," Billy reminded her, "depend upon those engines."

"Is that right?" Hester hammered some more, flailing away.

Billy blinked at every bang. "Hester, is it *serious*?"

Hester put down her hammer and turned to frown at Billy. "You tell me," she said. Picking up a white plastichina coffee mug, she turned a spigot, filled the mug with black liquid and handed it to Billy. "Give that a taste."

Doubtful, Billy said, "Taste?"

"Go on, go on."

So Billy took a tiny sip, and his face wrinkled up like a cheap skirt. "Oog!" he said.

"You call that coffee?" Hester demanded.

"No! Is it supposed to be?"

"Yes, it's supposed to——" Struck with sudden doubt, Hester took back the mug and sniffed it. "No, you're right; that's crankcase oil. Wait a minute, now."

Turning away, Hester began following pipes with a pointing finger. Billy, making bad-mouth faces, headed for the door, but before he got there, Ensign Benson walked in, saying, "Bad news."

"Don't drink the coffee," Billy said.

"What? No, this is worse. The captain got into a game."

Hester looked away from her maze of pipes. "He what?"

"He lost the ship."

•

"Oh, Captain, my, Captain," Billy said. "Whatever made you do it?"

"I had a hunch," the captain said. He looked dazed.

A citizen passing with an armchair on his head—Scanney, the new owner, was moving into the Hopeful—paused to say, "You should *never* draw to an inside quork."

The captain sat on his suitcase, far across the large field from his former ship. About him were his possessions, his birds and his crew: Lieutenant Billy Shelby, Ensign Kybee Benson, Astrogator Pam Stokes and Chief Engineer Hester Hanshaw. "Oh, my," the captain said. "What will I tell Councilman Luthguster?"

•

Luthguster rolled the four dice, turned over a card, moved a tiny pyramid three spaces to the left and groaned with disgust. "I don't *believe* such dreadful luck!"

"Easy come, easy go," the chief tout told him cheerfully. "That's the motto on our money." Presenting a document made ready by his now-grinning secretary, he said, "Now, Councilman, if you'll just sign here and here and initial over here."

Shaking his head, Luthguster signed. The two hovering citizens smirked at each other. "They'll never understand this," Luthguster said sadly, "back at the council."

"Your luck's bound to change," the chief tout assured him. "Next innings, we'll play for reciprocal tariff agreements. My move, I believe."

•

"Damn, Pam," Hester said, her personality not improved by eviction. "Where did you ever *get* a slide rule? Why don't you use a pocket computer, like everybody else?"

"It was my mother's," Pam said, blinking as she looked up from the tool in question. "And my mother's mother's. And my mo——"

"How many generations back?"

"Sixteen."

Hester closed her eyes. "I withdraw the question."

"Rather than quibble among yourselves, like the clotheads you are," said Ensign Benson, who had no idea why his previous commanders had been discontented with his performance of duty, "why don't you turn your little brains to how we get *out* of this mess?"

"I don't think you should talk to the gentler sex that way," said Billy, with many inaccuracies.

"Maybe Pam can find the answer in her slide rule," Hester said, glaring at Pam, who was sunk in contemplation of her heirloom.

Ensign Benson, about to speak harshly, paused to frown at Pam. "Hmmm," he said. "Pamela, dear?"

"Yes, Kybee?"

"You come along with me," Ensign Benson said.

•

A bunch of the citizens were whooping it up in the plaza. "Did you *ever*," one of them said, "see fish like those Earthmen?"

"It's like walking into a kindergarten," said another, "with loaded dice."

"Scanney's studying how to run that spaceship," said a third. "He's going straight to Earth. He figures he'll own the whole place in two weeks."

"Here come a couple of them," said a fourth as Ensign Benson and Pam came strolling into the plaza.

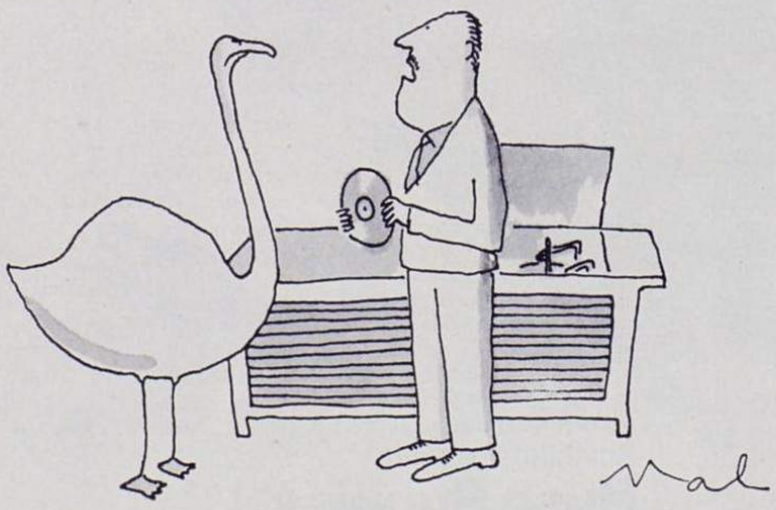
Grins and nods and a few waves were exchanged between Ensign Benson and the sniggering locals, until he reached the group that had been discussing Scanney, where he said, in an offhand manner, "Nice little games you've got going here."

"Want some action, Earthman?" Clouds, ants and in-out knockup were mentioned.

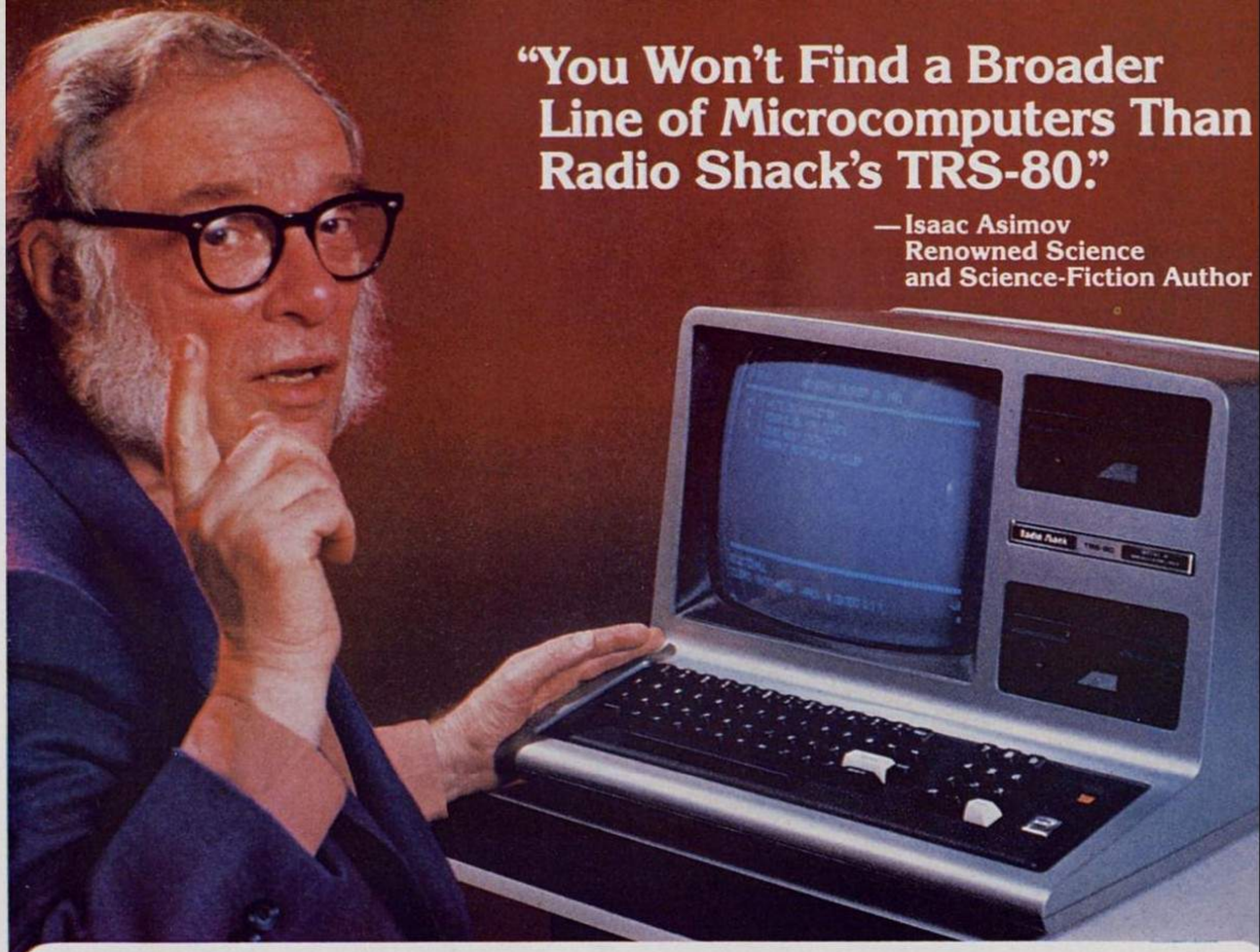
"Not this smalltime stuff," Ensign Benson said with manifest disparagement. "Aren't there any big-time games around this burg?"

"By big time," a tittering citizen asked, "what do you mean?"

"What have you got?"



"I thought all swans dug Tchaikovsky."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"The Dive," several citizens volunteered.

"Sounds right. Lead me to it."

•

Within The Dive—a great, cavernous place, in which the gaming tables were brightly, whitely lit, but the far walls and the high ceiling remained in windowless gloom—a kind of low intense humming was the only sound, as though a million bees were getting caught up on their back orders of honey. Citizens and croupiers and dealers hunched over the tables with no small talk, no conversation except the words necessary to keep the games going. "Ah, yes," Ensign Benson said as the simpering citizens led him and Pam into the joint. "This will do just fine."

A hostess approached, slinky in off-the-shoulder red: "Interested in a little action?"

"Just to watch, for now," Ensign Benson told her. "What's the highest-money game here?"

"Koppel," she said, pointing, "at that table right there."

"Thanks."

"My pleasure," she said.

•

At the edge of the clearing, Hester busily, grumpily, steadfastly, clumsily worked at making a lean-to out of leafy branches. The captain sat on his suitcase among his birds. Billy paced back and forth, gazing mournfully from time to time at the distant Hopeful.

It was Billy who broke the silence: "Pam says the odds of anyone's stumbling onto this place and rescuing us are eleven billion, four hundred sixty million to one."

"Don't talk about odds," the captain said.

Hester said, "I could use a little *help* around here."

Billy looked at her project. "What on Earth is that?"

"The same thing it is on Casino," she said. "A lean-to."

"It leans mostly that way," Billy commented.

"It'll keep the rain off."

Billy looked skyward. "It isn't gonna rain."

"Wanna bet?"

The captain groaned and covered his face with his hands as Councilman Luthguster came blustering in, saying, "What's going on around here?"

"Oh, Councilman," the captain said, leaping to his feet and knocking over several birds. "I can explain."

"You can?" Luthguster turned on the captain an eye as baleful as that on any of his birds. "You can explain why Ensign Benson is *gambling?*"

•

The koppel table was now the center of interest as half a dozen players faced Ensign Benson, the new shark in town. Having watched koppel for 20 minutes—it was a pokerlike game but with more cards in more suits and more complicated rules—having received a tiny frightened nod from Pam, Ensign Benson had converted his watch and camera and other salable possessions into lukes and had taken a seat at the game. Pam stood behind him, nervously fidgeting with her slide rule and from time to time nervously clutching at his shoulder, while Ensign Benson went through his first table of unbelieving opponents like a piranha through a cow.

The stakes were higher and the crowd of spectators was growing fast when the other Earth people came hurrying into The Dive. "Ensign Benson!" cried the captain.

"Hello, Captain," Ensign Benson said, with a casual half wave, half salute. "And raise a hundred lukes," he said, pushing forward a small stack of chips.

"You'll ruin us!" the captain cried. "We can't *afford* your gambling debts!" To the Casinomen at large, he announced, "Don't gamble with this man; he has no money!"

"Wanna bet?" asked a bystander.

Calmly, raking in the lukes, Ensign Benson said, "I'm winning, Captain."

"Ensign Benson," the captain ordered, unheeding, "consider yourself under arrest. Return to the ship at once and confine your. . . ." At that point, he ran down, blinking, remembering that he didn't have a ship anymore. None of them had quarters to which they could confine themselves.

Then Billy leaned over to whisper in the captain's ear, "Sir, he seems to be winning."

"Never seen a man learn a game so fast," said a bystander.

The captain said, "What?"

"Why don't we make it interesting, gents?" Ensign Benson said, riffling the outsize deck. "Ever hear of something called pot limit?"

•

On the Hopeful's command deck, Scanney lolled at his ease on his favorite chair, chatting with a pair of his favorite cronies. "So we *can't* dope out the hyperdrive," he said. "When the time's right, they'll teach it to us themselves."

"Boy, Scanney," said a crony. "How ya gonna do that?"

"They'll be around pretty soon, ready to dicker, but I don't talk till tomorrow. A night in the open air; that'll help."

"You're some operator, Scanney."

"Yes, I am. Three to two it rains tonight."

"I wouldn't bet against *you*, Scanney."

At that point, another Scanney crony ran in to say, "One of the Earthmen's playing koppel at The Dive!"

"What?" Scanney sat upright and put his feet on the floor. "They better not use up their credit before they deal with *me*."

"But the Earthman's winning!"

"Impossible," said Scanney. But he got to his feet, saying, "Come on, boys, let's take a look at this wonder."

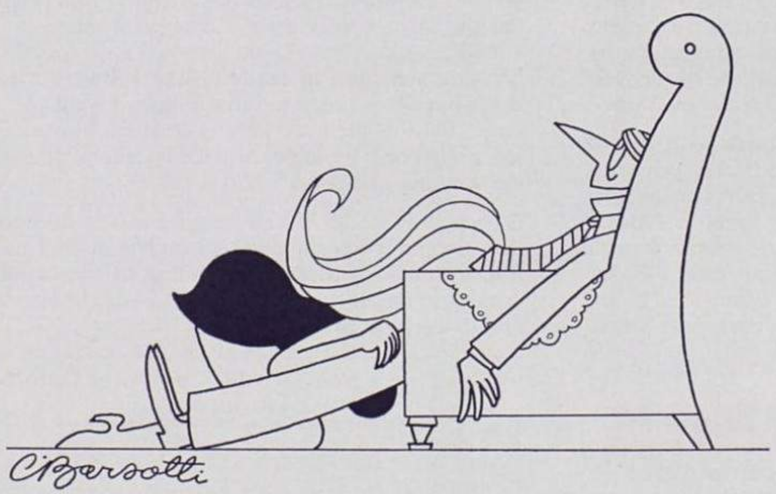
•

Ensign Benson looked around the table at nothing but empty chairs. In front of himself, and piled on a special side table brought out for the purpose, was an amazing number of lukes. "Boys?" Ensign Benson said. "You quitting on me?"

"I don't buck *that* streak anymore."

"I may be crazy, but I ain't stupid."

The spectators gawked, eight deep. Pam stood behind Ensign Benson, nervously clutching her slide rule in one



"OK, we'll go out for dinner."

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hand and his shoulder in the other. The captain, Billy, Hester and Councilman Luthguster stood just to the side, open-mouthed. Ensign Benson looked around. "Who'll take a seat?"

"Ten lukes," a bystander said, "says you don't find anybody to play against you."

"You're on," Ensign Benson said as Scanney and his cronies came pushing through the crowd. "What's this?" Scanney demanded. "Game over?"

"Not if you'll sit in."

Scanney looked at the assembled crowd, at the lukes piled up around Ensign Benson, at the ensign's calmly welcoming smile. "Er," he said.

"Unless you don't feel *up* to a little game."

"Up to it?" His public reputation, the presence of his cronies, his own bravado all combined to force him into that chair. "Deal, my friend, and kiss your worldly goods goodbye."

Ensign Benson smiled at the bystander. "That's ten lukes you owe me."

"Will you take a check?"

"I'll take anything you've got," Ensign Benson said.

•

When Billy stepped out of The Dive for a breath of air, he saw Niobe, this planet's sun, just peeping over the horizon. Night had come and gone, and now it was day again. Inside, the epic battle between Scanney and Ensign Benson went on, seesawing this way and that, Ensign Benson always ahead but somehow never able to deliver that final *coup de grâce*. From time to time, the participants and observers had paused to consume something that claimed to be coffee and something else that looked like a prune Danish—or possibly a stinging jellyfish—but the pauses were few and the concentration intense.

And suspense was turning at last into dread. Billy didn't *want* to go back in there, but a sense of solidarity with the crew forced him finally indoors once more, where he circled the outer fringes of the crowd, decided solidarity didn't mean he necessarily had to stand *with* them all the time and found himself a new angle of vision, near Scanney, instead.

A tense moment had been reached; yet another tense moment. Ensign Benson was pushing stack after stack of lukes into the middle of the table; when he was finished, a hoarse Scanney said, "I'm not sure I can cover that."

"You want to concede?" Ensign Benson was also hoarse.

Billy watched Scanney study his cards. Then he watched Scanney's hand reach down to a narrow slot under the tabletop and tap something there, as though for reassurance. Tap a—— Tap a—— A *card*!

"I'll stay," Scanney said, his hand coming up without that card. Billy stared at the man's right ear.

"Then cover the bet," Ensign Benson said.

"Will you take my I.O.U.?"

"I'll do better. You put up the ship."

"The ship?" Scanney was scornful. "Against *that* bet?"

This was the moment Ensign Benson had been waiting for. He seemed to draw strength from Pam's hand on his shoulder. "Against," he said, voice calm, eyes unblinking, "against everything I've got."

Again Scanney's finger tips touched that hidden card. "It's a bet," Scanney said. "Deal the last round."

Ensign Benson dealt the cards.

"Captain!" Billy yelled across the table, pointing at the black darkness above. "Shoot that bird!"

With a quick draw Bat Masterson himself would have admired, the captain unlimbered his stun gun and fired three blasts into the cavernous darkness of the ceiling. Spectators scrambled for cover, Scanney and Ensign Benson hunched protectively over their cards and chips and Billy slid forward and back like a master swordsman, although sans *épée*.

Ensign Benson was the first to recover. "What are you bird brains *doing*?"

"Well," said the captain, embarrassed, holstering his weapon as ancient dust puffs floated down into the light. "Well, uh, Billy, uh. . . ."

"Sorry," Billy said, palming the 14 of snakes. "I thought I saw a bird."

"*Indoors?*"

"It happens," Billy said. "I remember once my aunt Tabitha left the porch door open and——"

"Oh, never mind," Ensign Benson said. "Scanney, I'm calling you."

Billy looked at Scanney, whose finger tips were at that now-empty slot, and the expression on the man's face was one of consternation and bewilderment, gradually becoming horror.

"Scanney?" Ensign Benson tapped his own cards on the table. "Want me to declare first?"

Everyone waited. Wide-eyed, slack-jawed, face drained of color, Scanney at last managed to nod.

"Fine." Ensign Benson fanned out his cards. "Read 'em and weep."

But Scanney didn't; instead, he turned to look, with a world of understanding in his eyes, at the radiant, innocent face of Lieutenant Billy Shelby.

•

They all strolled back to the ship together, Earth people and Casino people in little chatting groups; there was general agreement that the night's big head-to-head koppel game was the stuff of legend. The captain was delighted at the return of his ship but was even more relieved that Councilman Luthguster was taking the whole affair so well. "Personal contacts on the natives' terms are vital on a mission such as this," the councilman said. "I myself found it relaxed the chief tout if we played children's games."

A bit apart, Ensign Benson walked with Scanney, who had recovered from his losses and was becoming his old confident self. "Obviously," Ensign Benson was saying, "all those lukes I won can't do me much good on the ship."

"I'll be happy to invest them for you," Scanney said.

"Not invest. I cleaned you out, Scanney, so what's happening is, I'm staking you to a new start. It'll be a few years before I can get back, and when I do, half of what you have is mine."

"Hmm," said Scanney.

"Oh, you'll be able to siphon off a lot. But you can't hide it all, so we'll both make out."

"It's a deal," Scanney said. As they shook on it, Hester came by, clutching her hammer and looking truculent. She said to Scanney, "I hope you didn't mess up my engines."

"I am a lucky man, madam," he answered, "and a lucky man is one who doesn't mess with engines he doesn't understand."

Hester frowned at Ensign Benson. "What's he mean, 'madam'?"

"It's a local term for engineer," Ensign Benson said.

Meanwhile, at the ship, Luthguster was making a farewell speech to the chief tout and the assembled Casino people: "And I think that when your chief tout promulgates the various treaties and agreements we reached in this *most* fruitful visit, you will all agree that Earth has been more than fair. *More* than fair."

Under the speech, Ensign Benson went to Billy to say, "I finally figured out that bird shoot. Thanks."

"Oh, you're welcome. But the great part," Billy said, "was how *lucky* you were, hand after hand."

"That wasn't luck. It was Pam."

"It was?"

"God meant that girl, Billy, to be one of the great pieces of all time, but something went wrong somewhere, and she took the path of mathematics instead. She and her slide rule add up to one genius. It took her twenty minutes to figure out the odds in koppel; from then on, she gave me signals on my shoulder, and I knew the precise odds at every step of play. Ultimately, I couldn't lose."

"Unless somebody cheated," Billy said.

"Which is where you came in. Thanks again."

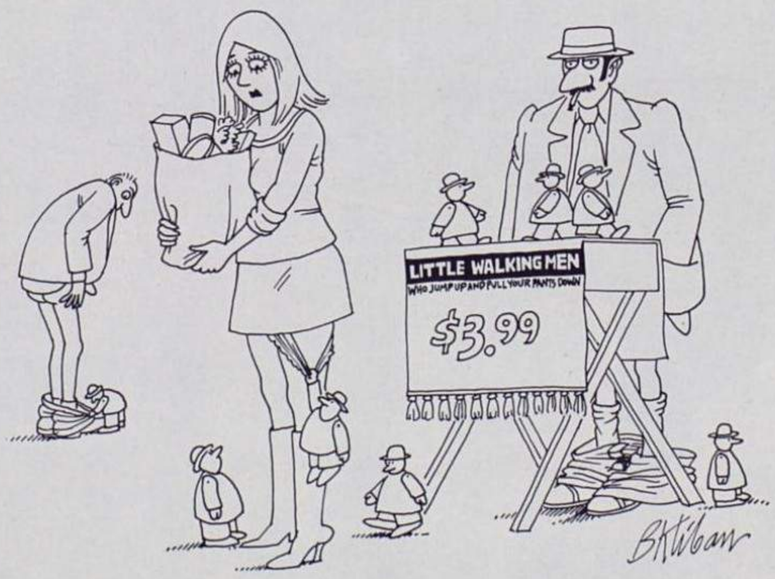
Luthguster at last was scaling the heights of his peroration: "I have been delighted," he announced, "to be the individual who brought you this tremendous news and effected this magnificent reconciliation. And now we must bid you a fond farewell."

"Tell them where you got it," the chief tout said, "and how easy it was."

As the Earth people started up the ladder, Hester's hammer clanged inadvertently off the metal rail. "Careful with my ship," Ensign Benson said.

The Earth people entered Ensign Benson's ship. The ladder retracted and the door closed. Soon a great, powerful humming was heard. "Even money it blows up," said a citizen.

"I'll take that," Scanney said.



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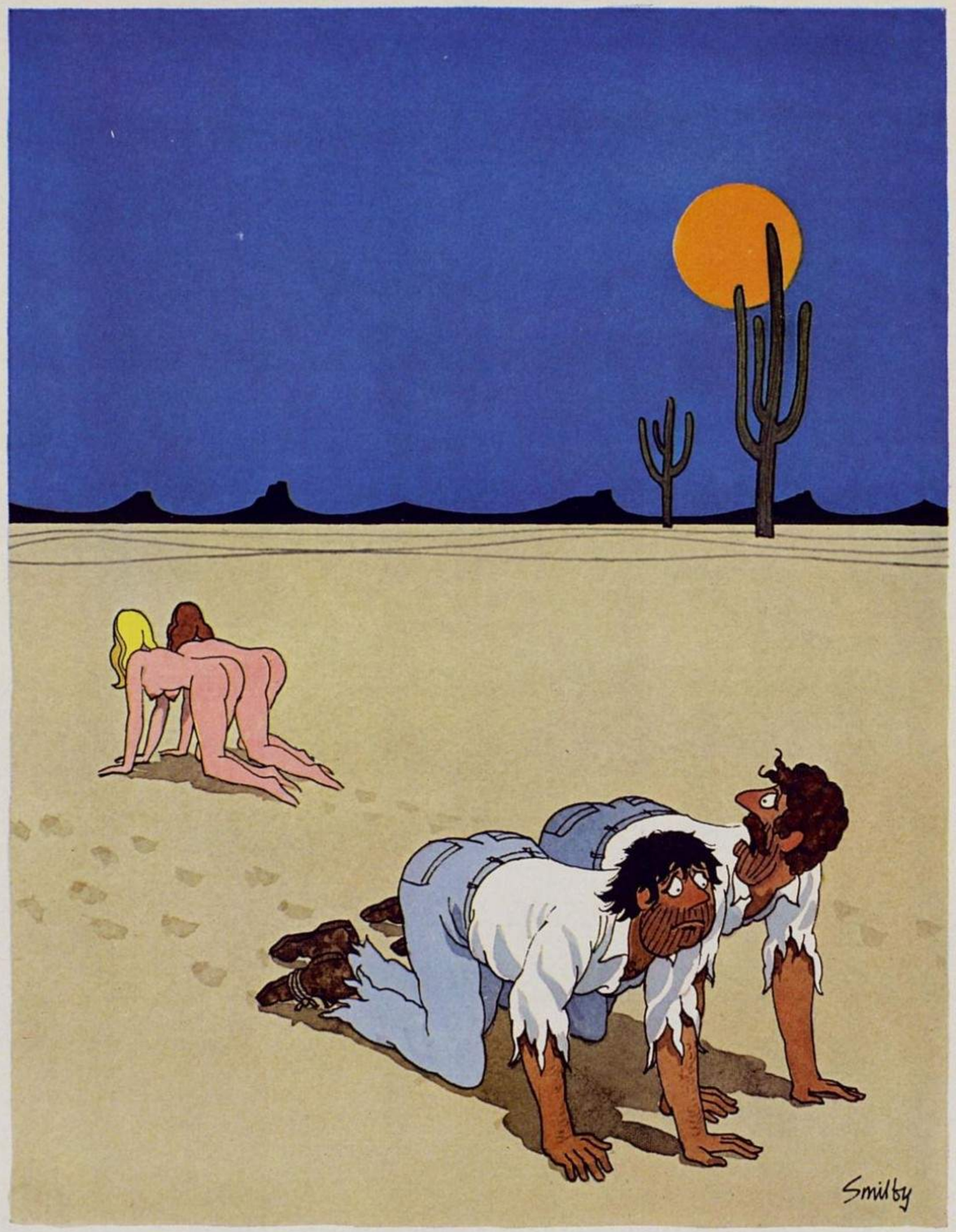

"Yes, but what if they weren't a mirage?"

MAN and WOMAN

(continued from page 180)

"Males are born less mature, less sturdy and less ready for the world than girls—in body and in brain."

More males than females are born dead. Thirty percent more males than females die in the first months of life. And 70 percent of all birth defects are associated mainly with males. The result is that by the time of puberty, the head start achieved by the male sperm has been lost. And the population of men and women has become about equal—at a considerable cost to males.

The reason is, again, anybody's guess. Some sociobiologists say it has to do with the higher value of the male in a polygamous species. Whatever the ultimate cause, though, there is an immediate one much nearer to hand. For the fact is, the male has to go through many more elaborate transformations in the womb than the female. More can go wrong (see *Man and Woman, Part Four: The Sex Chemicals*), so more males die in the womb. And, as a result of all the hormonal toings-and-froings to which they're exposed, they are born less mature, less sturdy and less ready for the world than girls. Like all premature babies, they're more at risk after birth—both in the body and in the brain.

For example, the slightest brain damage—occurring during or after birth—has a far more debilitating effect on boys than it does on girls. What's more, it virtually always strikes boys in the hemisphere in which they're less well organized—the left. It's not male visual-spatial abilities, secure in their right hemisphere, that suffer. It's language skills and language controls, in the left. Boys' left hemisphere, in other words, faces a sort of double indemnity. And the result is that they're four or five times as likely to suffer from language disorders and disabilities as any girl. Boys are more likely (five to one) to stutter when the left hemisphere loses control during speech. They're more likely to be autistic (four to one), often with a complete absence of left-hemisphere language. They're more likely to be what's called an *idiot savant* (figures unknown)—language-damaged and incapacitated but with some narrow, brilliant mathematical skill. (Ah-ha!) And boys are more likely to suffer from two so-called developmental disorders: aphasia, or extreme difficulty learning to talk (five to one); and dyslexia—extreme difficulty with reading and writing (up to six to one). Nelson Rockefeller had dyslexia, so we know the company's good. And, recently, Albert Galaburda of Boston's Beth Israel Hospital found direct evidence that at least one type of dyslexia is caused by early language-area brain damage—damage, when it happens in girls, that has less effect on their more developed and better organized left hemisphere.

But hang on, guys—your problems with your left hemisphere only *start* here. And those problems strike, in a very mysterious way, right to the heart of the male personality. Men commit almost all the violent crime, and the so-called antisocial personality at the root of most of it seems to be caused by poor functioning of the left hemisphere. Men are the sexual deviates—the pedophiles, the fetishists, the exhibitionists and the homosexual sadists. Here, too, something has gone wrong with the way the left hemisphere governs behavior. For *all* the other problems that afflict men and boys much more than they do women and girls, it's almost certainly the same old left-hemisphere story. Hyperactivity, alcoholism, mania and early-onset schizophrenia: left hemisphere. And if you think those things don't concern you personally, you're wrong. Hyperactivity, for example, affects more than 2,000,000 boys in this country. It's not a problem that is, by any means, always outgrown—hyperactive children often grow up to become alcoholics or child abusers, hot-tempered, aggressive and unable to keep a job. As for schizophrenia, you should know this: For every full-blown schizophrenic in this society, there are between three and ten more walking around with lesser but related disorders.

Your first reaction to that news may be, "Yes, but that really *is* the environment, isn't it? That's too many toys, too much stimulation. It's diet. It's a terrible home. It's crazy parents. It's a bad upbringing." Unfortunately, it simply isn't that easy. That it isn't brings us right back to the special chemism we've been talking about all along, the chemistry that distinguishes man and woman. First, those largely male disorders can't be cured by psychiatric hand-holding methods—"understanding" the patient's problem or the environment that "caused" it. Second, the only therapy that ultimately works on such disorders is the use of drugs or anti-hormones that alter the chemistry of the brain. And, third, for all those abnormalities, scientists have recently found just what Freud predicted for his "mental" illnesses—a constitutional predisposition, a *genetic* element.

"The genetic studies," says psychiatrist Pierre Flor-Henry, "have looked not just at how much these things run in families. They've looked at identical twins. And—most important—they've looked at what happens in *adoption*. Is a child, adopted early, more likely to follow the pattern of his real parents than the pattern of his adoptive parents—in crime, hyperactivity, schizophrenia, and so on? The answer is yes, he is. It's not just the environment, then. Nature, a predisposition, is at work in some way we don't yet fully understand. Equally important, there's also a *connection* between some of them, a genetic connection. For example, alcoholism, hysteria and antisocial personality seem to cluster in the same families."

Flor-Henry is a slight, dapper Franco-Hungarian in his 40s: clinical professor at the University of Alberta, director of admission services at the Alberta Hospital and a man who spends much of his research time trying to pull together into one over-all picture all that is now being discovered about the two brain hemispheres, the chemistry and the disorders of men and women. "There's not much to go on," he says. "We still know so little. But genes are responsible for the body's chemistry. So the predisposition is a chemical one, perhaps triggered into expression by damage of some kind or by an event or series of events in the world. It's not guaranteed. But the damage or the events, if they happen, may preferentially affect and alter the chemical organization, in males, of their brain's weaker left hemisphere.

"And the genetic defect then comes into its own, resulting in behavior that's deranged or unstable in one way or another. The behavior—and the brain—can then be treated only with drugs that, either directly or indirectly, put the left hemisphere back into balance. In schizophrenia, that involves drugs affecting the supply of a brain chemical called dopamine. In hyperactivity, it involves drugs that affect the dopamine supply in a *reverse* direction. In sexual deviance—and, perhaps, in antisocial personality, violent crime, it involves drugs that block the action of the main male sex hormone."

If you men are thinking that your comparative left-hemisphere weakness makes you a variable, deviant, hit-or-miss sex, then you're right. Nature doesn't seem to have taken out much insurance on you—especially where the social and verbal left hemisphere is concerned. You are less well protected against your own excesses, just as in stress. If it's any consolation, Flor-Henry believes it's because you evolved as the sex-*seeking* gender. He thinks that the

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human *right* hemisphere developed in such a way that visual-spatial skills were linked in it to mood, movement and sexual fulfillment. And because the male was the one to go after sex—rather than just being able to sit and wait for it—the organization of the male right hemisphere became particularly pronounced. Males became lopsided—they put all their eggs in the right-hemisphere basket. Females evolved in a more balanced way. Because females were the pursued rather than the pursuers, they were able to develop verbal skills and verbal controls in the left hemisphere that were much more stable, secure and efficient. That goes some way toward explaining why women tend not to become psychopaths and violent criminals. Women, remember, don't go into overdrive when under stress. They tend to become depressed. And their pattern of crime is quite different. They don't act out against people. Antisocial males, on the other hand, virtually *always* attack people. And Flor-Henry thinks they're out of control of the verbal and social left hemisphere. Instead, they're exaggerated, out-on-a-limb, right-hemisphere males using all their visual and spatial skills for aggression.

If this evolutionary dispensation seems profoundly unfair to you males, then all we can do is remind you of the delicate balance between strengths and weaknesses. In the words of an old joke, "With a Bernstein diamond comes the Bernstein curse." And the same rule goes for women. This time, though, they're at risk somewhere else—just where males are strong. In the right hemisphere.

DOWN IN THE DUMPS

There are three things you can say with certainty about depressed people. One, they don't jump around. Two, they tend to lose all sexual interest. And, three, they're mostly women. Every year, 40,000,000 Americans suffer, to one degree or another, from depression. Two thirds of them are women.

Of course, you can sing the old song about the environment. "Girls are taught from the beginning not to express their anger. They turn their anger inward. When they become women, they find themselves in a rotten, male-dominated society. Men don't give them what they want. They stifle and ignore all women's emotional subtlety. No wonder women are depressed."

The last part of the song is probably true. And, of course, there *are* real environmental causes for depression. If you've set your heart on being a concert pianist and can't even manage *Chopsticks*, you're likely to be depressed. And if you've lost a father, mother, husband, wife, child or friend, you shouldn't be expected to be happy. But that still doesn't explain why so many more women than men are afflicted by a disorder that affects mood, movement and sex drive in their right hemisphere. And it certainly doesn't explain why, though nothing on the surface of a woman's life is wrong, she can suddenly be sent into a terrible tail spin. Psychological explanations of that sort of depression are useless, and such psychiatric treatment of it is, at best, a waste of money and of time—women may simply become even more entrenched in their despair. No, the only way to understand so-called *vital* depression (which women have to endure five times more often than men), as well as phobias (which cripple women at least twice as often), is through women's chemism—genes, hormones and brain chemistry. Again, it lies right at the heart of the female personality. And it can tell us a lot about the human female's emotional vulnerability, her more general swings in mood that break up relationships and leave men feeling left out, unsympathetic and confused.

"Depression and the phobias obviously hang together," says Flor-Henry. "They attack the hemisphere in which the organization of the female brain is more precarious—the right hemisphere. The phobias—they should be called the panics—are panics about heights, open and closed spaces, water, and so on. And they obviously have to do with mood, movement and visual-spatial skill—right hemisphere. The same things are affected in vital depression—*plus*, of course, sexual drive. Again, right hemisphere. There are two other things, too, that yoke them together. First, the only *really* effective treatment for both is with antidepressants—not Valium or Librium but two classes of drugs that have no effect at all, except maybe an unpleasant one, on normal people. And, second, both seem to involve a genetic predisposition, just as the predominantly *male* disorders do. Not much is yet known about the phobias. But work done in Belgium has shown that adopted children with depression are more likely to have that depression in common with their *real* parents rather than with their adoptive parents.

"So," says Flor-Henry, spreading his fingers on the table. "Genetic. Biological. Chemical. Right hemisphere. We don't know how those things interconnect. And we don't know how they relate to the milder forms of depression and mood disorder in women. My guess is, though, that all those things are part of one evolutionary package—affecting the weaker right hemisphere and involving the sex hormones."

The sex hormones—here they are again. They're somewhere at the core of a man's response to stress, and they're also at the heart of the chemistry of a woman's moods. The evidence isn't hard to find. It comes from routine parts of ordinary life—from puberty, childbirth, the menstrual cycle, menopause, the pill. And the upshot of it is this: Alter the level of a woman's sex hormones, in large or even in small ways, and she'll be likely to suffer from subtle and not-so-subtle changes in mood and personality. Sometimes, she'll no longer be in control of her own personality—her hormones will be.

We haven't space here to go into the problems of puberty and menopause, but you should know this: About seven percent of new mothers suffer for weeks, even months, from severe depression—complete with loss of sexual interest—at precisely the time when their hormone levels have been abruptly altered by the births of their children. And an unknown percentage of women on the pill report a bewildering variety of side effects, including lowered sex drive, irritability and, yes, depression. Those things are all too often looked on—by lover, husband, doctor, even the woman herself—as psychological in origin. Her responsibility. And they can lead to the breakup of relationships and marriages. How many new mothers have you known whose husbands left them within 15 months of the baby's birth?

Then there's premenstrual tension. Before you guys walk away or chuckle, you should know that you, too, may have your "time of the month"—that's how new this science is—and it may be marked by the same irritability and tension. If it exists, however, it seems also to be unpredictable and irregular. And that means that you'll have to abandon all your old assumptions about "women's problems." Who, after all, would you want doing skilled and responsible jobs—flying a plane, performing brain surgery, and so on? Someone whose switches in mood are predictable or someone whose switches in mood are *un*predictable?

British psychiatrist Katharina Dalton believes that premenstrual tension affects four out of ten women to some extent, and for eight days—before and during menstruation—it *seriously* affects the life of one of those four. Being on the pill, says Dalton, actually makes the condition worse. Not only do the symptoms include brooding, lethargy, depression, loss of memory and emotional control; they also include, she says, an

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increased incidence of quarrels, accidents, suicides, baby battering and crime.

In November 1981, Dalton appeared in court as a witness for the defense of one of her patients, a 29-year-old English barmaid named Sandie Smith. You may have read about that case, for its implications haven't gone unnoticed by the press. Smith had had 30 previous convictions—for arson and assault, among other offenses—and she was already on probation for having stabbed another barmaid to death in 1980. This time, she was charged with threatening to kill a policeman. Dalton, however, was able to demonstrate that all her crimes were connected by a 29-day cycle—and by premenstrual tension. And Smith was given three years' probation.

The very next day, November tenth, the very same defense—premenstrual tension—was brought up by Dalton in the case of another woman, Christine English, who had had an argument with her lover and had run over him with a car. English was discharged—conditional for a year—after pleading guilty to manslaughter. The court ruled that at the time of her crime, she had "diminished responsibility."

Those are examples of where the new discoveries about the chemistry of men and women can lead, and there's no doubt that the same defense will soon be used in a case in the United States. It will call into question, in a public way, everything we now presume about personal responsibility and the effects of the environment. Is a woman suffering from premenstrual tension responsible for what she does? Is a man responsible for his reaction to stress? Is a male criminal responsible for his crimes or does the responsibility lie with his testosterone level and his lopsided brain organization?

These are revolutionary new questions. Revolutionary in law. Revolutionary in the home. Revolutionary in the way we think about ourselves and about one another. And if we are to find answers for them, we will have to think very carefully, not only about the chemistry of the brain but also about our place in nature and the way in which our biological evolution may now be at odds with our cultural evolution.

Take phobias, for example. They usually appear in women only during the childbearing years. And, you'll notice, they involve fears of everything that might have been dangerous in the environment in which we evolved—heights, open and closed spaces, water, snakes, and so on. Such phobias weren't a bad idea then—especially if you had to protect a child.

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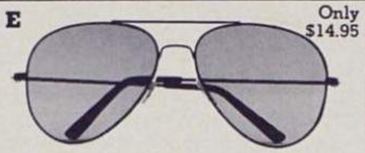

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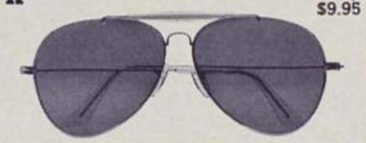
Unexcelled glare protection, gold or silver frames.
A $25.00 value only $10.95. 2 pairs for $20.00.

G — Only $14.95

The Sportsman
Sports-graphic on black metal frame.
A $25.00 value only $14.95. 2 pairs for $28.00.

K — Only $9.95



Standard Aviator Glasses
Traditional stems, gold frames.
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"Wrap around" glasses sports-graphic on black metal frame. Dark lense. A $25.00 value only $14.95. 2 pairs for $28.00.

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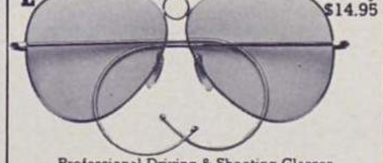

Professional Driving & Shooting Glasses
Wide angle amber lenses brighten visibility. Gold frames. A $30.00 value only $14.95. 2 pairs for $28.00.

Style #	Quantity	Frame Color	Price
A		Brown	
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C			
D		Black	
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F			
G		Black	
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I			
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L		Gold	

Add Postage, Handling and Insurance $1.00 per pair $_____

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Free case with each pair.

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most of our evolutionary history, isolated women could not survive. They *had* to be interdependent members of social groups. Indeed, they were the necessary glue that held those groups together. A woman's tendency to depression, then, may have been a mechanism that reinforced her interdependence and accelerated her back into the group by producing the cry for help. In today's society, of course, there aren't many close-knit social groups. There is a cry for help, but no help comes—and we have a major problem with depression.

Each one of the landmarks in this science of men and women brings us nearer to a picture of the whole landscape of ourselves. In 1981, for example, scientists located for the first time an actual gene that they think is involved in depression. And it's in a very odd place: It's either very close to or actually among a group of genes that govern the development of the human immune system—our defense against diseases. And it's the neighbor of a gene that's responsible, when expressed, for masculinizing female fetuses in the womb.

Maleness and femaleness, mental illness, hormones, hemispheres and diseases: This is the final mystery and our final port of call. What is there at the heart of our nature that gives us not only different strengths and weaknesses but a proneness to such different diseases? How can that be added to the picture?

FROM HEAD TO TOE

One thing about organic diseases—they're physical, not "environmental." Either you get them or you don't. So there probably will be no complaints about this part of our story—except, perhaps, from you guys. Because here, again, you're at a disadvantage. You're just not as well protected as women. As if dying in the womb, being born "weedy" and maturing more slowly weren't enough, you're more likely to have inherited one of a whole rash of diseases from which the human female is shielded—including diseases in which your immune system doesn't work properly or hardly works at all. You're also generally more at risk from the whole sea of viruses and bacteria in which we swim.

The truth is, the male's immune system is just not as good as the female's. The reason (here we come to chemism again) has something to do with his Y sex chromosome and his main male sex hormone, testosterone. Little is known about this yet—there are few landmarks in this particular part of the landscape. But testosterone, when given from the outside, seems to act in all humans as a depressor of their immune system; estrogen, the female sex hormone, seems to have the reverse effect. Testosterone, too, is probably also responsible for the fact that men don't produce as much immune-globulin M—a blood protein important to the body's defenses—as women do. That is part of the reason men are more likely to contract such illnesses as hepatitis, respiratory ailments and legionnaire's disease. Estrogen seems to beef up production of immune-globulin M—and it seems, in some mysterious way, to be involved in a process by which a woman's immune defenses, like her hormone levels, actually fluctuate during the menstrual cycle.

The question, of course, is, Why should men be worse off—less well defended—than women? Why should the person standing next to you have a superior immune system, modulated and monitored by her sex hormones? The answer is—and she may not like it—babies. When a woman becomes pregnant, she has to do something truly amazing. For nine months, she has to support inside herself, and *not reject*, as she would a graft, a bundle of tissue that is antigenically different from hers, because of the father's contribution to its genetic make-up. At the same time, she has to protect herself *and* this bundle of tissue against any infections. How does she do that amazing thing? No one really knows. But, to do it, she must have inherited something that works for her throughout her life, a much more sophisticated immune system than any man's, one capable of finer tuning. That is likely to be the gift of her two X chromosomes. On them, she has a double set of immune-regulating genes.

End of story? Not quite. Having been evenhanded with men and women throughout this article, we can't quite leave it here. The moral throughout, for men and women, is that for every advantage, there's a disadvantage; for every plus, there's a minus. And the case of the female immune system is no exception. So efficient is it that it sometimes becomes *over*efficient and attacks the body it's supposed to be protecting. Women suffer much more than men from the so-called autoimmune diseases—from such well-known ones as multiple sclerosis, juvenile-onset diabetes and rheumatoid arthritis to even more mysterious ones, such as Graves' disease, in which the glands, the hormones, the brain and behavior are all affected. The most interesting—and most mysterious—disease in this last category is one called systemic lupus erythematosus (S.L.E.). And it's worth looking at S.L.E. just for a moment, because it suggests how intricately intermeshed the chemistry at the heart of personality is. And it shows,

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in a sense, how men and women can help each other.

"Systemic lupus affects about 500,000 people in this country, more than 450,000 of them women," says Robert Lahita, a leading S.L.E. researcher and assistant professor of immunology at The Rockefeller University in New York. "It's often extremely hard to diagnose. And it produces in a percentage of people many of the symptoms of depression, obsessional neurosis or schizophrenia. One of the few *visible* symptoms—and it doesn't always occur—is a rash on the cheeks, which in the 19th Century was thought to make the face look wolflike. That's why it's called *lupus*—the Latin for wolf. Basically, it's a disease in which the body mounts an attack on the genetic and protein-making machinery inside the cells of its own tissues.

"Now, why is this disease so extraordinarily interesting? Well, first, because it may be brought on by *stress*, and there's some evidence that it flares up after emotional upsets. So stress and the brain are involved from the beginning. Second, males born with *two* X chromosomes, as well as their usual Y, can get it more often than normal males. Third, women who have it are made much worse when on the pill; it usually starts at puberty, with few cases after menopause, and its symptoms are often aggravated during menstruation. So the female sex hormones are obviously involved.

"It's the abnormal female-hormone pattern that we've been investigating at Rockefeller. And what we've found out is that two things seem to have gone profoundly wrong in these S.L.E. patients. Their estrogen is being processed in a very odd way: They're making too many by-products that have strong hormonal effects and too few by-products that don't have hormonal effects but *do* seem to act as chemical messengers in the brain. In a sense, they're making too little brain-active estrogen. At the same time, though, they may have much less active *testosterone* than they should have. And the approach through testosterone looks like it may be the best treatment we can offer for this mysterious disease. Stress, emotion, sex chromosomes, sex hormones, a deranged immune system and mental disorder—who knows what truths about men and women the study of S.L.E. will help uncover? But, for the moment, the irony is that to treat it in women, doctors will soon be borrowing from men something that lies at the root of *their* response to stress, their left-brain weakness and their immune inferiority."

Borrowing. It is this, perhaps, that gives the gathering science of men and women its special interest. What is it, for example, that makes women more sensitive to pain than men? What is it that makes their brains more responsive to stimuli than men's? What is it that makes men's—but not women's—blood coagulate when they're given aspirin? Perhaps these principles can be borrowed from one sex and given to the other. Perhaps, above all, whatever mysterious principle allows women to live longer than men can *also* be borrowed.

"Call me if you see something you like."

TAKING IT HOME

As 20th Century men and women, we're at the beginning of a new age. For the first time, science has tools delicate enough to probe the central mysteries of our behavior and our personality. And, in a sense, all the separate disciplines of science are beginning to come together into one—the science of men and women. Already, that science is burrowing at the roots of madness, stress, mood and lethal physical and mental disorders. And, in the process, it is bringing back from the vast continent of its general ignorance news that all too often we don't want to hear. As is usual with science, that news is both good and bad. Good because it promises new treatments and new cures—and a gradual abandonment of the long-haul tinkering of psychiatry. Bad because it will force us to alter radically the way we think about ourselves—about our minds, our personal responsibility, our free will.

It is also bringing back news that we're going to have to face sooner or later about our separate inheritances as men and women. The news is that we're far older than we think we are. And who we are today is simply the current expression of the long history of our coming to this place. We were, and still are, designed by nature for the purposes of that travel, purposes that are still reflected in our strengths and weaknesses alike. Women are still protected for the purpose of motherhood—whether or not, as individuals, they want to have children. Men are still geared to be hunters and sex seekers—whether or not, as individuals, they hunt and seek sex. Men are also less stable and more various than women. "They're the sex through which nature experiments," says Flor-Henry. "In the large scale of things, you see, individual males don't matter very much. They're throwaways. So that has left nature free to experiment with them. That's why there are more sexual deviants among men. That's why there are more mental retardates among men. And that's why there are more *geniuses* among men."

Pluses and minuses—they belong together at the heart of Freud's special chemism in men and women, making us complementary and necessary to each other. Neither is better, neither is worse. It is not a competition, and we have to learn to understand that. "I think it's rather unfair," says Camilla Benbow, "that when men have a problem, everybody's willing to accept the fact that it's genetic, it's brain damage, it's biological. But when women have a problem, oh, no, it can't be any of those things. It's the environment. I think that's unreasonable."

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LIGHTS
LOW TAR
RICH TASTE

 (continued from page 122)

"When you have a special problem, you turn to the special-purpose computer designed to solve it."

work; and (3) a way to show you the result (display or printer, as on a printing calculator).

A pocket calculator is essentially a special-purpose computer. The chip or chips inside were instructed at the factory to behave like a calculator the instant you turn the machine on. Thus, when you have a special problem—say, a column of numbers to add—you naturally turn to the special-purpose computer designed to solve it. But let's say you have another problem, such as a long list of measurements that must be converted to metric dimensions. The job would go much faster if you had a special-purpose pocket metric converter, which may have a keyboard, microchip and display similar to your calculator; only the factory's instructions on the chip would be different. Since you already own most of what makes up a metric converter, wouldn't it be cheaper to plug metric-conversion instructions into the chip in place of the calculator instructions? You bet!

Instructions like those are called programs (also, pardon the jargon, software) and are sold at computer stores and via mail-order ads in computer magazines (from less than ten dollars to into the thousands). For the nontechnical user, a personal computer without a program is just a useless hunk of keyboard, chips and display. But with each program, your personal computer becomes a different special-purpose computer ready to tackle a specific job.

Personal-computer programs are stored, duplicated and sold on cassettes (just like hi-fi cassettes), on a device called a floppy disc (also known as a discette or just plain disc) or on plug-in cartridges (with a microchip or two inside). A cassette program requires a cassette player, which either plugs directly into the computer or is sometimes packaged with the unit. Discs need a disc drive (acting like a record player), frequently incorporated (sometimes in pairs) into the computer console.

Programs on cassettes are inherently slower than disc programs to load into your computer's temporary memory. Long programs may take several minutes on tape, ten seconds on a disc and less than a second on a cartridge.

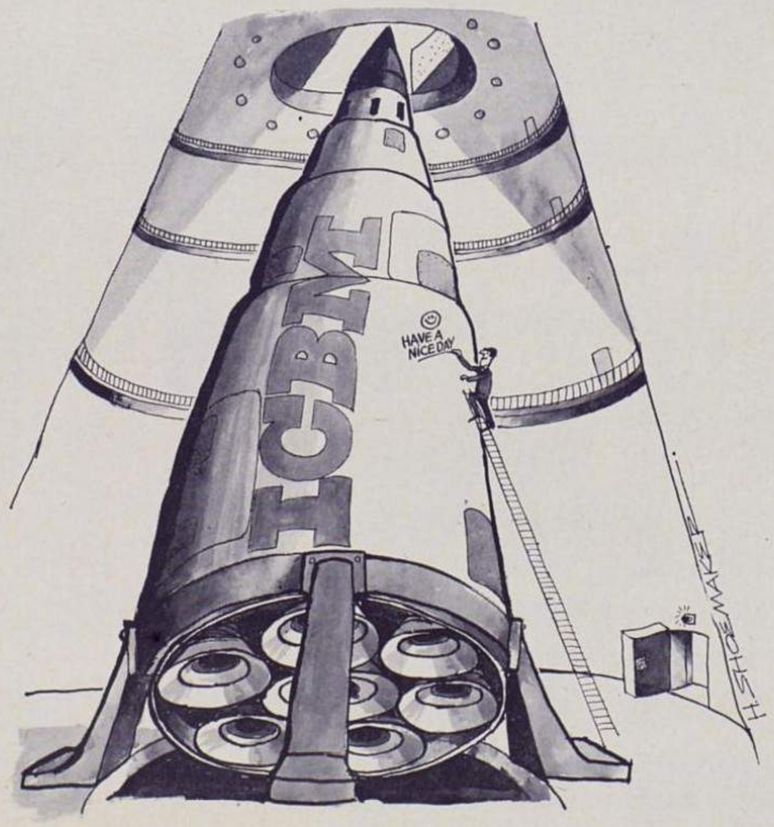
Whichever device you use to load programs (except cartridges) will also permanently store work you have in progress or information you need to update only from time to time. (Cartridges do not yet retain info you enter when they're unplugged.) Cassette or disc mass storage saves you from reentering information each time you use your computer.

The major factor in selecting a personal computer should always be the availability of programs to solve specific problems. Three hundred games programs for a machine won't help you if a much-needed accounting program is unavailable. And since programs are not necessarily compatible among computers, shop for the programs that do what you need—then find out what machines they run on.

Let's take a closer look at the kinds of special-purpose programs or applications available. Most personal computers can be instructed to convert themselves into remote terminals capable of communicating with huge computers over a standard telephone (through an accessory gadget called a modem—a modulator/demodulator). You can conduct extensive library research through services such as Lockheed's Dialog Information Services (Palo Alto, California). While sitting in front of your computer, you can have access to more than 120 individual data bases covering consumer-periodical-advertising space; legal- and medical-journal indexes; bibliographic indexes in psychology, philosophy, social sciences; statistics; legislative action; sales prospects by Zip Code; patents . . . the list goes on and on. Dialog charges only for time used (charges vary for each data base accessed; most are from $25 to $95 per hour), with no registration fee.

Less imposing but very useful data bases are offered by The Source (McLean, Virginia) and CompuServe (Columbus, Ohio). Both offer current business news (stock and commodity prices, for example) and a broader interest range, including computer games. On-line costs for The Source are as low as $4.25 per hour late at night, with a registration fee of $100.

Many personal computers today are being used for word processing (W.P.). If you write a number of reports, professional papers or personal letters, a W.P. program will save you from retyping pages that don't look right or



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from erasing typing errors. All creating and editing are performed on the display screen before you ever print a page, and your opus is saved on a disc for subsequent editing or reprinting. Some W.P. programs have supplementary programs that check and correct spelling or typos, and some make it quite easy to personalize a string of form letters. Be prepared, however, to invest $2000 or more for a typewriterlike printer.

A nasty chore for any professional is working on long spread sheets, whether for budgeting, forecasting or sales results. Several programs (VisiCalc is the best-known one) put the spread sheet into the computer, so you can juggle the numbers all you want on the screen. In a flash, the computer refigures all the totals whenever you make a change. Press a couple more buttons and you have a clean printed sheet to give to the boss.

Other "report"-type programs, including VisiTrend/Plot and VisiPlot, help you create impressive bar graphs and pie charts based on numbers you punch into the computer.

If you run a small business, a personal computer can handle the number crunch of your accounting. Programs guide you through setting up a general ledger and tracking your receivables, payables and expenses—then generate a financial statement for you any time you want. You still need to key in the information, but once the data is on file, the disc keeps it together as you update. A number of program packages print checks and invoices as part of the job. Even for small computers, accounting packages can be expensive: up to $500 or more for a general-ledger program alone. Study programs carefully before you buy to make sure they fit the way you do business—not the way they *want* you to do business.

A timesaving use for personal computers is electronic filing, called database management. Depending on the program, you essentially "dump" information onto a disc in such a way that you can later retrieve it in any order you need. An insurance salesman, for example, might store complete client records on a disc. Then, if he wants to contact clients affected by a new policy covering adults over 45 with two or more children, he can ask the computer to search through the disc and print out a list. The computer performs in a matter of minutes what would take hours of thumbing through a file cabinet.

That kind of information management has uses at home, too. After you put details of your record collection onto a disc, the right computer program could make the machine display a list of cuts of the exact time you need to fill out a cassette you're recording.

Now that you have some appreciation of what a personal computer can do for you, there are a few terms you should know before walking into your local computer emporium.

Temporary memory of computers is known in the computer world as RAM (random-access memory). A computer's RAM is something like an automobile's gasoline tank, because RAM size will determine how many program instructions (fuel) and how much newly typed info the computer can handle at once. The bigger the RAM capacity, the further you can go before having to stop and put in more instructions.

If gas tanks hold gallons (or liters) of gas, RAMs store kilobytes of information. A kilobyte (usually referred to as K) is the equivalent of 1000 letters or characters punched into the keyboard (one byte per character). For the most part, a personal computer with 64K of RAM will amply handle professional programs and leave you plenty of room within which to work.

The K denomination also comes into play with the storage capacity of disc drives. The greater the capacity, the more information you can save on a single disc. The Radio Shack Model III computer, for example, offers disc drives with 175K (175,000 characters) storage

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ESCORT's secret weapon is its superheterodyne receiving circuitry. The technique was discovered by Signal Corps Capt. Edwin H. Armstrong in the military's quest for more sensitive receiving equipment. ESCORT's Varactor-Tuned Gunn Oscillator singles out X and K band (10.525 and 24.150Hz) radar frequencies for close, careful, and timely examination. Only ESCORT uses this costly, exacting component. But now the dilemma.

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There's only one way to really find out what ESCORT is all about. We'll give you 30 days to test it for yourself. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund your purchase as well as pay for your postage costs to return it. In fact, try an ESCORT and any other detector of your choice. Test them both for 30 days and return the one you don't like. We're not worried because we know which one you'll keep. As further insurance for your investment, ESCORT comes with a full one year limited warranty on both parts and labor. This doesn't worry us either because ESCORT has a reputation for reliability. We know that once you try an ESCORT, radar will never be the same again. So go ahead and do it. Order today.

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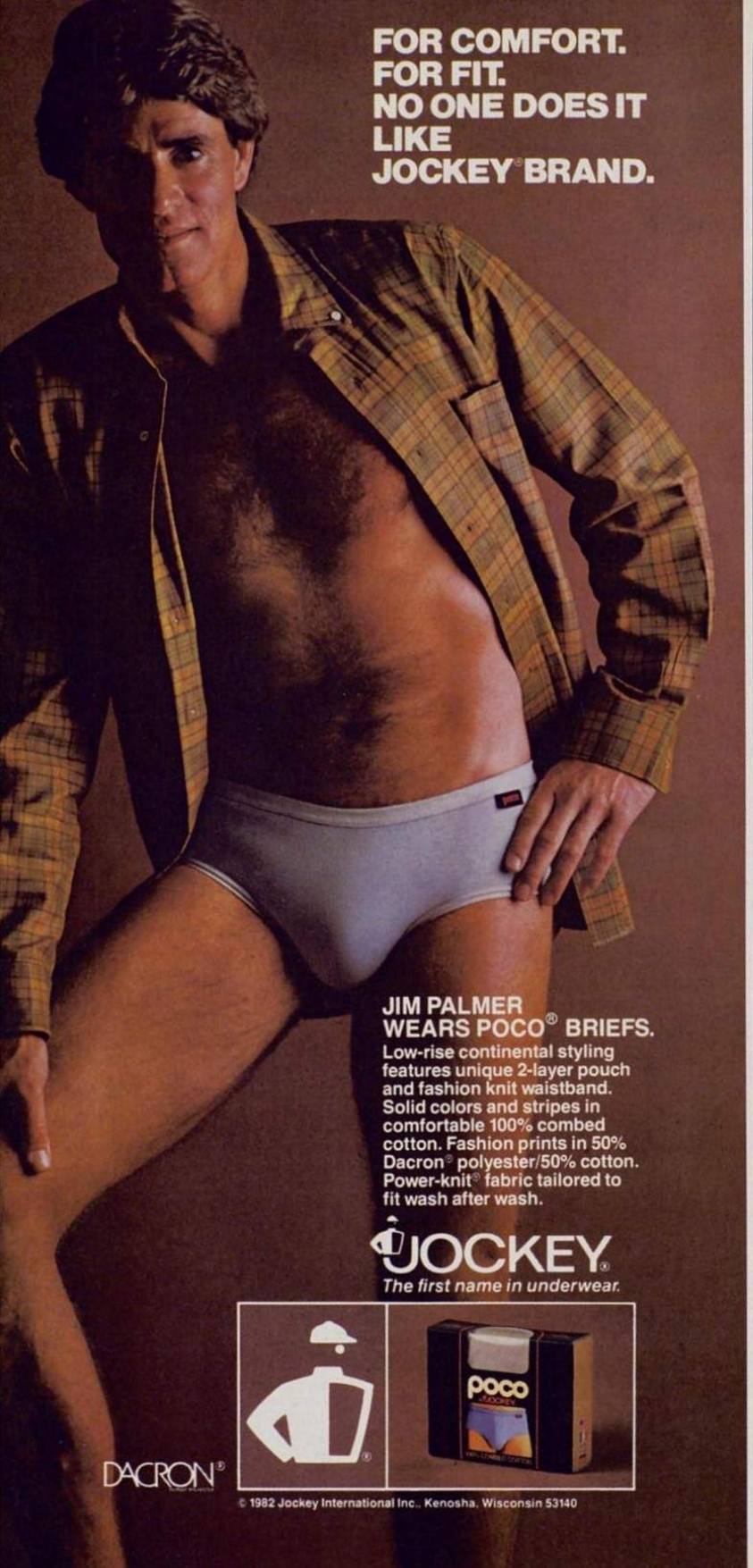
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per disc—a comfortable size for a personal computer.

Finally, there are three other important letters you'll run across: CP/M (control program for microcomputers). Almost all computers have their own peculiar program language or dialect. That is why you will see program tapes or discs labeled for the computer on which they run. But a CP/M disc designed for a specific computer gives that computer the ability to accept, understand and operate any CP/M–written program. The advantage of "CP/M compatibility" is that you'll be able to run almost all of the hundreds of professional and business programs already written for CP/M.

To help simplify your shopping, we've assembled "Playboy's Guide to Personal Computers" (see page 122), a comparative listing of the most popular units you're likely to encounter. Of course, in the consumer-electronics industry—which changes so rapidly—a real concern of a potential buyer is instant obsolescence of equipment. To avoid that hazard in a computer, you'll want to choose a system that not only offers functional programs right now but will be supported later with more-advanced software, and will also allow you to expand into new applications with perhaps more memory, electronic voice synthesis or detailed color-graphics displays. As a rule, personal-computer manufacturers who encourage outside companies to develop programs and accessories for a machine (or makers who embrace a "standard" such as CP/M) understand that no single company can do it all. The broader the support, the more likely a personal computer will have a long, useful life on your desk.

As for future machines, well, except for some minor, highly technical differences from one personal computer to the next, the basic shuttling and storage techniques should remain pretty much the same for some time. The developments to watch for over the next several years will be in the programs to let today's personal computers do even more of the work for us. With the next generation or two of programs, your personal computer will gain a semblance of personality and the pseudo intelligence to prompt you in plain English through complex computing chores you'd never consider today—even programming the computer.

In the meantime, you don't need a computer-science degree to get going on a personal computer. If you discover in your shopping that one of these gizmos will save time or improve your accuracy, then now is the time to buy. Soon, as with your pocket calculator several years ago, you'll wonder how you ever got along without one.

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TOUR DE FORCE

(continued from page 142)

"The men who ride long distances on motorcycles are not unlike the frontier scouts."

scenery? One of the other riders sums up the group's attitude: "Fuck the scenery. We can buy postcards at the airport. How often do you get to ride past the highway patrol at 110 mph?"

You proceed to haul ass across Europe for three days. At one point, you express some concern—you don't feel quite right risking a $7300 machine as polished and precise as the R100RT that's not yours. "Listen," says the rep, "you could drop the bike. That would be unfortunate. You could try to pass a line of cars at an inopportune moment and run head on into a truck. That would be a minor disaster. Or you could play it safe, fall behind, miss a turn and get lost in France. That would be a tragedy." You keep up. At some point in the trip, you overtake a tour bus laboring over a high Alpine pass. That bus will take hours to reach what you will leave behind in minutes. And you will see everything its passengers will and more—the level of attention it takes to operate a motorcycle opens you to the environment. It doesn't take forever to get the message. In the lake country of Switzerland, the group proceeds single file. A hundred yards from the road, a woman emerges from the water, topless. Her boyfriend hands her a towel, helps her tie the knot on her top. One after another, the riders flicked their eyes left, prayed to God and went back to the road. You could have stopped, pulled out the Instamatics, had a picnic lunch; but, really, you had seen all there was. When the trip is over, you will have an endless film loop—castles, cafés. You will also know the terrain on another, more intimate level. You will know the rhythm of the road, the topography.

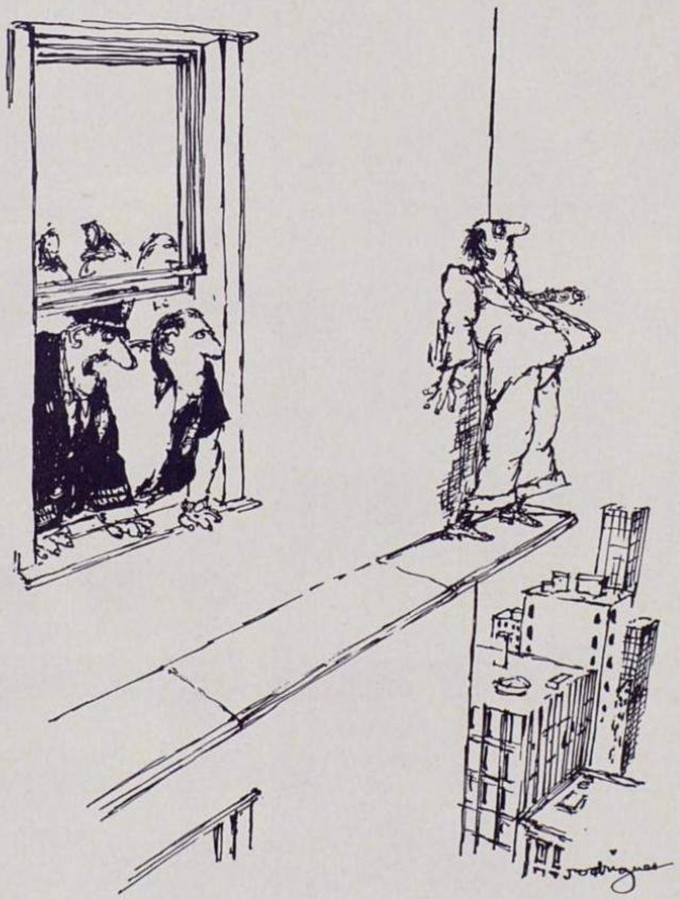
•

The preceding account is somewhat misleading. Europeans have been touring for years. Their idea of a good time is to deck themselves out in leathers, climb onto their bikes, drop their wrists and go full tilt—playing connect-the-dots across the face of Europe—pushing their machines from apex to apex. It is something to behold. The American notion of touring is somewhat different—after all, we are a nation blessed with throughways and a 55-mph speed limit. When you have to cross Nebraska, it's not just a trip, it's a career. Given that, a Harley seems like a good idea.

The men who ride long distances on motorcycles in America are a breed apart. They have chosen their weapon; now they have to make it work. They are not unlike the frontier scouts or NASA engineers. They know life-support systems. They have developed—by trial and error and freezing hands—an appreciation for equipment. They fill the storage compartments on their motorcycles with Rukka rain suits, Tour Master cold-weather suits, electric gloves, neck gaiters, etc. They debate the merits of leathers *vs.* synthetics. For example, the Fackelmann riding suit is made of Kevlar, the same stuff that's in bulletproof vests. If you fall off your bike, a synthetic suit will hold out two and a half times longer than leather. These guys are serious.

Touring is the blue-chip stock of the American motorcycle market. It was slow to catch on, but it has grown every year, and the people who tour can afford the best. Honda staked out the market with the Gold Wing—an opposed-four tourer that defined the state of the art. Everything you ever wanted on a motorcycle but were afraid to ask for—plug-ins, smoothness, gadgets galore, power, custom seats, fairings, saddlebags, reliability, infinite patience—the works. The bike became a cult object—owners called themselves Wingnuts, staged Wingdings, etc. Mostly, they just pointed the suckers out of town and rode.

When we road-tested these bikes, Peter Ross Range, our Washington-based Contributing Editor, asked if he could take the Aspencade to San Francisco. The following is his report of the return journey. He is not a man moved to



"Is that his problem? Goddamn fool—I don't get it twice a week!"

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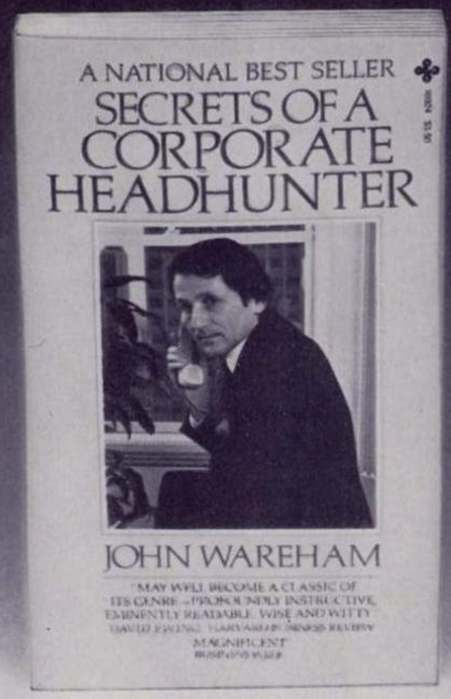

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poetry, but he obviously had a good time. "We ran the seaside, swooped around 1500-foot Pacific cliffs, wound through the redwood forests of Big Sur and even crept in first gear through a surprise snowstorm on the high pass of the Carmel Valley. The motorcycle ran like it couldn't tell the difference. I can already see that the telling of this tale hardly equals the experience itself. What gave it a lingering aura of incredulity was the rapidity with which everything changed. We peaked in a curtain of thick snowflakes. We descended into a light rain, emerged into a cold sunshine. Within several miles, we were riding in the glory of pristine skies overlooking a meandering river that cut through a mini–Grand Canyon. Sharp contrasts of cliffs and lush, high pasture, cattle grazing nonchalantly on verdant meadows. We came out of the mountain and cruised into Los Angeles, accompanied by Bruce Springsteen." On a bike, you are out there, sensitive to the environment, more awake than the pitiful creatures motivating along in their four-wheel living rooms will ever be.

When we chose the bikes for this feature, we had one criterion: They were good for a ride. The Suzuki, the Yamaha and the Kawasaki began as sports bikes, but they have attracted a touring crowd. The machines seduce the rider, take him beyond his boundaries, into the unexpected. We spent a day tossing the Suzuki GS1100GZ down canyon roads, beneath an overcast sky. We went over the crest of a hill and ran head on into the Pacific Ocean, spread out before us, brilliant in the sunlight. You had to be there. We took the Kawasaki to Northern California and ran laps around Lake Tahoe. On the Nevada side, a highway-patrol officer pulled us over and wrote out a ticket—for speeding, general delinquency and indecent enjoyment. We told him to wait, we'd be back in an hour and he could do it again. He did. We rode the Virago around Los Angeles for three days. It was our mount. We were addicted to the low throb, the torque, the effortless chug of the V twin. The bike is sleek and sexy. It is the ultimate boulevard bike, with the bulk to tackle the long run. We were low-slung, throwing a profile. It never failed to draw a crowd. On a fogbound morning, we walked out of our hotel to find the doorman wiping the moisture off the seat. He treated the machine like a Rolls or a Mercedes. He was not looking for a tip.

All of these bikes will do. Our only advice—ride them. See how far you get, how many miles you rack up before the real world reasserts its claim.

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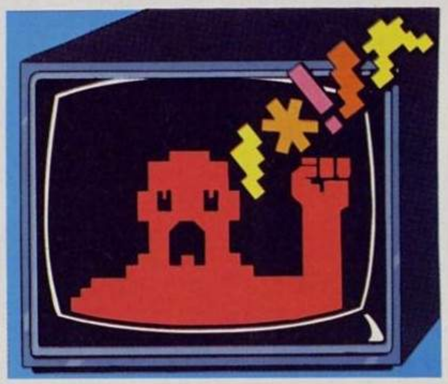
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

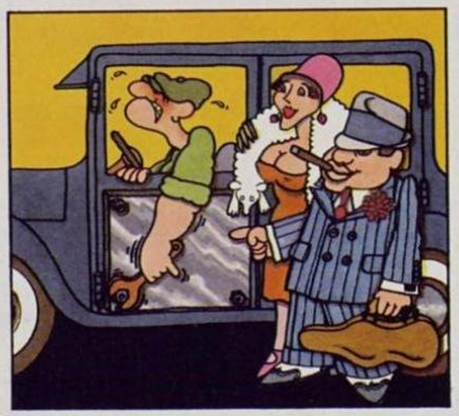
ABUSE, SPACE-AGE STYLE

Just when you thought home computers had been cut down to size, along comes Abuse, a program that gives an Atari 400 or 800 or an Apple II/II+ a nasty mind of its own. Slip an Abuse disc into your little wonder and it will start acting like Don Rickles, taunting you with insults that will leave you laughing. The manufacturer of this space-age smart aleck is Don't Ask Computer Software, 2265 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90064. The $21.95 price is not an insult.



HAVE BULLETPROOF CAR, WILL TRAVEL

With blackout windows and flame-thrower fog lights all the rage, you might as well go whole hog and *really* turn your wheels into a mean machine by ordering a do-it-yourself bulletproofing kit from CCS Communication Control, Inc., the antiterrorist folks at 633 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. What you get are windows and precut panels that will stop just about anything short of a nuke. For $20,000 to $30,000, we hope so.



MON DIEU, CAPITAINE! THIS IS ONE FOR THE LEGION!

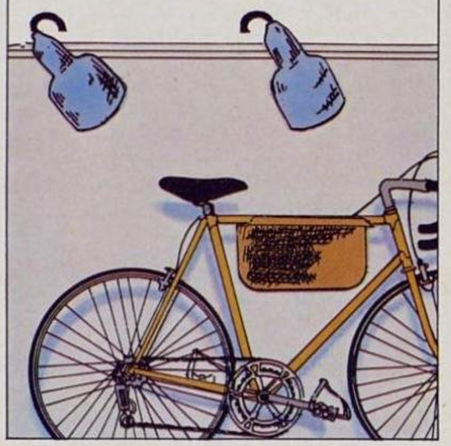
We've had cowboy chic, military chic and wilderness chic. Now comes French Foreign Legion chic, in which refugees of other fashion movements can begin a new life—no questions asked. Hats in the Belfry, a store at 103 Main Street, Annapolis, Maryland 21401, that stocks more than 350 different kinds of lids, is possibly the last outpost of the kepi *blanc*, that dashing chapeau that Gary Cooper popularized in *Beau Geste*. And it'll send you one, providing you send a check for $57 that's not signed with an assumed name. (Your correct head size also helps.) No, Belfry doesn't sell kepis for camels, too.

F-STOPS ON THE WILD SIDE

While your snapshots may not end up in the pages of *National Geographic*, Wilderness Photography Workshops, P.O. Box 2605, Evergreen, Colorado 80439, does whisk adventuresome shutterbugs to some off-trail locales with a seasoned naturalist photographer as a guide. The Wilderness seven-day itineraries range from a Wyoming junket for $455 to an Alaskan great escape for $1150 (not including air fare). And there's even one to the Virgin Islands. Three guesses what they photograph there.

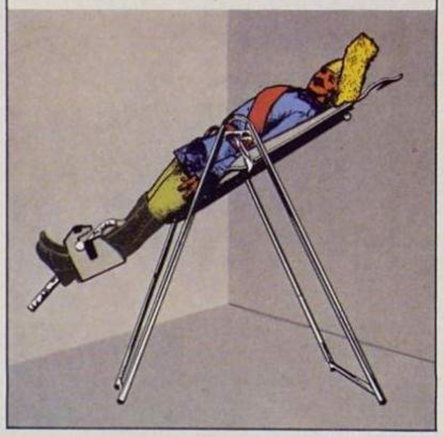
SHELF LIFE FOR YOUR BIKE

Sometimes the best things in life are free; sometimes they're just amazingly simple. Case in point for the latter is the Eliasanne Bicycle Shelf, a superstrong, gracefully contoured wall mount for a bicycle that Eliasanne Research, 1105 Park Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, is manufacturing in birch ($30), white plastic ($35) and black walnut ($37.50)—all prices postpaid. One problem: Bikes tend to look so good on an Eliasanne, you won't want to go pedaling.



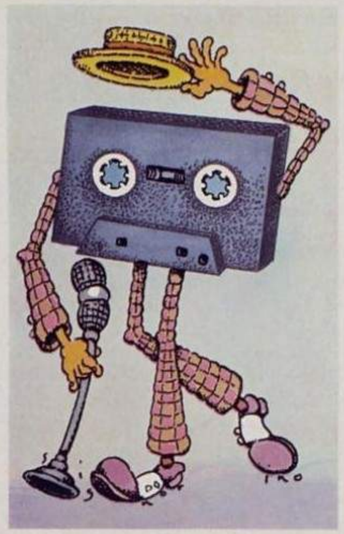
THE PULL TO GRAVITY

Remember the Inversion Boots that Richard Gere exercised with in *American Gigolo* to build up his stomach muscles? Well, Gravity Guidance, Inc., the manufacturer, has flipped again and come up with the 1100 Series Gravity Guider, a chrome-plated-steel-framework and high-impact-plastic oscillation bed that comes with the boots for $450, or without them—if you already own a pair—for $372, F.O.B. the company at One West California Boulevard, Suite 411, Pasadena, California 91105. Walk tall!



SOUNDS INCREDIBLE TO US

We won't guarantee that Sounds Incredible cassettes are the ultimate ego trip, but if your bruised psyche needs a little shot in the arm, drop this firm a line at P.O. Box 801, Charleston, South Carolina 29402. What you get for $16.50 is a personalized minute-and-a-half tape—created from a questionnaire—featuring a narrator (your choice of male or female voice) who raps about the recipient of the tape, whispering favorite likes or dislikes, telling a funny anecdote or two and generally making that person feel like a million bucks. In fact, it's a little like the old *This Is Your Life* TV show—without Ralph Edwards. That sounds good to us.



DECO-RATIONS CARRY ON

Art nouveau and art deco are still alive and well, thank you very much, in the catalog of 21st Century Antiques, Box 60, Hadley, Massachusetts 01035, a dealer in original and reproduction *objets* of the *moderne* movement. The enameled-metal inviting nekkid lady with arms outstretched pictured here silhouetted against a frosted-glass pane will light up your boudoir for a mere $100—and there's a matching $195 Venus smoking stand for postamour puffing. Twenty-first Century's catalog is a de-light—and $4.

BLUES-CARD KINGS

Blues buffs who dig the sounds of Blind Willie McTell, Mississippi John Hurt and Peetie Wheatstraw can now check out how their heroes look—and read a bit of their history, too—by ordering a set of 36 Heroes of the Blues trading cards for only $7.98, postpaid, from Yazoo Records, 245 Waverly Place, New York, New York 10014. Yes, eagle eyes, the illustrator of this boxed offering is none other than the legendary underground artist R. Crumb, creator of the late Fritz the Cat. Jazz fans, take note: A series is planned on your heroes, too. Watch this space for further details.

BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE

(continued from page 158)

"'Burt Reynolds talked to Dolly personally and she's changed her mind.'"

overalls, a red bandanna wrapped around his forehead, tennis shoes—but decided he must be a VIP when he saw a dozen tuxes bowing and scraping and opening doors for him. Lynn Frazier had joined us from the band at Willie's request—they had played together in the old days, when each was a mite hungry. By the time all the tuxes sat at the long dinner table prepared for Stevie's party, we were a chair short. "That's OK," Frazier said. "I'll go upstairs to the bar."

"I'll go with you, Frazier," I said, thinking Willie would stay behind to talk business.

But as Frazier and I walked up the stairs and approached the bar, we turned to find Willie trailing behind us. "I'd druther be up here with y'all," he said. We drank beer and bullshitted, three old Texas boys invading Broadway.

"Y'all like it up here?" Willie asked.

"It's a living," Frazier said.

"Hell, I love it," I said. "If you've got enough money, it's the greatest city in the world."

"If you got enough money," Willie said through a grin, "you could probably say that about Waco." A moment later, he said, "Who are all those penguins down there with Stevie?"

"Only one I know is Thom Mount," I said. "He's some big Injun with Universal. I think the rest are just Hollywood finks they flew in to carry your jock tonight."

"I wish some of 'em would go home," he said. "I don't care to have to talk to 'em."

"It's a silly club. I wouldn't join even if I had a member."

We shortly were approached by a tuxedo, who told me Mrs. Phillips very much wished for us to join her party.

"You go pull her aside," I instructed, "and tell her Willie says all them penguins making him nervous. Tell her to send some of 'em home. We'll be along directly."

When we ultimately joined Stevie's party, the crowd was down to manageable size. Stevie got the drift, however, and whispered that Willie looked as if he'd rather be elsewhere. "You got it," I said. She told me to take him where he wanted to go, do what he wanted to do and send her the bill.

Frazier and I took the country-music superstar to the ratty old Golden Gate Lounge, across the street from the stage door of the theater—which Frazier frequented so often he called it "my office"—and drank beer long into the night.

A few weeks later, when negotiations with Willie's agent didn't seem to be getting far, Stevie asked me to go to Austin to heat Nelson up. I checked into The Driskill Hotel, where Willie, his band and others in the cast of *Honeysuckle Rose* were staying to begin rehearsing the music for that movie. When Willie was not busy, I hustled him at all hours. A week later, I returned East and telephoned Stevie in hot excitement to say that I had extracted from Willie his promise that he would be in *Whorehouse*. All she had to do was make the money right.

"Willie?" she said. "Oh, didn't anybody tell you?"

What, tell me?

"Dolly Parton's decided it would be bad for her image to play a whorehouse madam. And if we can't get Dolly, we're really not interested in Willie. We wanted them as a team."

I wrote Willie a note of apology and explanation, saying I felt I had been led down the primrose path. I heard nothing in return.

One day Stevie called to announce with pride that negotiations were under way with Burt Reynolds for the role of Sheriff Dodd.

"I don't know, Stevie," I said. "I've never seen Burt Reynolds play anything but Burt Reynolds. I'm not sure he can play anything else."

"Well, remember this," she said. "He *is* the number-one movie box-office draw in the world and he could make you big bucks. And he could make an exciting pairing with Dolly."

Dolly? What, Dolly?

"Oh, didn't anyone tell you?" Stevie said. "Burt Reynolds talked to Dolly personally and she's changed her mind. We're in negotiations with her, too."

I didn't write Willie Nelson another

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note saying the bastards had clotheslined me again. By then, I figured, he would never believe another word I told him.

•

Peter Masterson and Tommy Tune were to codirect the *Whorehouse* movie, and Pete and I would script it. We wrote three drafts before we got it where we wanted it, which is about par for the movie course. I foolishly figured that was it. Despite all I had read about movie stars' demanding changes and rewrites, I didn't give much thought to that possibility: How could they improve on perfection?

Meanwhile, negotiations with Burt and Dolly had hit a snag. Burt wanted $5,000,000 in front and a piece of the gross and Dolly wanted $2,000,000 and a piece of the gross. After the haggling had gone on for weeks, I picked up the newspaper one morning to find Universal president Ned Tanen dithyrambing. "They are trying to hold us up for $7,000,000 between them, and they're using as a club that one won't do the film without the other. Well, you can only be pushed so far." Tanen went on to say that courageous executives must put their feet down or draw the line or some such, and that "we will do the film without them."

I didn't believe a word of it. "It's a ploy," I said, "to get them back to the negotiating table. Like Lyndon tried to get the North Vietnamese to negotiate by bombing 'em."

Sure enough, it shortly was announced that Burt Reynolds had signed for $3,500,000 in front and an unannounced percentage of the gross and that Dolly Parton had signed for $1,500,000 and ditto. Not bad for about 12 weeks' work each. I do believe they can winter on it.

Masterson met with each of our stars, individually, and pronounced the discussions satisfactory. "Dolly's nice and down-home," he said. "Burt's a little uptight, but I think he may come around."

"What does he say about playing a sixty-two-year-old man?"

"Well, ah, I wanted to mention that. He wants to play him a little younger."

"No shit?" I said dryly. "How young, twenty-eight?"

"Naw, naw. He'll sail for about fifty. I don't think that will cause too many problems in the script. He does want a few changes, but they aren't really major."

When I next talked with Stevie, she told a different story. "Burt says he doesn't want to play the sheriff as 'an old fart.' And he wants another car chase and two more fistfights."

"You tell the son of a bitch I know where he can get his first fistfight," I said.

"Now, Larry, please! Let's don't get

"I gave at home."

everyone in an uproar right off. Give us a little time to work things out."

Next it seemed that Reynolds thirsted to sing. *Oh, my God! Not the Battle of the Singing Sheriff again! I've fought that fight more times than John Wayne defended the Alamo.*

Have any of you kiddies ever heard Uncle Burt sing? Huh? Uncle Larry heard him sing. It was in a film where Uncle Burt and Cybill Shepherd both tried to sing *and* dance, kiddies, and you know what? Can you guess? It was *muy malo, compadres.* El Stinkeroo. Bet your sweet bibbies Uncle Burt didn't smash the world-wide box-office record *that* year. Not with *At Long Last Love* like an albatross around his *macho* neck.

"He wants a solo," Masterson said gloomily, "and a couple of duets with Dolly."

"Our best defense," I said, "is to screen for Dolly that awful musical he made. Make her see it three or four times. Do that and I'll bet Dolly tries to get it in her contract that the sumbitch isn't even allowed to hum in her presence."

•

I ran into my friend Bud Shrake, who'd just returned from Hollywood after completing what proved to be the next-to-last screenplay for Steve McQueen, called *Tom Horn.*

"Who's directing your movie?" he asked.

"Pete Masterson and Tommy Tune."

"That's not what they're saying out on the Left Coast."

"Oh? What did you hear?"

"Just that Universal is putting too much money into the film to let it be directed by a couple of guys who've never directed a film before."

"Who told you that?"

Shrake named a Universal official I won't name here, so as not to cause Shrake grief. It was a name big enough to impress me.

The next time I talked with Masterson, I said, "Ah, Pete, are things going well with you and the Universal big shots?"

"Oh, yeah," he said. "We're off in a few days to scout locations in Texas. Got a half dozen little towns to look at. Right now we're leaning toward Lockhart. It's got this great old courthouse and the town looks kind of shabby. Made to order!" Pete seemed in such high spirits I decided not to mention Shrake's report. Perhaps Shrake was wrong.

I asked Pete what was the latest from our stars. "Well," he said, "Dolly's not entirely satisfied with the music. She wants to write several new songs."

"She's good at it," I admitted, "but what will that do to our screenplay?"

"I've asked her to try to write songs that won't disturb it too much. Of course, if she writes a real whiz, we'll just have to make adjustments."

Soon it developed that Dolly Parton was unhappy with more than the songs. To *People* magazine she said, "In the play, the madam and the sheriff don't even touch each other. That's got to be changed. Ya don't think I'm gonna miss my big chance with Burt Reynolds, do ya?"

Variations on this theme appeared in gossip columns and showbiz stories all over the country. "She's never said a word like that to me," Masterson said. "I think Reynolds is putting her up to that. He's the one who's been bitching about no hot love scenes."

In early July 1980, I enrolled in a school where they teach you not to drink whiskey once you've become too proficient at it. Should this confession embarrass my loved ones, may they be consoled by the knowledge that William Faulkner—among other writers—took the same course several times, and others might have lived longer if they had. "King's matriculating at Whiskey A&M," my Texas pals joked.

Whiskey school was deep in the scenic Maryland countryside. Although well appointed, it was isolated and lonely and not a nickel's worth of fun. About the eighth day I was there, battling my conscience to keep from running away, Stevie tracked me down.

"Larry," she said, "you must fly to California immediately. You, Pete and I must meet tomorrow with the studio honchos on script changes."

"You don't understand," I said. "I'm not even allowed to go to the mailbox out here. Isolation is part of the program."

"Well, we've got to make some changes Burt Reynolds wants. Ned Tanen, our president, is going along with Reynolds. What shall we do?"

"I'll talk with Pete after you guys meet with the Universal biggies. We'll work it out."

Pete reported back that Reynolds was being as difficult as a spoiled child: "He wants to play it real *macho.* The sheriff can't be older than about thirty-five, and all the whores must be in love with him."

"Jesus Christ! I thought Lyndon Johnson had an overgrown ego. Ol' Lyndon was a bashful country boy compared with this Reynolds asshole."

For several evenings, after my rehabilitation classes, I worked far into the

"I can't wait to get into your panty hose. They are one-size-fits-all, aren't they?"

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night writing scenes to give Miss Mona and Ed Earl a warmer relationship. I even went against my high principles and permitted a scene where a couple of whores flirt with Burt and he gets to leer at them and slap one smartly on the backside. Each night, at midnight or after, I telephoned the new scenes to a secretary in California whom Stevie had standing by to type them up for examination by Universal big shots the next day. After each such exercise, Hollywood's Pooh-Bahs proclaimed themselves pleased beyond any singing of it. Then, when all the scenes were done, Pete telephoned to say that the Hollywood hot-shots had decided they would not do. All had been vetoed.

"I don't understand," I told him, "how the scenes can be so marvelous individually—and yet so absolutely unsatisfactory in the aggregate. What are those bastards smoking out there?"

Pete sighed. "This goddamn industry runs on two fuels: money and fear. Let's face it, Burt Reynolds has the economic power. So he has fear working on his side."

"Buncha goddamn rabbits," I muttered. "Well, screw 'em. I ain't rewriting another scene or writing another new one. If Burt Reynolds wants to write them himself, or bring in somebody else to write his drivel, tell him to go on ahead."

"That's probably what they'll do," Pete said.

"Fine. I'm sick of this whole mess and wash my hands of it. You know, I'm out here in this sanatorium or rich man's nut farm or whatever you want to call it, and those Hollywood fools are running free. So who's the crazy one?"

A couple of mornings later, as my whiskey-school classmates and I watched television in our rec room while awaiting the breakfast bell, still photos of Pete Masterson and Tommy Tune flashed on the screen. Rona Barrett, the Hollywood gossiper, informed America approximately as follows: "Universal Pictures sources say that Peter Masterson and Tommy Tune, who codirected the hit Broadway play *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, will *not* direct the big-budget movie of the tuner to be shot on location in Texas. The search is on for a replacement director. A Universal spokesman says that the movie company is simply not willing to entrust the $20,000,000 picture to directors who have no track record."

A few days later, Universal prexy Tanen was quoted in the newspapers as saying that Colin Higgins—then shooting a movie called *Nine to Five*, starring Dolly Parton, Jane Fonda and Lily Tomlin—would direct the *Whorehouse* film. Taking the picture away from the two

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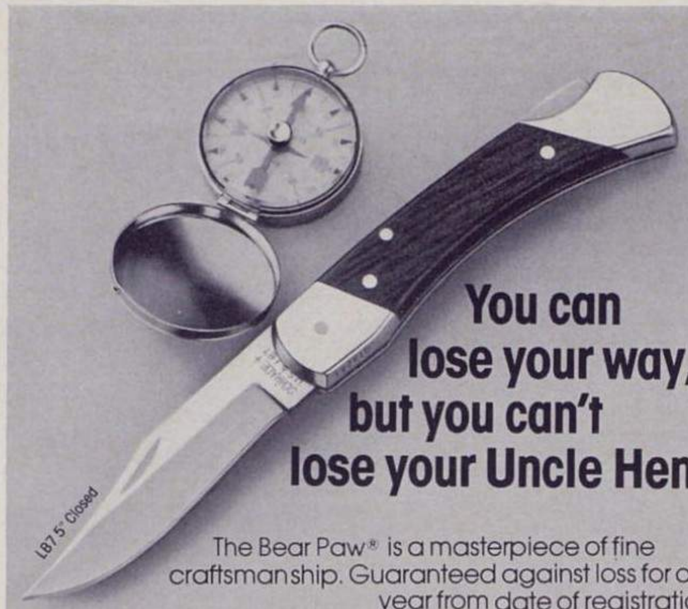

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men who had made it a stage smash signaled "nothing against the abilities of Tommy Tune or Peter Masterson," Tanen added. Sure, Ned. Sure. Like the Japs didn't mean it to be taken personally when they bombed Pearl Harbor.

"I don't think they ever intended to let us direct it," Masterson later said. "They used us to get the basic script, to scout locations and do all the shit work, and then kicked us out." All these months later, no one from Universal has officially notified Masterson and Tune that they are off the project. Plans are simply going forward without them. No person connected with the stage show—and no person with any Texas roots or Texas history—will be in any way involved with the movie.

•

Even after all that, I continued to see stories with headlines like "BURT WANTS A SPICIER WHOREHOUSE" or "DOLLY SAYS SCRIPT WON'T LET HER HUG BURT'S NECK."

One morning Maxine Cheshire, who wrote the VIP column for *The Washington Post*, telephoned to ask me what was going on. I gave her the movie history and added, "I think Burt Reynolds wants to make *Smokey and the Bandit Go to a Whorehouse*. Apparently, they don't intend to follow our script at all and Dolly's said to be writing her own songs. I see only a tenuous connection between *Whorehouse* as we did it and the mess they're concocting in Hollywood. I doubt whether I'll even go see the film version of the son of a bitch, though I may send my lawyer so she can take my name off if it's as bad as its potential."

"Will Dolly wear her outlandish wigs?" Maxine asked.

"I suppose she will," I said, "and probably Burt will wear his, too. I understand they're both bald."

Well, sir, kiddies, that little jest stirred 'em up out in Lotusland to a fare-thee-well. Someone who wouldn't give his name but hid behind the sobriquet of "a Universal Studio spokesman" sniffed that "Burt Reynolds is a much more important element in the deal than Larry King."

Reynolds himself, issuing a statement through his agent, David Gershenson, said, "I knew I would be made the heavy, and I'm not going to be." Burt went on to claim that he "loved the challenge of playing an older man" and was "thrilled about it until *the studio* decided to make him thirty-five."

Here's my reaction to that, Burt, old buddy and pal—and it's taken directly from the mouth of Sheriff Ed Earl Dodd: "I got me a purty good bullshit detector, boys, and I can damn sure tell when somebody's pissin' on my boots and tellin' me it's a rainstorm."

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SCTV

(continued from page 145)

"The network felt that most of the people who are offended by sex go to bed early."

something that's going to get cut anyway. And everyone's married in the cast except Rick and me.

THOMAS: We have big-breasted girls who appear in the background of a lot of scenes, but basically, we don't think they're funny or, certainly, not funnier than we are. Andrea has a sketch about how to fake an orgasm and NBC at first bumped it from the show. The network relented because it felt that most of the people who are offended by sex go to bed early. That's good network thinking.

MORANIS: Also, we're Canadian and very provincial and we like to keep sex inside the bedroom.

7.

PLAYBOY: Is it because you're Canadian that there are no blacks or Third World members of the group? Don't you think they're funny?

MARTIN: I'm Armenian.

MORANIS: We have an Italian, two Jews, an Armenian, an Irish person, a Scot. What's John?

O'HARA: Irish.

MORANIS: When you come from the Great White North, there aren't a lot of black people.

MARTIN: I'm about as black as you get.

THOMAS: This show started from a stage cast that was in Toronto, and there were no black comedians in the show at that time. It would be difficult for me to accept NBC's saying to us, "We want you to put one black and one Mexican and one more woman on your show. We want you to appeal to our demographics." Why force us to change what we do? Nobody appreciates that. Mexicans and blacks don't. A lot of what Garrett Morris did on *Saturday Night Live* looked as if it were just pandering to the blacks. Really tokenism. I was insulted by that; I'm sure he was. Intelligent and thinking blacks would be insulted by that, too.

8.

PLAYBOY: Does it disgust you that unhygienic acts occur while your show is televised?

MORANIS: Well, it bothers me that herpes may be spreading during the show.

MARTIN: If I can help somebody's sexual act, I'm happy. I wish I could get aroused watching myself.

9.

PLAYBOY: Are there any secrets you'd care to reveal about yourself or the other group members?

CANDY: Well, I'd like to tell the government that I *am* paying taxes and would appreciate a green card. I spend a lot of money and I would help the economy.

My main secret is that I'm bald and really 100 pounds lighter than this. This is just a suit that I wear. I don't want that to get around, because it'll wreck my career. Another secret is that this show is being done out of South America with laundered *Nazi* money.

FLAHERTY: The truth about Catherine is that she's like a lot of Irish-Catholic girls—a nonswinger. She lives a dissipated lifestyle without being dissipated. She keeps bad hours, she eats the wrong food, but her vices are so innocuous. If you can pick vices, you should really have vices like humping away all night. Not Catherine. Her vices include French fries and staying up all night by herself in her hotel room watching TV. Rick and Dave are pretty straight. Andrea used to be wild in the milder sense. John has the most vices; he's a big guy and a big guy needs big vices. He has funny vices, such as he spends too much money. The group isn't excessive except for John; he would have to be our Belushi. But I don't see any dark streaks anywhere in the group.

MORANIS: Wait a minute. A good, little-known fact is that Eugene sent back three bottles of Châteauneuf-du-Pape one night in a five-star restaurant. It was the highlight of my life.

MARTIN: The truth? Rick would like to sleep with every extra who comes onto this show.

10.

PLAYBOY: OK, then. Graphically describe some of the sexual relationships that are occurring within the group.

MARTIN: It's certainly not a big party group, with the exception of Catherine, who would *kill* to party every night. Eugene and I used to go out with each other. Every time I mention that, he gets upset.

O'HARA: Hey, I went out with him once, too.

THOMAS: It's all part of being a family. And there's a point with any brother and sister at which they say, "You show me yours and I'll show you mine." Andrea is really refreshing, because she has no inhibitions at all. Catherine has loads of inhibitions, so they're a nice contrast to each other. You can drop your pants in front of Andrea and Andrea will go, "Good, dear. So that's what it's like, huh?" Catherine will be down the hall and out the door, will have ordered a cab and got *into* it before the belt hits the ground.

11.

PLAYBOY: What are your feelings about censors—the standards-and-practices people?

MORANIS: They're just earning a living. The problem is, they're not reporting

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what is offending them so much as what they are told *might* be offending Middle America. They're bureaucrats and they should stay out of the creative process.

MARTIN: I'm a little bit more compassionate. Everybody tries to hold on to his job and he's scared. He doesn't really know what his job *is*.

THOMAS: Well, I know it's really hip to despise them. And there's no getting around the fact that you are, to some extent, what you do. Unfortunately, the real power always goes to the older guys. In entertainment, that's fucking deadly, because, ultimately, they will not have contact with their audience.

12.

PLAYBOY: What's the most distasteful sketch you've written that never got approved?

THOMAS: I wrote a piece called "Pocket Pal." It was about an electronic detector that would warn you 15 seconds in advance of mid-air collisions in aircraft. Bernie Sahlins, our executive producer at the time, was horrified. I was mad, because I thought it was funny: "Shocked by the recent negligence of air-traffic controllers and the number of errors committed by overworked pilots? Well, you don't have to worry about mid-air collisions anymore, thanks to an amazing piece of hardware developed by the Ronco corporation called the Pocket Pal, which can predict mid-air collisions, sometimes as much as 15 seconds before impact." Well, Danny Aykroyd eventually did the piece on *Saturday Night Live*. Matter of fact, Aykroyd told me I was the only outside writer who ever got a piece on that show. Our producers called me when they saw the bit and asked me what the hell was going on—was I writing for *S.N.L.* or what? They said, "Hey, you wrote that for our show." I said, "Yeah, and you rejected it. So piss up a rope, Jack." I didn't receive any money for it. I just wanted that idea to get on the air.

13.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the other censorship battles you've won and lost?

MARTIN: Brenda Vaccaro for maxi pads. Giant pads, like diapers. "I'm Brenda Vaccaro and I like that." I walk off and I can't get through the door. They censored it.

LEVY: Rick's had a problem with a character, Guy Friday, a very funny gay character who was in the syndicated show, but we can't get him on network.

MORANIS: It's not a fight I'm interested in, because I know the gay groups I've talked to aren't offended by the character. It's the standards-and-practices people who are afraid, because they have had pressure from gay groups in the past and they think this will cause them

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problems. I don't want to lend credence to their position.

THOMAS: Sometimes, we'll take a shot at something to see if it can get through. We can say "The silly bastard" on TV, but we can't say "You ugly bitch"—which makes a lot of sense.

FLAHERTY: We've had a few pieces dropped, but I feel that the pressure is more a liberal pressure than a Moral Majority pressure. I don't think the Moral Majority is up at that hour, to begin with. Besides, we're not into trying to get "Fuck you" on the air.

14.

PLAYBOY: This is an opportunity to say all the things you can't say on TV.

CANDY: I was taught that fuck was a sacred word. If you use fuck properly, you'll always get a huge laugh. It's a good word that's wasted a lot.

THOMAS: What I think about the network is something I can't say on TV: It's a beast on its side heaving its last.

MARTIN: I got scared that I couldn't say breast feeding.

O'HARA: Turd. They won't let us say turd.

15.

PLAYBOY: Which television shows did you watch while you were growing up and which ones do you watch now?

O'HARA: I watched *Combat, Captain Kangaroo* and *The Three Stooges* as a kid. Now I like *Lou Grant*.

LEVY: I don't know whether it was part of Grant Tinker's deal at NBC, but I'm glad *Hill Street Blues* got renewed.

MORANIS: When people mention Ed Sullivan, I still get a pang in my stomach, because it reminds me that I have to go to school the next day. I used to watch *I Love Lucy* and Dick Van Dyke. Nowadays, I watch *Nova* and Jonathan Miller's *Body in Question*.

MARTIN: I watched *American Bandstand* while I was growing up. Now I can't watch any television without thinking, Could I parody that?

THOMAS: I used to watch 50, 60 hours a week, easily. All the Westerns: *Rawhide, Lawman, Cheyenne, Sugarfoot, The Rebel*—I can still remember most of the theme songs.

CANDY: I loved watching Jack Benny, Jack Paar, *The Honeymooners*, Burns and Allen, George Gobel, *The Munsters, Rocky and His Friends, Howdy Doody, Rin Tin Tin, Lassie*. I wasn't influenced by any one show, I was influenced by the medium.

FLAHERTY: I tend to watch sports, movies and PBS.

16.

PLAYBOY: *Saturday Night Live, Fridays* and *SCTV* are inevitably compared with one another. How would you characterize each show?

LEVY: *Saturday Night Live* was innovative and contemporary with what was going down. Outside of a bad skit about Claudine Longet, you could put up with most of the stuff. It broke ground for our show's getting into syndication.

But I just have no respect for *Fridays*. It's a blatant rip-off of a successful show.

MARTIN: I've seen *Fridays* only twice. But when I think L.A.—where the show is made—I don't think comedy, I just think hype.

LEVY: *Saturday Night Live* and *Fridays* were the brain child of one person. For example, Lorne Michaels [producer of *Saturday Night Live*] was very successful and deserves a lot of the credit for casting the people he did.

But we dictate what our show is. Nobody comes down and tells us what to do. We do it ourselves. I don't think we'll ever have this power again. You get an idea, you write it, you tape it, you edit it, you follow it through in postproduction. This just won't happen again.

17.

PLAYBOY: Who should immediately be put into the comedy retirement village?

FLAHERTY: I don't find John Ritter funny. Nor George Carlin. Obviously, I'm not even gonna mention people like Jack Carter or any of those old-line comics. They're almost funny again because they're just so unfunny. A lot of people doing TV comedy have no right to be there. The people on *Fridays*, for example. But they're actors; they don't create the show themselves.

CANDY: Don Rickles should definitely go away. Alan King. Jerry Lewis. The Rat Pack in its entirety. Marty Allen should just be there for a long time. And Tony Randall has lost that magic for me. I hate the Mighty Carson Art Players. I think Carson will agree with me sometimes. It makes you laugh because it bombs. He just stands there with egg on his face.

18.

PLAYBOY: One of your show's most popular features is the Great White North segment with Moranis and Thomas. Matter of fact, it has led to a hit album and there's talk about a movie. How did that skit start?

MORANIS: Doug and Bob McKenzie were conceived because of content regulations that the Canadian government imposes on media. Three out of ten records a radio station plays have to be Canadian. When our show was bought by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, we gained two additional minutes because of fewer commercials. The producer said, "OK, for those two minutes, we need Canadian content." And we said, "OK, we'll fry up back bacon and drink beer for two minutes."

O'HARA: Americans love it because they think Canadians are just like that.

THOMAS: Entertainment is not an issue of nationalism. That's why I hate those Canadian-content regulations and why I reacted so hostilely in the creation of Bob and Doug McKenzie. But it's turned out to be a boon.

19.

PLAYBOY: It's your business to pin down other people's personalities. Can you characterize yourselves in a sentence or a phrase?

THOMAS: I used to bill myself as "the Beaver" because I'm a workaholic. I can tell you what I think of the rest of them: John is the big, lovable lump. I've never met anybody who hated him. Rick is really an imp. Gene is one of the slowest people I've ever met in my life. Nobody moves slower or more methodically than Gene. Catherine has the nickname "the Cheezer" because of her throaty, gravelly voice and her long chin. I can't look at Andrea without thinking of her as an Armenian. Joe is one of the most complicated, richly textured individuals I've ever run across: an amazing blend of Irish and Italian. It's a pretty unusual group. Did I leave anybody out?

LEVY: There's a citizenship award in grade two that reads: TO EUGENE, FOR BEING POLITE, FOR BEING KIND TO OTHERS, FOR BEING THE BEST BOY IN ROOM 15.

MORANIS: I received an award in Hebrew school for being runner-up in a Hebrew spelling contest and they spelled my name wrong.

MARTIN: Somebody described me as a hip Hobbit. I thought that wasn't funny, so please don't publish it. I think of myself as really being a conservative——

MORANIS: Whore.

MARTIN: I think we're all middle-of-the-road people.

O'HARA: I'm not middle-of-the-road. I'm just faking it because I'm with a bunch of older people.

20.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever fake laughter just to be nice?

MARTIN: Oh, that's disgusting. Are you kidding?

O'HARA (*as Lola Heatherton*): Haaaa ha ha ha. Our laughter is our sexual release, so, no, we try to do it sincere as often as we can.

MARTIN: I like a good cigarette after I laugh.

O'HARA: Yeah, let's all get naked and laugh together.

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HOW CAN ANYTHING THAT LOOKS SO WILD TASTE SO MILD?

SMARTEST SPY

(continued from page 102)

"NSA is uniquely exempt from the provisions of the Freedom of Information Act."

far from clear. What was obvious was that Wilson was, in Inman's words, "a petty grafter . . . a 'five percenter.'" With that pronouncement, Inman fired him. Inman disbanded Task Force 157 altogether when he discovered a few months later that Wilson had been using it to recruit assassins on behalf of Libya. "I closed it down," Inman said of the task force, "because it was out of control and because its continued operation was a drain on Navy resources."

The explanation was vintage Inman, a bit of idealism—"out of control"—laden with a heaping helping of pragmatism: "drain on Navy resources." It was the same combination he used to rationalize his opposition to CIA's domestic spying. He feared for civil liberties—"rules to protect Americans"—yes, and he was worried about efficiency, too. Keeping track of protesters was expensive. It took one's eye off the ball. Worst of all, the press invariably found out, and *that*, as Inman ruefully put it, "keeps us from doing the job we were meant to do."

You had to trim like that if you were a spook, or you wouldn't stay a spook for very long. It was all right to come off like an A.C.L.U. member in private, to silently signal Senators that what they were hearing from Reagan's boys was crazy. The important thing was not being too out-front publicly. You had to be a member of "the team," as the faceless men of the agency called themselves, and there were rules by which the team played. It was a dicey business sometimes, sorting out who you were from what you believed, and for Bobby Inman, going to NSA was the diciest business of all.

•

The National Security Agency is one of those agencies your Government would prefer that you not know about. The joke in Washington is that its initials stand for Never Say Anything, and, in practice, NSA doesn't say much. It is listed in no Government handbook. It is uniquely exempt from the provisions of the Freedom of Information Act. What it does, how many people it employs, the amount of dollars it spends are all classified. Even the executive order Harry Truman signed 30 years ago bringing it into existence remains an official secret.

The agency is headquartered in a modern, three-story building 15 miles outside Washington on the grounds of Fort Meade, Maryland. To discourage the casually curious, two chain-link, TV-monitored fences, each topped by six strands of electrified barbed wire, surround it. The people who pass through its portals (some 20,000 men and women—a force larger than that of CIA—backed by another 100,000 military personnel at 2000 "listening posts" throughout the world) are a tight-lipped group. They are forbidden to discuss their work, even with their spouses. To ensure that they don't, they are subject to regular polygraph examinations that ask them to list the names and addresses of people with whom they have had sex, as well as whether or not they are acquainted with the meaning of the word fellatio.

What NSA does is snoop. "They've got a huge vacuum cleaner turned on," says one authority on the agency, "sucking in information around the world. Whatever goes out over the airwaves—from a Soviet radar pulse over Novosibirsk, to an Arab diplomat calling home to Riyadh about the price of oil, to a Panamanian infantry captain radioing his company to switch position—gets sucked up in the vacuum cleaner." And that, as it turned out, was the trouble. For among the billions of bits of information NSA routinely collected were the private conversations of ordinary Americans—and some not so ordinary ones, as well. For years, NSA was an unseen third party to all the phone calls made by Jane Fonda, Dr. Spock and

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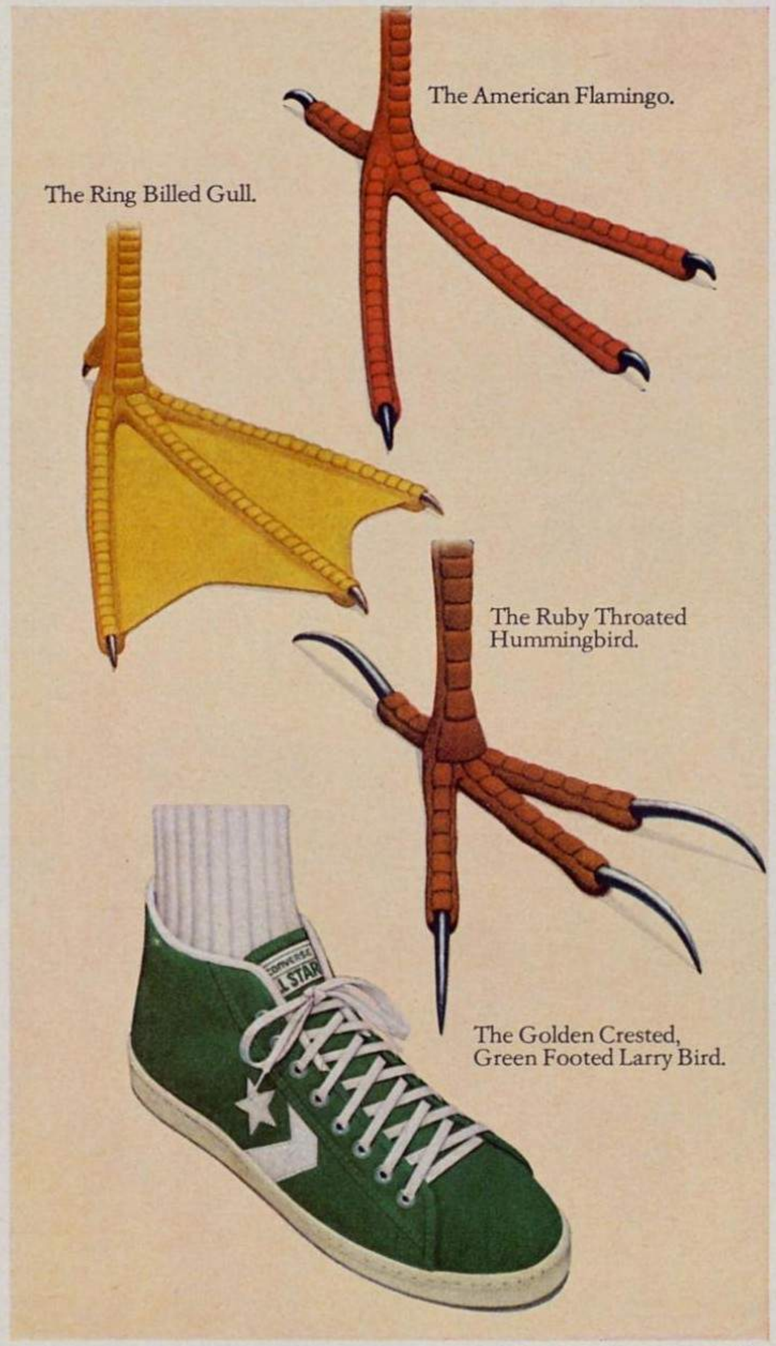

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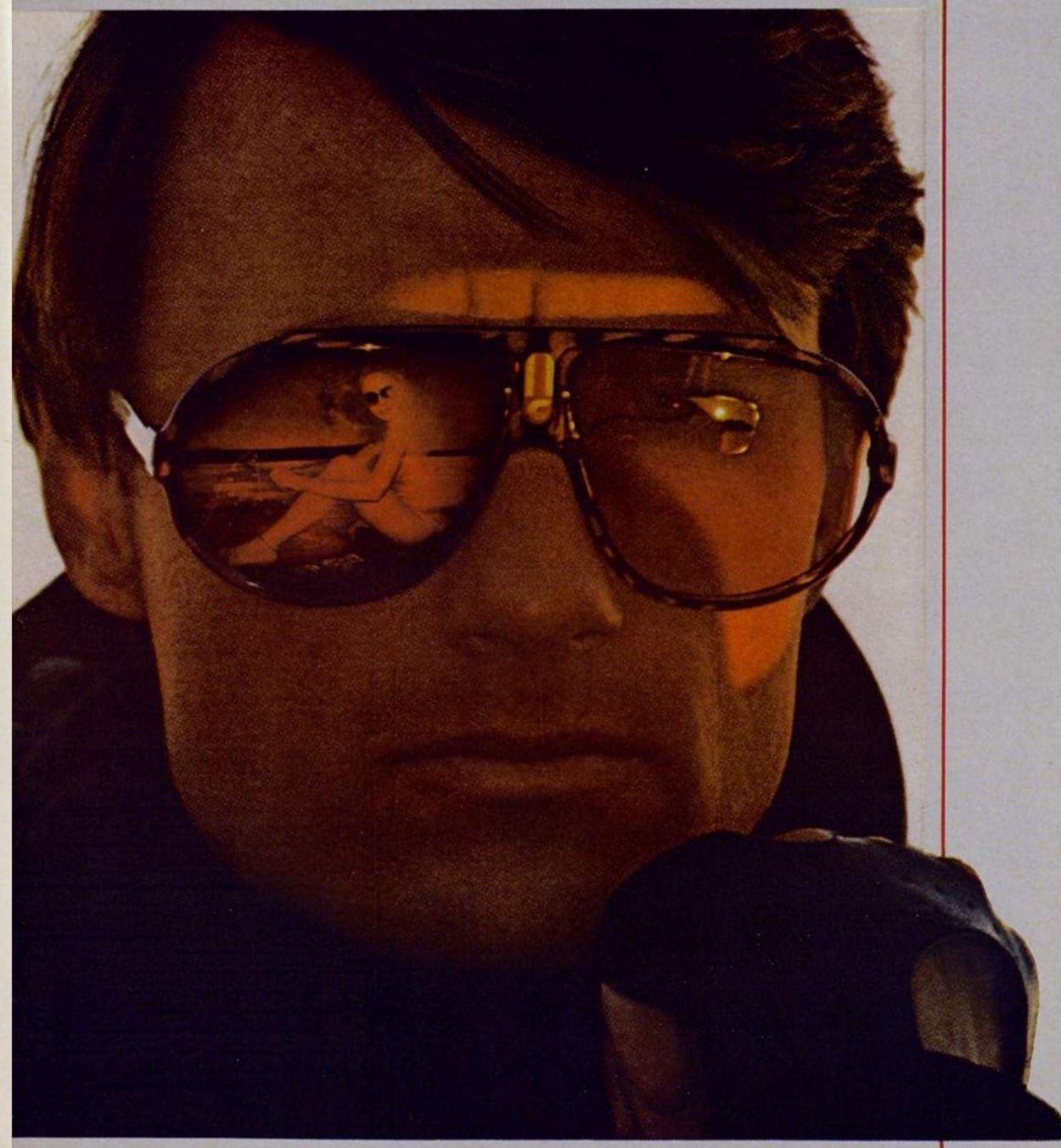
1678 other Americans on the agency's "watch list." NSA also read all overseas telegrams and thoughtfully distributed copies of the most interesting to other Government agencies. That particular program, code-named Operation Shamrock, went on for 18 years.

It all came to an end during the Watergate investigations. When the Nixon tapes were played, three initials kept popping up: NSA. From the way Nixon and his friends talked about it—twice as much, by one count, as CIA—NSA seemed capable of almost anything. The more the Congressmen listened, the closer that seemed to the truth. Around Capitol Hill and in the press, there was growing pressure to bring NSA to heel. Enter the fixer, Bobby Inman.

Inman's touch with Congress was already well known. The Navy thought so much of his skills it had already given him a medal—the Distinguished Service Medal, its highest noncombatant decoration—simply for the quality of his Congressional testimony. It was odd about that medal, and odd about the way Inman won it; by accepted standards, he did almost everything wrong.

The average military officer who went up to the Hill, you see, was a practiced politician. He played the angles. He backslapped. He drank bourbon and branch water with the bulls in their hideaway offices. When he testified, which was something to be avoided, a train of impedimenta trailed behind him. There were squadrons of junior colonels whispering off mike in his ear; briefcases bulging with every possible contingency; set-piece formulas for Just the Right Answer. To get it, a Congressman had to ask Just the Right Question, and even then, of course, he didn't get much. Whole careers were made on the fine art of evasion. That was the established norm.

But Inman wasn't normal. He didn't drink and he didn't backslap. He did go into the hideaway offices, but it wasn't to chat about what the Redskins had done the previous weekend. Instead, he'd stretch out his long legs, lean back, rub the bridge of his nose in weariness and talk geopolitics. He'd discuss where the world was going the next 20 years, and where it ought to be going. He'd talk about the Russians, dispassionately, analytically, trying to put himself in their shoes. And he'd talk about intelligence—NSA's and that of the other agencies. There wouldn't be James Bond stories, but the nuts and bolts of the craft: how more linguistics experts needed to be recruited; how CIA's "generation gap," as he called it, needed to be closed; how the "data product" could be improved. He could be startlingly honest—"That's pretty dumb," he said of one operation, "but we're going to do it anyway"—and, in his



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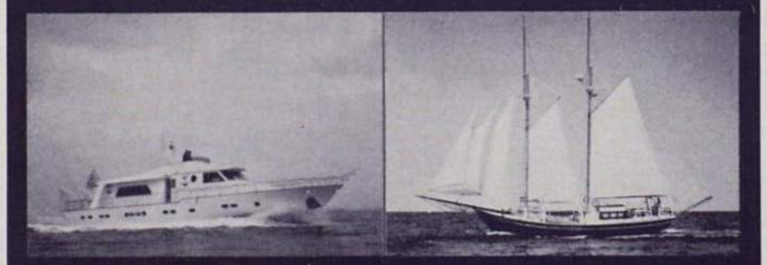
honesty, he'd recruit converts to his side.

If he had a political ideology, it was a mystery to the men who questioned him. Goldwater liked him, and so did John Tower, which was to be expected; Inman was, after all, a man of arms. What was not expected, what was truly astounding, was how the liberals, the Senators like Joe Biden and Daniel K. Inouye and Birch Bayh, who munched on CIA directors like cornflakes, not only liked him but adored him. Their regard for him was almost embarrassing, and in certain quarters in Washington, it was said that all the adulation actually *hurt* Inman. When Biden heard that, he offered to call Inman "a no-good, son-of-a-bitch horse's ass" if it would help his career, but Inman didn't seem worried. About Congress there was no reason to worry during those years he was running NSA, because Inman had a secret. A friend, a former CIA director, told what it was: "Bobby," he said, "understands information. He knows it is power. He knows how to use it."

It was hypnotic to watch. There he would be on a hearing day, utterly alone. No aides whispering conversations, no briefing books at his side, the green baize of the witness table stretching out before him like an empty ocean. The gavel would bang and the distinguished Senator from somewhere would ask a question. And then it would happen: A smile would come over Inman's face as if, cartoonlike, a light bulb had been turned on in his head. "Well, yes, sir," he would begin, and two tight paragraphs later, the Senator would have what he had been after, with maybe a lesson in Russian history or English literature in the bargain. If the question had been less than wise, as questions in Congress tended to be, the Senator would never know it. This was not Stans Turner, who belittled them, or Dick Helms, who condescended to them; this was good ol' Bobby Inman, who simply informed them. It seemed so effortless, no one ever guessed at the pressure; only his left leg, crossed casually over the right, gave him away. When he was bored, it had a habit of swinging from side to side.

The press was entranced. It was hard not to be when, as was his wont at NSA, he was lunching with them in their offices, taking them home to breakfast and, ever so nicely, asking them not to write this story or that. NSA directors had never done that before; no spook ever had. And they had suffered for it. Inman was different. When Inman talked, reporters listened. There were certain rules, of course: You never named him; you never attributed the tidbits he gave you; you never, in fact, did anything he didn't want you to do, or the invitations to breakfast stopped coming. That was a capital game, and



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Inman played it with consummate skill. During his time at NSA, exposés of the agency all but disappeared.

Inman's ability to play the press was on display—along with his slashing wit—at the 1977 Gridiron Dinner. The annual black-tie, off-the-record soiree is an important event on the Washington social calendar, a once-a-year opportunity for pols and press to put aside the adversary relationship that supposedly exists between them. The topic of the 1977 dinner was intelligence, and Inman, then director of NSA, was in top form. Gazing out over the Washington Hilton ballroom, where were collected some of the senior powers of American journalism, he noted that, according to recent press reports, some of those in attendance had been picking up pin money as operatives for the CIA. That was a shame, Inman said, since CIA was such a ham-handed, stingy employer. Then, smile broadening, he continued: "We in the Pentagon want to make it up to you. Join us and you can be in the big money. We've got 120 billion dollars a year to spend. They skimped on expenses. With us, you'll have unvouchered funds, double-dipping and lots of fringe benefits. Duckhunting trips. PX privileges. Cheap booze at officers' clubs. Free alcohol treatment at VA hospitals. And your dishonorable discharge upgraded. If your editor won't pay for the assignment, we'll give you a free ride with Lockheed. If you have to get there fast, we have a few B-1 prototypes. Not to mention Trident submarine rides for the kiddies."

The reporters, who were to write few critical stories about NSA thereafter, lapped it up. CIA director Stansfield Turner, also in attendance, did not seem as amused.

Turner was not the only one who wasn't happy. In a town like Washington, where there are always wheels within wheels, there were those who thought that Inman's technique—his courting of the Congress, his petting of the press—was merely a ploy; there were those who believed that, in seeming so honest, Inman was actually being devious. As it happened, many of those people worked for the Central Intelligence Agency.

CIA had suffered at Inman's hands, both during his tenure at Naval Intelligence and later while he was at NSA, where he had become embroiled in a bureaucratic cat fight with Turner over the agency's independence. Turner, whose arrogance was exceeded only by his ambition, had wanted to bring NSA directly under his command, and Inman, after months of battling, had successfully thwarted him. The incident was notable, if only because it was one of the few times Inman had ever been seen to lose his temper. Whether by calculation or not, during his fight with Turner, he had done so several times. Tables were pounded, faces turned red, angry words were exchanged; and, as a result, Turner, an immensely proud man, had never forgiven Inman.

Matters were not improved when NSA intercepts later picked up word of Billy Carter's financial dealings with the Libyans. Rather than take the information to Turner, Inman, as provided by statute, went instead to Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti—then quietly briefed the press about what he had done. Turner was wounded again when, during the controversy over the presence of a Soviet combat brigade in Cuba, the Defense Department, fearful that CIA was using news of the brigade as a stratagem to undermine SALT, pointedly checked the agency's data with Inman. Enraged, Turner reportedly went to Jimmy Carter, his old friend and Annapolis classmate, looking for Inman's head. Instead, Carter awarded Inman the National Security Medal.

•

It was against this backdrop that word began to circulate in late 1980 that Inman was being pushed as the next director of Central Intelligence. Doing the pushing was Barry Goldwater, and the incoming Reaganites were not at all happy. They had their candidate—Reagan campaign director William Casey, a 68-year-old former OSS man who had headed the Securities and Exchange Commission under Nixon. And while Casey suffered from certain admitted defects—lapses in memory, inability to organize and, as time would demonstrate, a studied cavalierness with other people's money—he was at least not Inman. Inman they despised. He was a Carter appointee. He was popular with Congress and the press. He had even—and this raised hackles most of all—allowed a fag to stay at NSA.

This last charge was indisputably true. In mid-1980, as the Moral Majority was beginning its intimidation campaign, a routine security check had found a middle-level NSA employee to be a homosexual. Within the intelligence community, that had always been cause for instant dismissal, the rationale being that homosexuals were vulnerable to blackmail. That was the recommendation in this case, but Inman overrode it. After he informed the man's family, and

"Gosh, Mr. Richardson, this is certainly an experience! It isn't every day that one is propositioned by someone from the Moral Majority."

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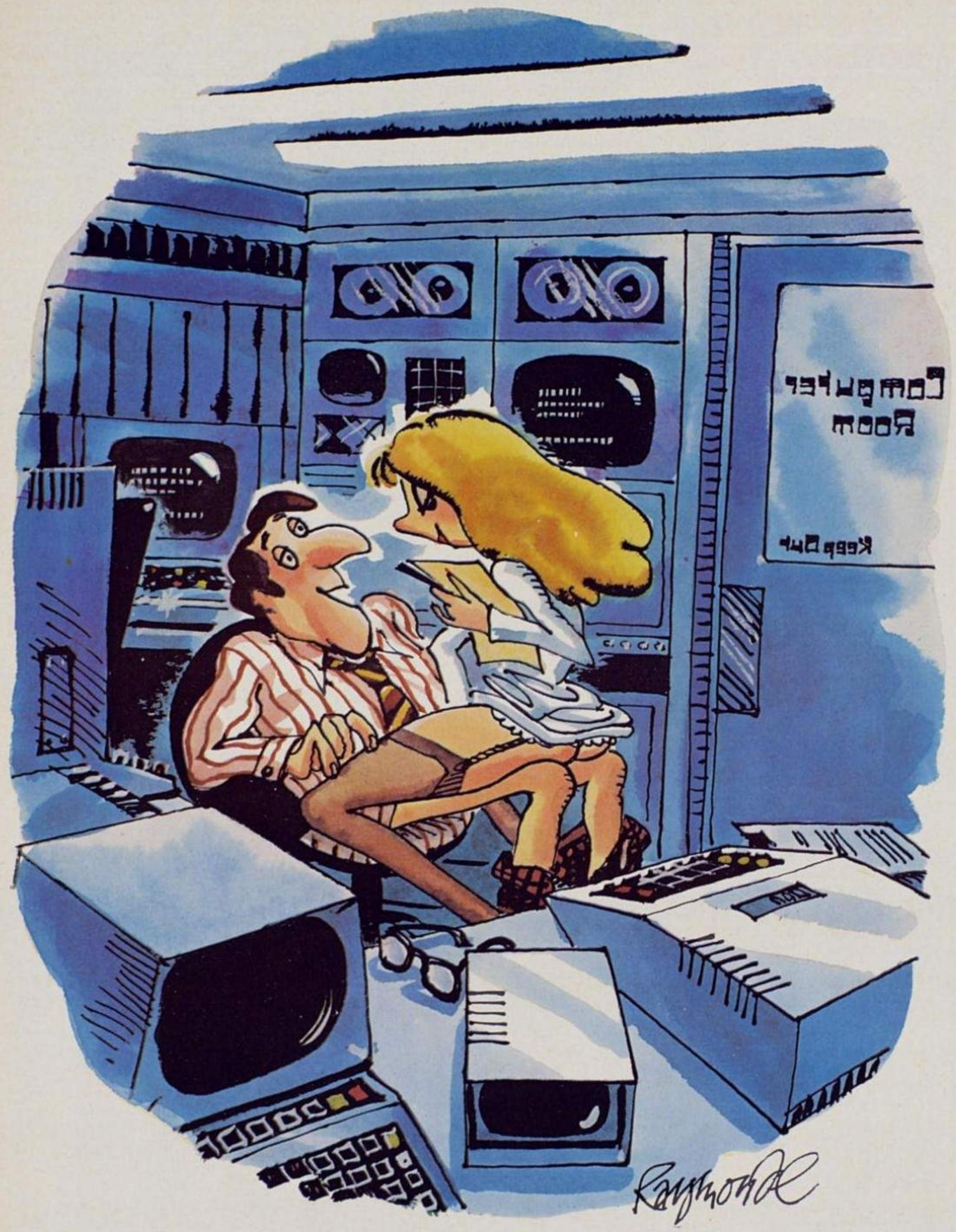

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thus removed the potential for compromise, the employee was allowed to stay on with no diminution of his security clearance. The CIA "old boys" were beside themselves, and, by the time he took office, so, reportedly, was Reagan's then national-security advisor, Richard V. Allen. Allen had big plans for the agency. In the word of the day, it was going to be "unleashed," and the loosening of its bonds and the attendant nasties therein would require tough-minded, hard-charging men. The worry was that Inman was soft.

There remained, though, the problem of Goldwater, who was lobbying fast and furiously for Inman's appointment. Also, someone had to backstop Casey, especially on the Hill. The sop solution was to offer Inman the number-two post, deputy director.

Inman was not sure he wanted it. He was content at NSA, he told friends, and, if he did leave, it would probably be for private industry, where, reportedly, offers in the $250,000 range were being dangled. His sons were approaching college age. With his military career at its apparent zenith, he was tempted to accept one of the lucrative offers. Friends, such as James Schlesinger, himself a former CIA director, urged him to turn the appointment down. Inman was on the verge of taking their advice when Reagan summoned him to the White House. After an application of the famous Reagan charm and the offer of a fourth star, Admiral Inman changed his mind.

Since then, he has not had an easy time of it. During the controversy over the financial dealings of Casey's deputy for covert operations, a California businessman named Max Hugel, Inman was suspected of leaking the information that eventually brought about Hugel's downfall. The stories about the source of the leaks were untrue, but that did not prevent further suspicions that Inman—"a sleeper agent," as one of his enemies called him—was behind Goldwater's call for Casey's resignation, when the CIA director landed in a financial briar patch of his own. At one point, when it appeared that Casey was on the verge of being ousted, security advisor Allen let it be known that if Casey went, Inman would go with him.

The Casey flap finally passed, but not before Inman was compelled to go on national television and, looking distinctly uncomfortable, commend his boss for doing "a great job." But that was not a sufficient show of good faith for the political right and, during the battle over CIA's proposed executive order, they went at Inman again. *Human Events*, the influential right-wing journal, warned ominously of unidentified "liberals" lurking within CIA's corridors, and *The Wall Street Journal*, in an editorial widely believed to have been generated by the White House, invited Inman to make good on his pledge about "personally repugnant" executive orders and resign. About that time, CIA spokesmen started talking about Inman's "keeping a low profile."

He has rarely been seen since. The few times he has ventured out, it has not been as the Bobby Inman of old. With Casey keeping cover, he has become the agency's point man, the anointed bearer of bad tidings. He was there when Reagan finally signed the agency's executive order; there again when the agency decided to crack down on civilian scientists, warning them of the legal trouble that awaited them for disclosing sensitive technology; and he was there yet again to defend the widespread use of Government polygraphing.

For his diminishing circle of friends, it has all been very unsettling. "It's bad," a Senator said recently, referring to the executive order that Reagan signed and Inman defended. He mentioned the White House ceremony, Inman standing there, looking rather blank, assuring everyone that the revised version was really going to be all right, that they could go to sleep at night and not worry, because he had kept the genie in the bottle. The Senator, an admirer of Inman's, recalled how, at that moment, those wheels within wheels spun again, and how this time he found himself wondering whether maybe they were right. "It's bad," he repeated. "But without Bobby, it would have been a hell of a lot worse."

Was it true? Had Bobby really become Horatius at the bridge? Or was he someone else entirely, someone darker and different?

It certainly *seems* that Inman's role now is to keep the bad things from getting worse, and it is a part he performs without much conviction. At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, where he called for voluntary censorship, his words seemed flat, their syntax tortured and stumbling. The gap-toothed smile was there, as always, but now it seemed more forced, the man behind it more fatalistic. When he told the assembled scientists of a storm that was coming, how their way of life would be washed away if they did not bend before it, he seemed to some of his listeners to be speaking as much of himself as he was of them. His audience looked back at him. A friend in attendance shook his head sadly.

No one in Washington can be certain now what will become of the agency or of Inman. People can only talk and speculate and wonder and worry. But they can be sure that, whatever comes to pass in the shadowy world he inhabits, Bobby Inman will be thinking . . . always thinking.

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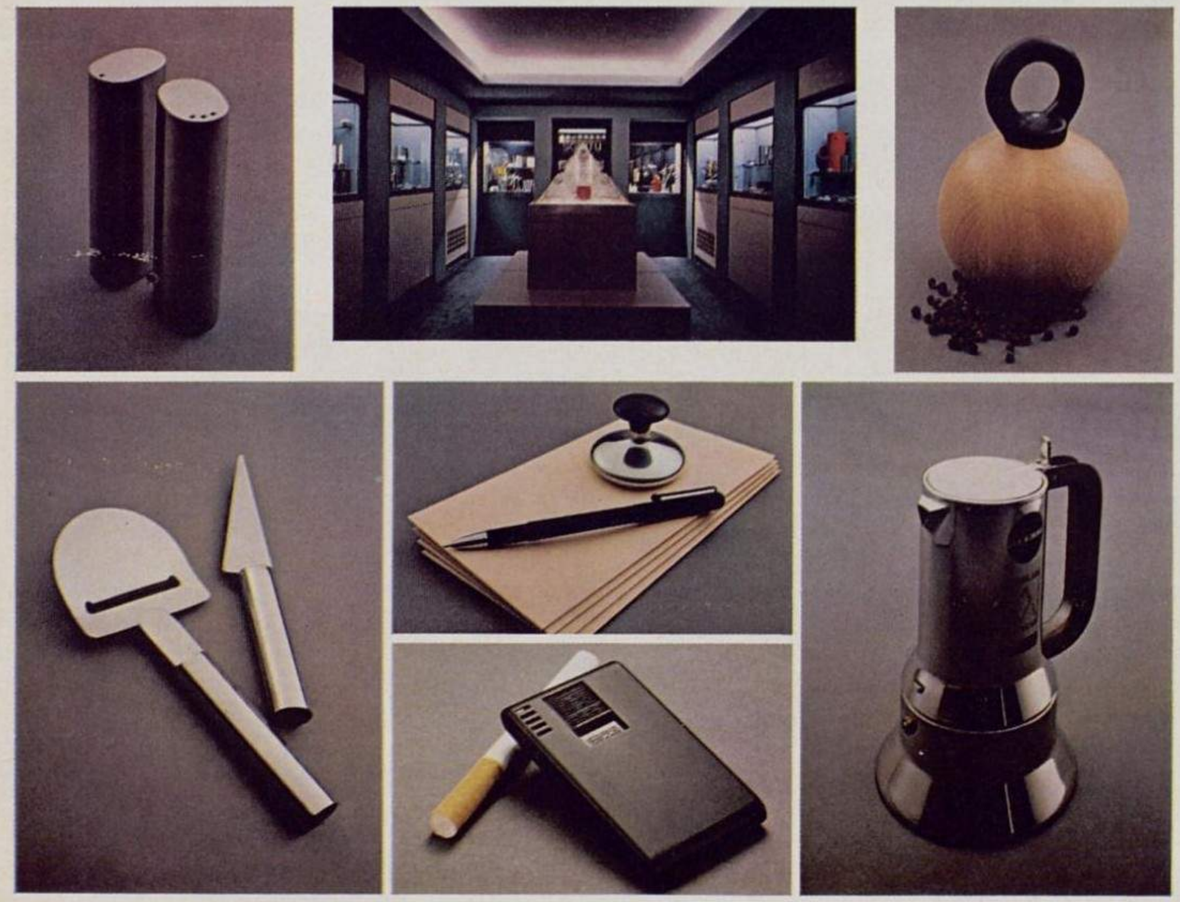
PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

STYLE

SO INTO SOINTU

Once the stomping ground of a Westernwear store, 20 East 69th Street in Manhattan is now the home of a jewel box of a shop called Sointu (pronounced Soyn-too), which, in Finnish, means harmony and balance, in this case in terms of modern design. But what really separates Sointu from other snazzy Upper East Side emporiums is the beauty and precision of its tiny dimly lit interior; at center is a pyramidal vitrine around which—built into the walls—are eight display cases containing sleek goods ranging from a simple stainless-steel salt-and-pepper set to an Italian-made espresso machine. The total effect is one of a museum (there are even benches to sit on), but in this temple to good design, you can touch the objects and, better yet, own them.



Items housed in the museum-type showcases of the Manhattan store Sointu include, top left and right: A Swedish-made stainless-steel salt-and-pepper set, by Boda Nova, $29; and a Danish-made beechwood pepper or salt mill, by Richard Nissen, $34. Above left: Stainless-steel cheese plane, $20, and cheese knife, $18, by Boda Nova. Above center: A pewter-and-ebony paperweight, by Georg Jensen, $59; and an anodized-aluminum Divina fountain pen, by Paraphernalia, $47; both pictured above a Spazio anodized-aluminum electric lighter, by Saffa, $65. Above right: Six-cup chromed-stainless-steel espresso maker, by Alessi, about $70. (A catalog of Sointu products is available for $2 from the store at 20 East 69th Street, New York 10021.)

NIPPONESE DASH; GALLIC FLASH

A nation's taste and character are reflected in its four-wheel products. British cars are cultured and pugnacious; Italian machines, *macho* and romantic. German cars are restrained on the outside, meticulously engineered underneath; while American cars are flashy and feature-filled.

But no automobiles have been more fiercely independent in looks and character than those of France and Japan. Most of the former have been styled like French pastries; the latter, like Japanese tea palaces. The French have preferred soft suspensions and roomy interiors. The Japanese have hankered for exterior frills and mini-hot-rod horsepower.

Until recently, that is. As the need for world-wide marketability continues to grow, both countries' auto makers have drastically altered their thinking. French cars today have better handling and are more fun to drive, while Japanese cars are roomier and softer riding—and recent examples of both have gained international acclaim.

Take, for example, the French Renault Fuego and the Japanese Toyota Celica Supra. Each represents its maker's best shot at a modern, high-performance sports coupe and each attacks the same market with its own dissimilar engineering concepts—yet both achieve a similar success.

Aimed primarily at the mid-priced imported-sports-car competition, Toyota's new Celica Supra also takes on domestic performance coupes such as Ford's V8 Mustang GT, Chevrolet's Camaro Z 28 and Pontiac's Trans Am. A 145-hp twin-overhead-cam, electronic fuel-injected 2.8-liter six and standard five-speed gearbox (or optional four-speed automatic) slingshots it to 60 mph in less than nine seconds. Low-profile radials on spoked alloy wheels bolted to four-wheel independent suspension fling it through curves, and huge disc brakes on all wheels diminish speed safely.

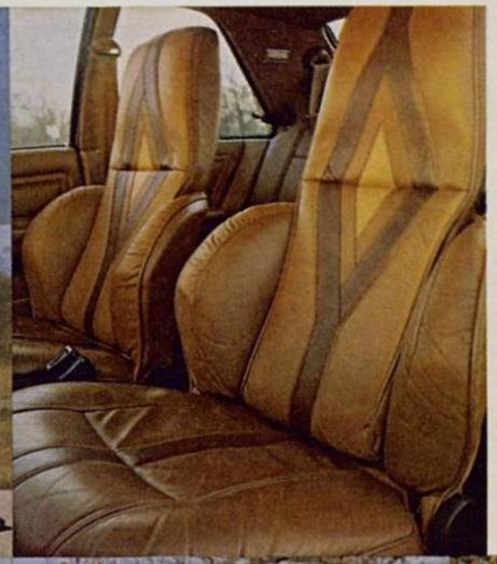
Inside, the driver is coddled by a sophisticated multi-adjustable seat (with innovative air-bag lumbar support) and kept informed by a full set of gauges. The luxury L type has light-show digital/graphic instrumentation but lacks the standard Supra's aggressive flared fenders and racer-look wheels and tires.

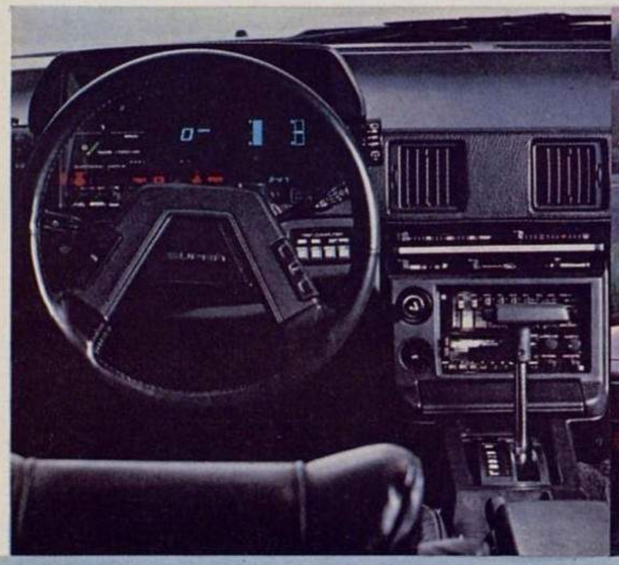
From across the Atlantic comes Renault's Fuego, a very French sporty car with a Spanish name (meaning fire); and in top-line turbocharged form, it's a more than worthy competitor to the Supra. The turbo boosts peak power some 31 percent, transforming Renault's frugal 1.6-liter fuel-injected four-cylinder engine into a 107-hp whisper jet driving the front wheels through a five-speed gearbox. The wind-tunnel-sculpted body is taller and tighter than the Supra's, yet no less eye-catching. The cockpit is Euro-efficient: less flashy and gadget-laden than the Supra, yet equally attractive.

At about $12,000 for the Fuego and $14,000 for the Supra, it's a pocketbook and personal-preference choice. Either way, things are looking up for driving enthusiasts and automotive *cognoscenti*.

—GARY WITZENBURG

Right and below: The French have done it again; not only does Renault's new turbocharged Fuego sports coupe burn up the road like Spanish fire, its wind-tunnel-sculpted body keeps fuel bills low, while its softer than average ride tames even the nastiest of road conditions. Inside are top-grain-leather buckets. At $12,000 tops for this Gallic wonder, maybe nationalization isn't all that bad.





Settle into the fully digital L-type cockpit of Toyota's new $14,000 Celica Supra pictured here, and with a 2.8-liter twin-overhead-cam six banger under the bonnet, you can hit 60 mph in less than nine seconds. Nifty recessed headlights and spoke alloy wheels make the Supra's styling truly supersleek.

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FASHION

THE BEACH GAMES AFOOT

While a lithe young lady in a bikini and high-heeled shoes is just about everybody's summertime vision of loveliness, admittedly those spikes aren't practical footgear for the beach. Conversely, while a guy's street shoes *can* get by in the sand, he sure as hell looks funny wearing them down beside the sea. Ergo, a whole new wave of male footwear has come ashore—beach shoes. Styles range from updated variations on such classic looks as sandals, *espadrilles* and boat shoes to minimally constructed moccasins in leather, canvas and cotton. None is designed for nine-to-five city wear, Saturday-afternoon sand-lot baseball or hiking along the old Chisholm Trail. They are, simply put, made for leisure and loafing, and all naturally complement the wide variety of summer outfits currently available. Put your best beach foot forward.

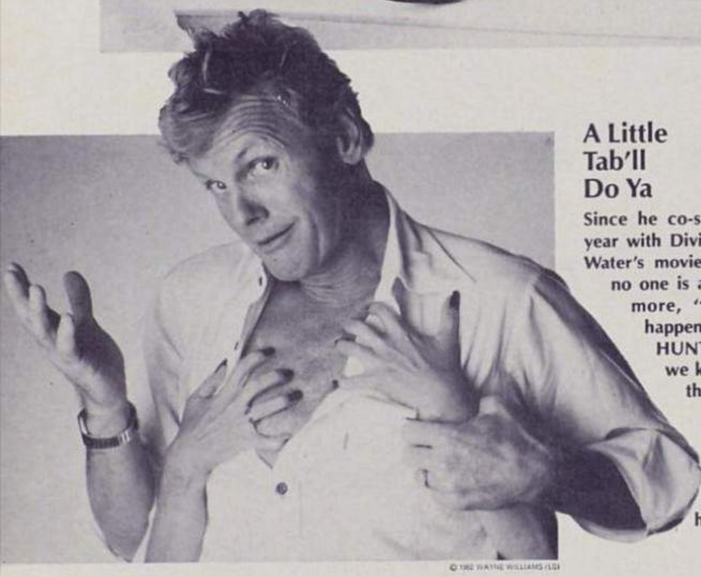
—DAVID PLATT

J.VERSER ENGELHARD

Clockwise from four: Natural-leather hand-stitched Roman thong sandal, by Rossetti, $130. Next to it is a canvas lace-up shoe with rope and crepe wedge sole, from Pierre Cardin Footwear distributed by Smerling Imports, about $32. Atop the colorful hunk of coral is Le Gym, a polished-cotton lace-up gym-type shoe, by Giorgio Brutini, about $20. Beside it, a leather slip-on moccasin with leather and rubber wedge sole, from The Very Best of Nancy Knox, $125. Classic-looking crepe-soled leather moccasin, by Gil Truedsson for Tiger of Sweden, $45. Natural-leather sandal, by Hush Puppies, about $29; a calfskin slip-on moccasin with hand-woven lacing, by Bally of Switzerland, $90; and a rubber-soled cotton sandal, by G. H. Bass, about $27.

Jett's Set

JOAN JETT, formerly of the all-girl group The Runaways, now has her own band, The Black Hearts. The group and Joan's tough guitar style have the critics raving. We want to know where she put the rubber ducky.



A Little Tab'll Do Ya

Since he co-starred last year with Divine in John Water's movie *Polyester*, no one is asking anymore, "Whatever happened to TAB HUNTER?" Now we know. From the looks of this pic, the old teenage heartthrob hasn't lost his touch.

American Visigothic

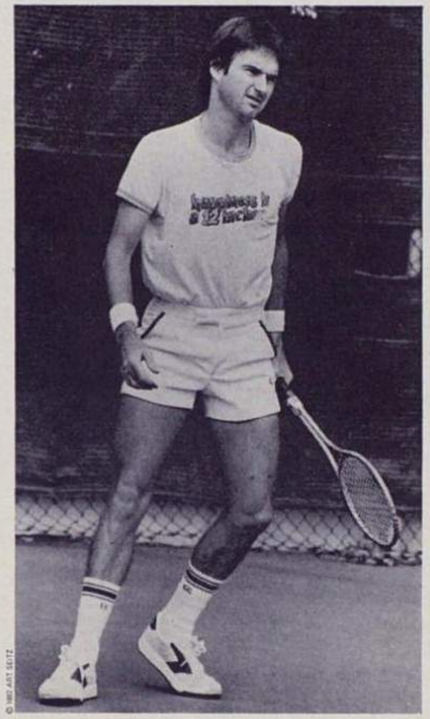
We're always happy to report on the antics of rock's madman TED NUGENT. He's never doing anything anyone would call normal. Here he's out for a walk in his beloved outdoors with the lady in his life, PELE. We don't know if *they* caught anything, but the photographer sure did.

Gray's Anatomy

We'll leave it up to you: Would you throw this beautiful woman out of bed? To millions of people, she's J.R.'s long-suffering wife, Sue Ellen, on the hit TV series *Dallas*. To the *Grapevine* department, LINDA GRAY's the winner of our celebrity-breast-of-the-month award. So what's J.R.'s problem? Tired blood?

Advantage: Connors

Tennis pro JIMMY CONNORS is trying to sell his Florida condo for about $2,000,000, we heard. From the looks of his T-shirt, he's trying to sell himself, too. The photographer said the back of the shirt hypes the joys of bass fishing, an old story about the one that got away. It appears to be a case of false advertising however you measure it.



Amazing Grace

With the release of the latest Jefferson Starship album, *Modern Times*, the first lady of rock, GRACE SLICK, has returned to the fold. As one of the founders of both the Airplane and the Starship, Slick's name and sound are synonymous with both groups. As you can see here, Grace is getting tired of explaining all those comings and goings.

Pooling Her Assets

We believe in the old adage that more is not enough, which is why we're bringing you another view of PIA ZADORA, who has the best new tush in showbiz. Last March, PLAYBOY published some pictures of Pia from her movie *Butterfly*, based on the James M. Cain story. Since then, amidst some controversy, Zadora won a Golden Globe Award. We'd award her golden globes any time.

FUCK 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE?

Last winter was rough—most of the country was in the deep freeze, and then, as if to add insult to injury, The Mandrell Sisters announced their imminent departure from television. To make matters worse, a hot joke among women went, What's white and ten inches long? Answer: Nothing. There you have it—the first joke of the white-male-sexual-put-down genre. Racism *and* sexism! Gee, we can still remember when more than times were hard.

At left, the French thong—the latest in ladies' trappings offered by The Pleasure Chest, 20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011. They're available in small, medium, large, red, black and blue, at $16. Whoever thought that minimalism would come to this?

GARRICK MADISON

IS THIS WHAT THEY MEAN BY GREAT WHITE NORTH?

A new study from Canada is titled "The Bigger the Better? Arousal and Attributional Responses to Erotic Stimuli That Depict Different Size Penises." This is just what we need, right? So far, we haven't spotted a punch line. The study concerns the psychological effects of penis size. So, athletes, this has nothing to do with actual performance but, rather, with whether or not a certain-size penis is a visual turn-on.

In the study, both male and female college students were asked to read erotic literary passages that differed only in descriptions of the length of the male character's penis. Then they were asked to speculate upon the sexual goings on of the lovers in the erotic readings. Most of them ascribed less sexual activity to the couples utilizing the, uh, smaller equipment.

The researchers now believe that people who have a positive attitude about sex may be more aroused by references to a large penis than are those with a negative attitude.

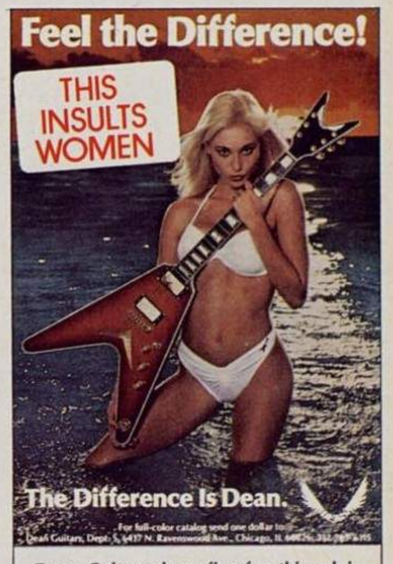
One interesting correlation: The college guys who'd had the most sexual experience were less aroused by mentions of large penises than they were by references to medium-size ones. We figure experience has already taught them that quality outperforms quantity.

PILL TALK

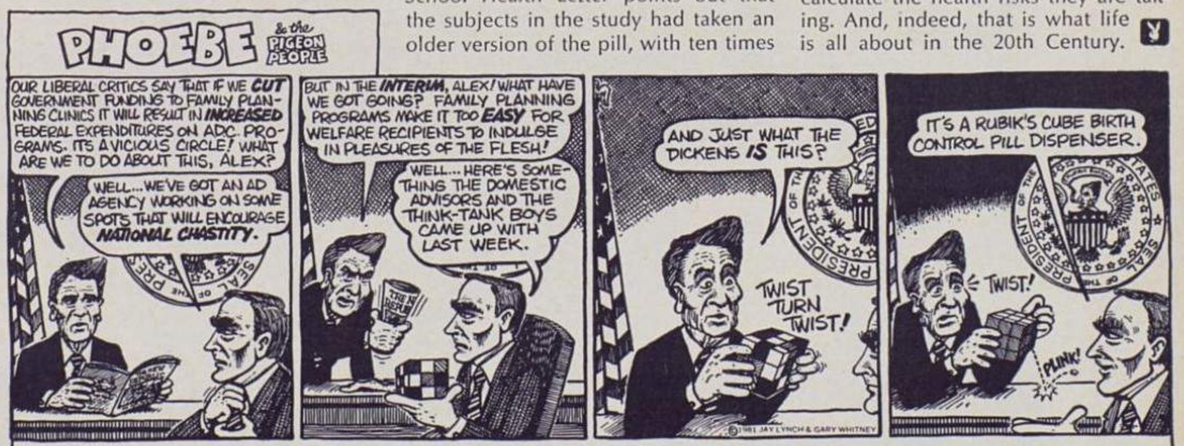
In the past, we've kept you up to date on the effectiveness, convenience and hazards of various means of birth control. And nothing has made us cringe more often than the seemingly unending scares pertaining to birth-control pills claiming they cause cancer, heart disease, blood clots, you name it. Now, a widely reported study maintains that women from 40 to 49 who have taken the pill and stopped run a higher risk of heart attacks than women who have never taken it.

However, *The Harvard Medical School Health Letter* points out that the subjects in the study had taken an older version of the pill, with ten times the hormone content of those in current use. Also, that heart attacks are very rare among women from 40 to 49; therefore, even doubling the risk would mean a very small number of cases. In fact, taking the pill for five years constitutes no more risk than a single pregnancy and delivery.

At any rate, we're talking about an extremely low risk factor in the current study. On the one hand, that doesn't necessarily endorse pill use; but, on the other, it at least helps current pill users calculate the health risks they are taking. And, indeed, that is what life is all about in the 20th Century. Y



Dean Guitars drew fire for this ad in *Guitar Player*. A reader added the INSULT sticker, but Dean's president minced no words: "I sell rock-'n'-roll guitars to rock-'n'-roll guitar players. I'm telling them about my product in a way they understand." He has a point. Hail, rock 'n' roll.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AND JUST WHAT THE DICKENS IS THIS?
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TWIST!
PLINK!
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In this era of budget crunches, welfare slashes and assorted other pecuniary pratfalls, cartoonists Jay Lynch and Gary Whitney wondered how top Government types planned to replace Government-funded birth control. Here, they take us to the Oval Office for an exclusive inside view....

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LETTER, HARRY

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"HOLY TERROR: FUNDAMENTALIST RELIGION AS AMERICAN POLITICS"—THE BEST LOOK YET AT HOW BIG-TIME EVANGELISTS SNARE CONVERTS AND WIELD INFLUENCE AT THE HIGHEST LEVELS—BY **JIM SIEGELMAN** AND **FLO CONWAY**

"THE CELEBRITY SEX REGISTER"—BY CAREFUL READING OF HOLLYWOOD TELL-ALL BOOKS, THE AUTHOR CONSTRUCTS A DAISY CHAIN OF WHO HAS SLEPT WITH WHOM. CRAZILY, IT ALL LINKS UP—BY **SHIRLEY SEALY**

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—THE LADY YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, TOPS FROM THE CENTERFOLDS OF 1981

"TO THE LETTER, HARRY"—TWO SIMILAR MURDERS WITH APPARENTLY OBVIOUS CLUES MAKE SAN DIEGO'S POLICE LOOK STUPID. A MYSTERY YARN BY **JAMES MC CLURE**

"THE WESTERN STATES ENDURANCE RUN"—THIS IS THE ONE A GUY TRIES WHEN HE'S CONQUERED ALL THE REST: 100 GRUELING MILES THROUGH MOUNTAIN AND DESERT. YOU'LL BREAK OUT IN A SWEAT READING THIS ACCOUNT BY **LEE GREEN**

"RETURN OF THE RAGTOP"—THE REPORTS OF ITS DEATH TURN OUT TO HAVE BEEN PREMATURE. THE CONVERTIBLE IS COMING BACK, BETTER THAN EVER—BY **GARY WITZENBURG**

"MAN AND WOMAN: THE PLEASURES OF PAUL AND PAULINE"—YES, IT WAS GOOD FOR HER, TOO, BUT NOT QUITE IN THE SAME WAY. THE INSIDE STORY OF HOW EACH SEX EXPERIENCES SEX—BY **JO DURDEN-SMITH** AND **DIANE DE SIMONE**

"DAN AYKROYD, RESIDENT ALIEN"—THIS SOMETIME BLUES BROTHER, *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE* ALUM AND MAN ABOUT TOWN ISN'T WHAT YOU'D EXPECT. FOR ONE THING, HE LOVES GUNS. A SURPRISING PROFILE BY **CAROL CALDWELL**

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